

LIFE



ROSALIND RUSSELL

SEPTEMBER 4, 1939

10 CENTS

The MIDDLETON Family

AT THE NEW YORK WORLD'S FAIR

Around the Grounds with Westinghouse



The Fountain Display at the Lagoon of Nations holds the Middletons spellbound with its beauty. This thrilling spectacle, presented every night at nine o'clock, combines music, lighting, fountains and flame in unforgettable patterns. It is one of thousands of attractions included in your ticket of admission to the Fair—one of hundreds to which Westinghouse has made important contributions. Wherever you turn, you will find evidence of Westinghouse engineering skill—climaxed by the wonders in the Westinghouse Building itself. Put this building on your "must" list when you visit the World of Tomorrow.

IN SAN FRANCISCO: Westinghouse engineering has helped provide the Golden Gate International Exposition with its exotic charm, and the Westinghouse Exhibit is one of its most fascinating features.

WESTINGHOUSE ELECTRIC & MANUFACTURING CO., PITTSBURGH, PA.



Westinghouse

The name that means
EVERYTHING
IN ELECTRICITY

MEN WANTED!

Intelligent Men! Ambitious Men! Courageous Men!
Independent Men!

**Men wanted to join a great adventure in pioneering
...in precedent smashing...in success!**

"A NEW car for a new world!" said Studebaker in announcing its Champion last April! And the Champion is sweeping ahead at a pace that calls for more men able to keep pace with a Champion.

Economy records have been shattered by the Champion under supervision of the American Automobile Association. Sales records are being shattered by Studebaker dealers who can't find enough good salesmen to handle the business offered them.

Studebaker sales for the first six months of 1939 exceeded the entire year of 1938—although the Champion was not introduced until April.

Rich men are buying Champions for convenience and comfort. Working men are buying Champions to save first cost and upkeep. Smart young things are buying the Champion, for it's as smart and as young as they. Fleets are buying Champions because it measures up in every test of engineer and accountant.

But dealers selling the Champion need more salesmen . . . men who can sell and demonstrate this great automobile to hundreds of thousands of receptive motorists . . . and maybe you're one of the men they need.

**Are the people you meet ready to buy the
Champion? Make this test!**

There are three other large-selling cars in the Champion's price field. You know which cars they are. Let's take the one you consider most popular and call it car K.

Now, go out and ask ten people, or fifteen people, or twenty people, two questions. Ask garage men, grocery clerks, bankers, housewives, high school

boys, gas station attendants—people of all ages and all classes. Ask each one these two questions:

1. What do you think of the ?
(Name Car K)
2. What do you think of the Studebaker Champion?

Keep track of the answers. Tabulate them. Then you will realize why the Studebaker Champion, only five months old, is an astonishing sales success everywhere.

Remember this is not an offer of a job at the Studebaker factory but an opportunity to apply for a place on the sales staff of the nearest Studebaker dealer who has an opening. If you want to make a profitable career out of selling this car that is setting a pace for the entire motor car industry, take the first step now—fill out and mail the coupon below.

Paul G. Hoffman
PRESIDENT
THE STUDEBAKER CORPORATION

Sales Training Division
THE STUDEBAKER CORPORATION
South Bend, Indiana

Send me information concerning opportunities to sell the Studebaker Champion.

Name

Street

City State

Age Education

Previous Sales Experience

Company or Product

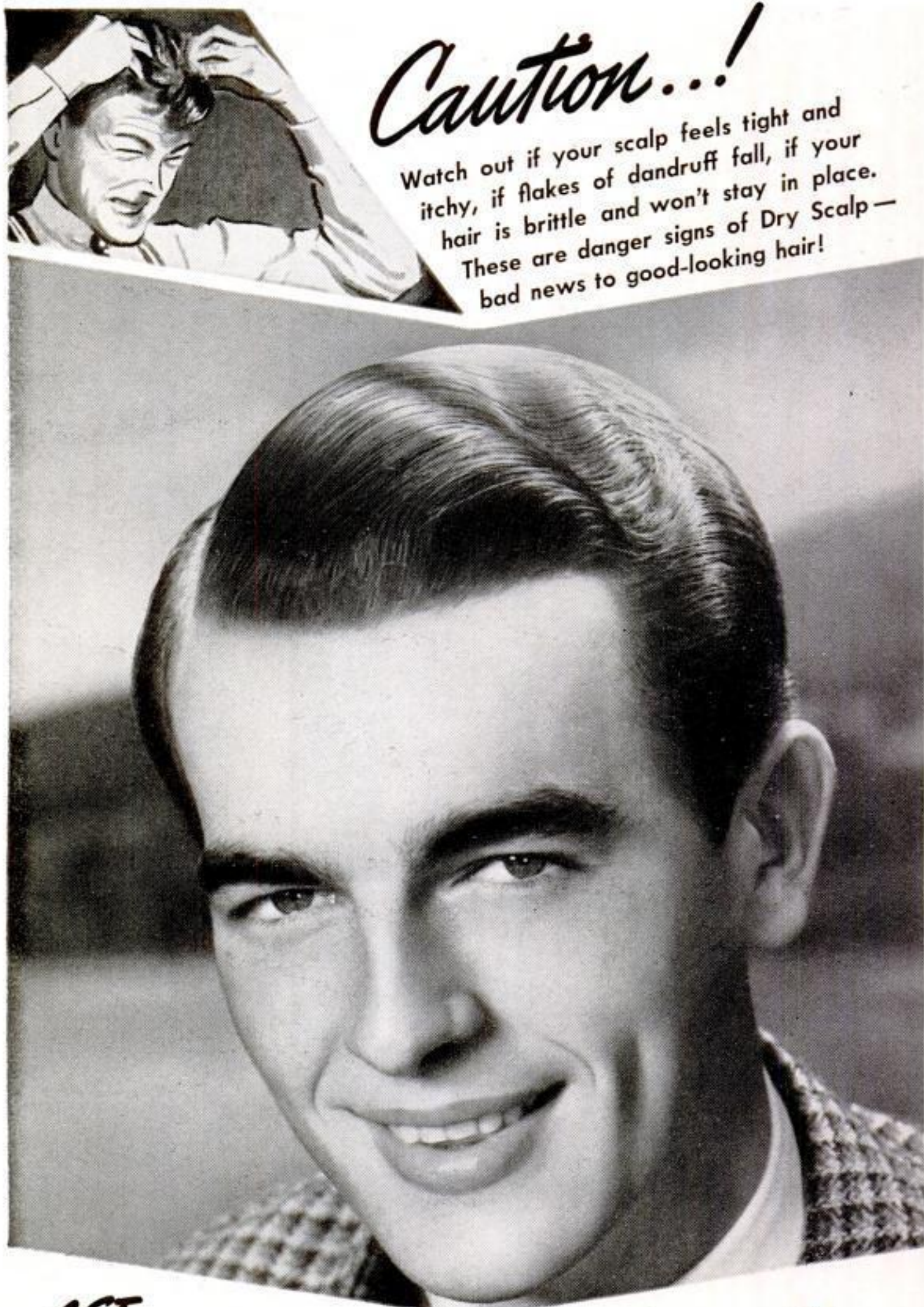
Length of Time Sold

(Give additional details on past experience on separate sheet if necessary.)

This One



63TY-2LB-PRD6



1ST step to good-looking hair: Relieve **DRY SCALP!**

SUNSHINE! A plunge in the lake! An extra cooling shower bath! Sure they feel swell, but they're enemies of good-looking hair. They rob your scalp of its natural oils! That's why summer calls for the extra protection of 'Vaseline' Hair Tonic.

Why 'Vaseline' Hair Tonic? Because it's different! 'Vaseline' Hair Tonic contains absolutely no drying ingredients. Instead it actually combats dryness by supplementing the natural scalp oils.

Give your hair the common-sense care which 'Vaseline' Hair Tonic provides. Begin today, and watch it take on that lustrous look! See how well it stays in place!

A few drops supplement the natural scalp oils, keep your hair good-looking.



EVERY MORNING shake on a few drops when you comb your hair.

EVERY WEEK before shampooing give your scalp a generous 'Vaseline' Hair Tonic massage for extra protection against dryness.

Vaseline HAIR TONIC

REG. U. S. PAT. OFF.

Copy, 1939, Chesebrough Mfg. Co., Cons'd.



PAINFUL SUNBURN? TRY 'VASELINE' Petroleum Jelly! It cools. Soothes. Supplements the natural skin oils. Relieves parched, dry feeling. A jar or tube 10c.

LETTERS TO THE EDITORS

Sandy's Vocabulary

Sirs:

Your statement in LIFE, Aug. 14, that Baby Sandy Henville can say but three words at the age of 19 months aroused my curiosity. I recently read an article concerning language development in the pre-school child which stated that the average vocabulary of a child twelve months old is seven words, and the average vocabulary of a child two years old is 272 words. According to this, it would seem that Baby Sandy is slightly retarded insofar as her language development is concerned.

PAUL WITZKE JR.

La Crosse, Wis.

Sirs:

I would like to say that Sandy's screen career was certainly an early one but her vocabulary is most limited. Bobby, our son who will be 18 months old on Aug. 21, knows and says a total of some 50 words.

GRACE NAFTALY

Detroit, Mich.

Sirs:

My son is not yet 14 months old and can say those three words and "hello," "shoe," "button" and "eye" besides and tries to say many more.

THELMA BURKE

San Diego, Calif.

● Average vocabulary for 18 months is 72 words. LIFE was misled by Baby Sandy's taciturnity on the set. Her mother has made no count but says her vocabulary is increasing daily.—ED.



BABY SANDY HENVILLE

Army Division

Sirs:

As a graduate of a Junior R.O.T.C. military school, the Florida Military Academy of St. Petersburg, Fla., and the C.M.T.C. course of instruction offered by the U. S. Army from its Fort Screven Georgia Post, I sincerely praise LIFE on its fine story-article the new U. S. Army division. Truly indeed no better statement could explain the Army than calling it a corporation—probably the best within our country for accurate workmanship.

To LIFE, a salute.

BEAMER BROOKS

New Orleans, La.

Sirs:

I would like to take this opportunity to congratulate you on your fine pictures

and write-up of the new U. S. Army division.

I have followed with much interest your previous pictures and articles on the armies of several European nations, notably Russia, and I was certainly glad to see that the good old U. S. A. isn't asleep as many people believe.

JAMES S. CAMPBELL

East Point, Ga.

Sirs:

Congratulations on the spread on the new U. S. Army division. Let's have more pictures of Uncle Sam's fighting units.

JIM BOYD

Port Townsend, Wash.

Errors on Purpose?

Sirs:

The instrument being played by model Bruce Lance (LIFE, Aug. 21, page 73) is no banjo and I gotta hunch you guys know it. I believe you purposely make these errors just to see how many suckers, like myself, will write in. He's playing a six-string guitar.

BILL JOHNSON

Phoenix, Ariz.

● Reader Johnson's theory is flattering but incorrect. It was an honest, as well as a stupid, error.—ED.

She Speaks for Herself

Sirs:

According to LIFE, Aug. 14, the "public loses patience as labor factions row and auto workers riot." Why don't you speak for yourself, LIFE?

As a member of that public you mention, my own patience is becoming practically threadbare from reading "news" of labor's troubles such as you featured. So the big bad strikers are at it again—this time complete with protective helmets which you twice call to our attention. And it's interesting to learn that pickets often pick up tear-gas bombs and hurl them back where they came from. Are they supposed to take them home to the folks?

Do you suppose some time you could tell us how the strikers feel about their own battles instead of how we are supposed to feel?

Incidentally, if the picket shown in the illuminating sequence at the bottom of pages 12 and 13 had been wearing one of those new protective helmets, he might have made out a little better with the nine policemen who were ganging up on him.

JANE ASHMAN

Germantown, Pa.

Wrong Preposition

Sirs:

You say that the Tyrolese woman in your issue of Aug. 14 prays to the skull of St. Alexander. I am sure that you will find that no Roman Catholic, nor any other Catholic, prays to a relic of a saint. They may pray before a relic but not to the relic. There is quite a difference in the meaning when the preposition is changed. To say that a person prays to a relic makes the act one of idolatry, and it is most certain that no Catholic, of whatever communion, is an idolator. I am a member of the Anglican commun-

(continued on p. 4)

YOUR ADDRESS?

IS the address to which this copy of LIFE was mailed correct for all near future issues? If not, please fill in this coupon and mail it to LIFE, 330 E. 22nd Street, Chicago, Illinois.

Effective _____ my mailing address for LIFE will be:

DATE

NEW ADDRESS

Name _____ PLEASE PRINT

Address _____

City _____ State _____

OLD ADDRESS

Address _____

City _____ State _____

5 Little Secret Agents in every bottle of Quink

cleanse your pen as you write.—How a new and revolutionary writing ink ends about 65% of the pen troubles

Yes, five little Secret Agents—not fancied, not imaginary—but actual secret ingredients in a revolutionary new writing ink created by The Parker Pen Co. They guard all pens—a Parker or any other pen—from ordinary pen-clogging inks.

For Parker experts discovered that about 65% of the troubles in pens are caused by inks. Some contain sediment that clogs the feed and shuts off the flow. Some cause corrosion. And some gum the point, and people blame the pen.

Hence, to protect our famous Parker pens from being charged with faults due to ordinary inks, we resolved to create an ink that would do what no other ink does.

Our chemists spent 3 years and created 1022 formulas before finally perfecting what we sought—an ink that is not only harmless, but more—an ink that actually cleanses a pen as it writes.

This new kind of ink is called Parker Quink. It never corrodes or clogs a pen. And if your pen is stuffed up with caked deposits due to sediment in ordinary ink, one Secret Agent in Quink dissolves and digests them so your pen flows like new. We call this agent

“Hungry” because he makes a meal of foreign matter.

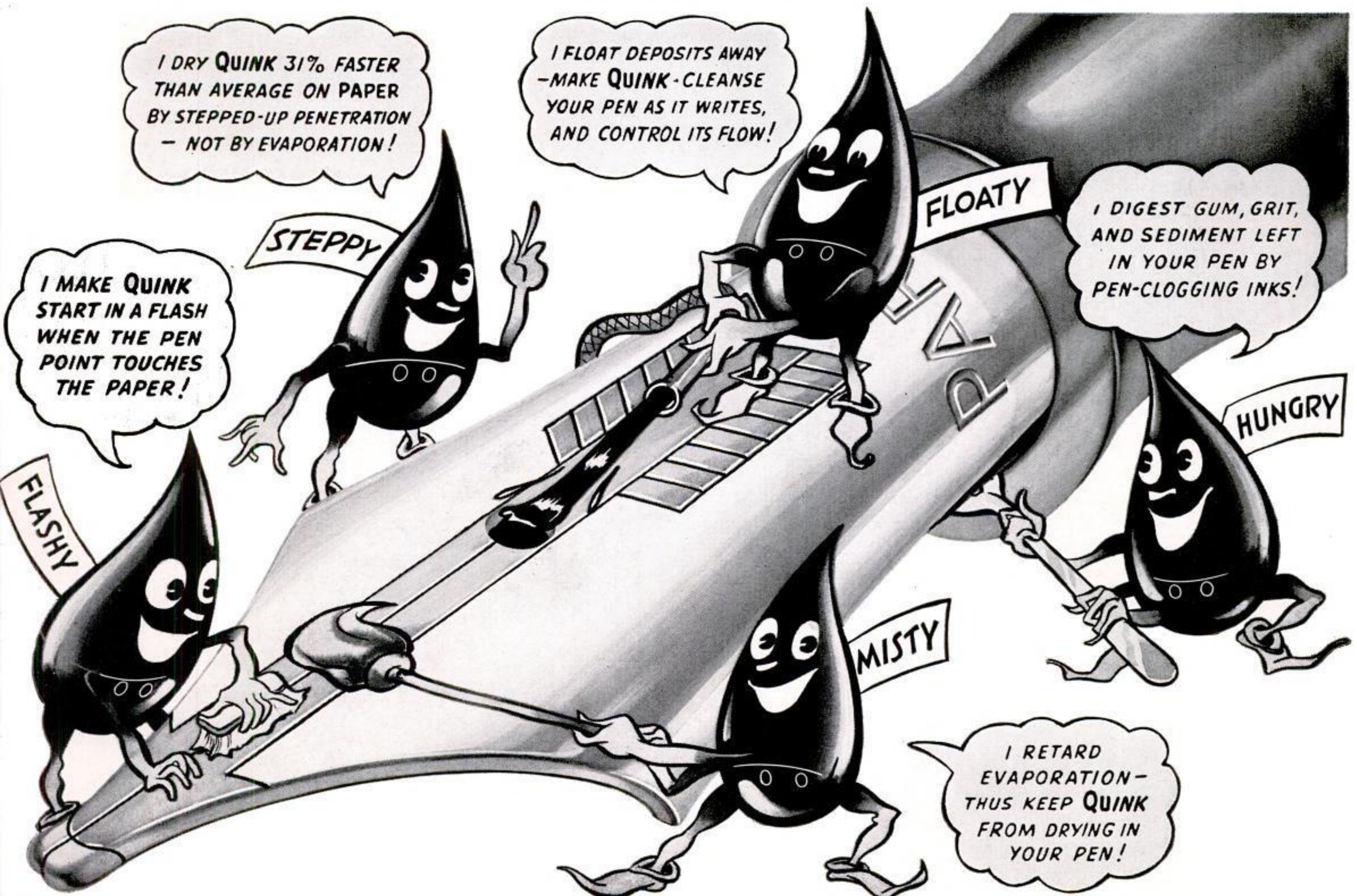
Another Secret Agent called “Steppy” steps up Quink’s penetrating power. Thus Quink sinks into paper so fast it dries 31% quicker than average. Many users throw away their blotters.

Yet Quink does NOT dry in your pen, due to a third Secret Agent called “Misty,” who retards evaporation. A fourth Secret Agent called “Flashy” makes Quink start the moment your pen point touches paper—in a flash! And to regulate the flow is another Secret Agent—“Floaty”—he keeps Quink flowing smoothly, steadily, freely, at any writing speed.

Quink is made two ways—(1) PERmanent, for everlasting records—it’s as permanent as the paper; (2) WASHable, for home and school—an ink that washes out without trace if spilled on hands, clothes or rugs. Get Quink at any store selling ink—small bottles 15c and 25c, up to pints, quarts, 5 gal. jugs and 50 gal. kegs.

Don’t accept a substitute if you want these results. Let nothing stop you from trying Parker Quink.

The Parker Pen Co., New York, Chicago, San Francisco. Factories at Janesville, Wisconsin and Toronto, Canada

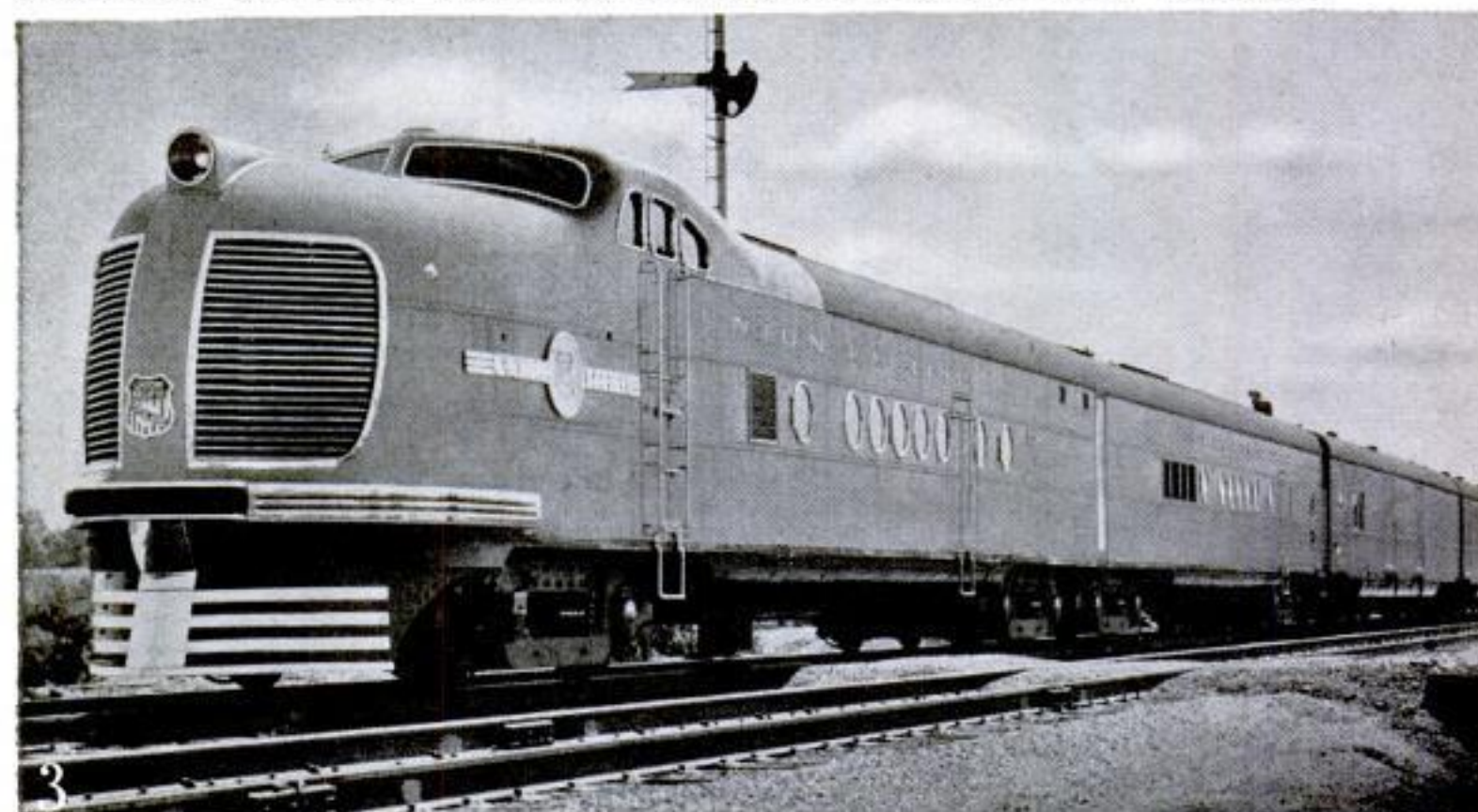




Jean Parker, star of the Republic picture, "She Married a Cop", admires the beautifully designed...



... observation lounge of the "City of Denver". This Union Pacific-Chicago & North Western streamliner is...



... the "fastest long-distance train" in the world and has used Sinclair fuel and lubricants for more than a million miles of high-speed operation. Why don't you, too...



... take advantage of Sinclair's vast lubrication experience? Have your car lubricated by your nearby Sinclair Dealer. You'll ride safer. And you'll like the way Sinclair Dealers treat you.

LETTERS TO THE EDITORS (continued)

ion, an Episcopalian, and dislike to have any member of any Christian body being conceived of as following idol worship. If you should happen to be one who perhaps kneels beside your chair in your home or study in your private devotions, who would think for one minute that you were praying to the chair?

GEORGE S. HANSEN

Safford, Ariz.

Sirs:

The skull is merely a relic; the woman is praying to St. Alexander and not to the skull.

JOHN W. KOERNER

Seattle, Wash.

Sirs:

This Roman Catholic woman does not worship idols but she prays to the Saint to ask God a certain favor she wishes to be granted.

AGNES KEATING CONWAY

Silver Spring, Md.

● Readers Hansen, Koerner and Conway are right. LIFE's statement was inexact.—ED.



TYROLESE WOMAN & RELIC

Hay Fever

Sirs:

The average period of torment may be only six weeks for hay-fever sufferers, but brother I'm surely not pretending the other 46 weeks of the year. No fooling, I have it all year 'round.

IONE MILLER

Atlanta, Ga.

Sirs:

After eleven springs and summers of sneezing I have finally enjoyed one without the customary outbursts of Ker-choos, red running nose and tearful eyes.

It certainly was a blessing to my classmates at college to undergo their examinations this year without being interrupted during classes, and especially during examinations, by a series of sneezes in various pitches.

I have received injections this year for the 19 pollens to which I am sensitive and although they were a nuisance every other day, it was far better than hours of sneezes and discomfort that I have had in past year.

The pictures in your Aug. 14 issue of the young girl were so typical of myself that I just couldn't resist writing this to you so that I might thank Science for discovering a treatment for hay-fever sufferers.

THOMASINA YOLANDE BELL

Newark, N. J.

Sirs:

For years I have sneezed from five to more than a hundred times a day, frequently by noon being so exhausted that I had to go to bed to rest and sleep. I have taken every allergy test known to medical science, with only slight reactions to horse radish and crab, two things I seldom eat. Two years ago, Mother insisted I had too much ventilation in my bedroom. Now I sleep in an air-conditioned room and have almost complete immunity, so that even at my age I seem to have taken a new lease on life.

LEWIS SCHWAGER

Seattle, Wash.

Sirs:

The most significant news to hay-fever sufferers this year, apparently missed by your commendable account, was read from a paper at the recent Atlantic City A. M. A. Convention. The news was that potassium chloride in correct doses dispels all types of allergic symptoms.

R. HEPBURN

Jersey City, N. J.

● Subsequent tests have shown potassium chloride, though effective in some cases, is by no means a cure-all.—ED.

Sirs:

Your story and photographs on hay fever were excellent but in listing possibilities for relief you omitted to mention that the surest way for ragweed victims to avoid suffering is a trip to Europe where ragweed does not exist.

CRISTOPHER DE GROOT

Boston, Mass.

● Bermuda is nearer.—ED.

Sirs:

Your article on hay fever in your issue of Aug. 14, is naturally of great interest to me and to the members of our society. We were especially interested in the pollen-count map that was included therein.

The National Hay Fever Society was organized by persons suffering from allergic disturbances bound together to do what we can to eliminate the causes and to encourage scientific research to find cures for our annoying malady. A campaign has been started to stamp out the most vicious of our enemies, ragweed, on a national scale.

All hayfeverites are urged to send in their names to our regional office at 657 Rand Tower, Minneapolis, Minn., so that we can send them our free research bulletins from time to time and for the purpose of enlisting their moral and physical support in our fight to eliminate this causative factor.

L. KING, Secretary

The National Hay Fever Society, Inc.
Minneapolis, Minn.

Inflation

Sirs:

In your review of the motion picture *Wizard of Oz* (LIFE, July 17) you state that the book has sold over a million copies. M-G-M Studios in their ad in the September copy of the *American Magazine* place the figure at over nine million. Is this merely some more of Hollywood's inflationary publicity?

D. C. R. HOPES

Vancouver, B. C.

● M-G-M's ad read, "Greatest best-seller of modern fiction (9,000,000 copies), L. Frank Baum's *The Wizard of Oz* long remained untouched by Hollywood producers..." M-G-M now says, "Obviously we were referring to the combined sales of all the *Oz* Books."—ED.

Why Laugh?

Sirs:

In your issue of Aug. 14, on page 20, we find 38 pictures of Presidential choices, and it is so amusing to see the darling smiles on each face.

I wonder what's making them laugh. Do you suppose it's because they think they've done something funny or do you suppose they are laughing up their sleeves or something. Personally I don't think there is anything to laugh at and as for me, there isn't one in that bunch that is fit to be our next President.

MRS. GEORGE MCKERTY

Ludington, Mich.

Sirs:

The country's condition, as a whole, doesn't warrant such a 100% expression of gaiety.

ED DYMEK

West Los Angeles, Calif.



"LEADING LADY"

A hard picture to get — but Agfa Film got it!

IT'S HARD TO GET delicacy of detail in both bright sunlight and deep shadow. But see how Agfa Film does it!

See how sharply every detail is brought out... on the girl's uniform in the sunlight, and on the men's belts in the shadows. And notice the beautiful modeling of the girl's face... even in the shaded portion.

These things are marks of a better picture... and Agfa Plenachrome Film's "extra margin of quality" helps you get them. Helps you get best results under

ordinary conditions, and *surprisingly good* results even under unfavorable conditions.

Plenachrome's fine grain, high speed, wide latitude, color sensitivity, and accurate response to light values make it a film you can *always* depend on.

Get some Agfa Plenachrome Film, today... and start getting better pictures. Remember... every roll of Agfa Film is guaranteed: "Pictures that satisfy or a new roll free!" *Made by Agfa Ansco Corporation in Binghamton, New York, U. S. A.*

Agfa Film



"Pictures that satisfy or a new roll free!"



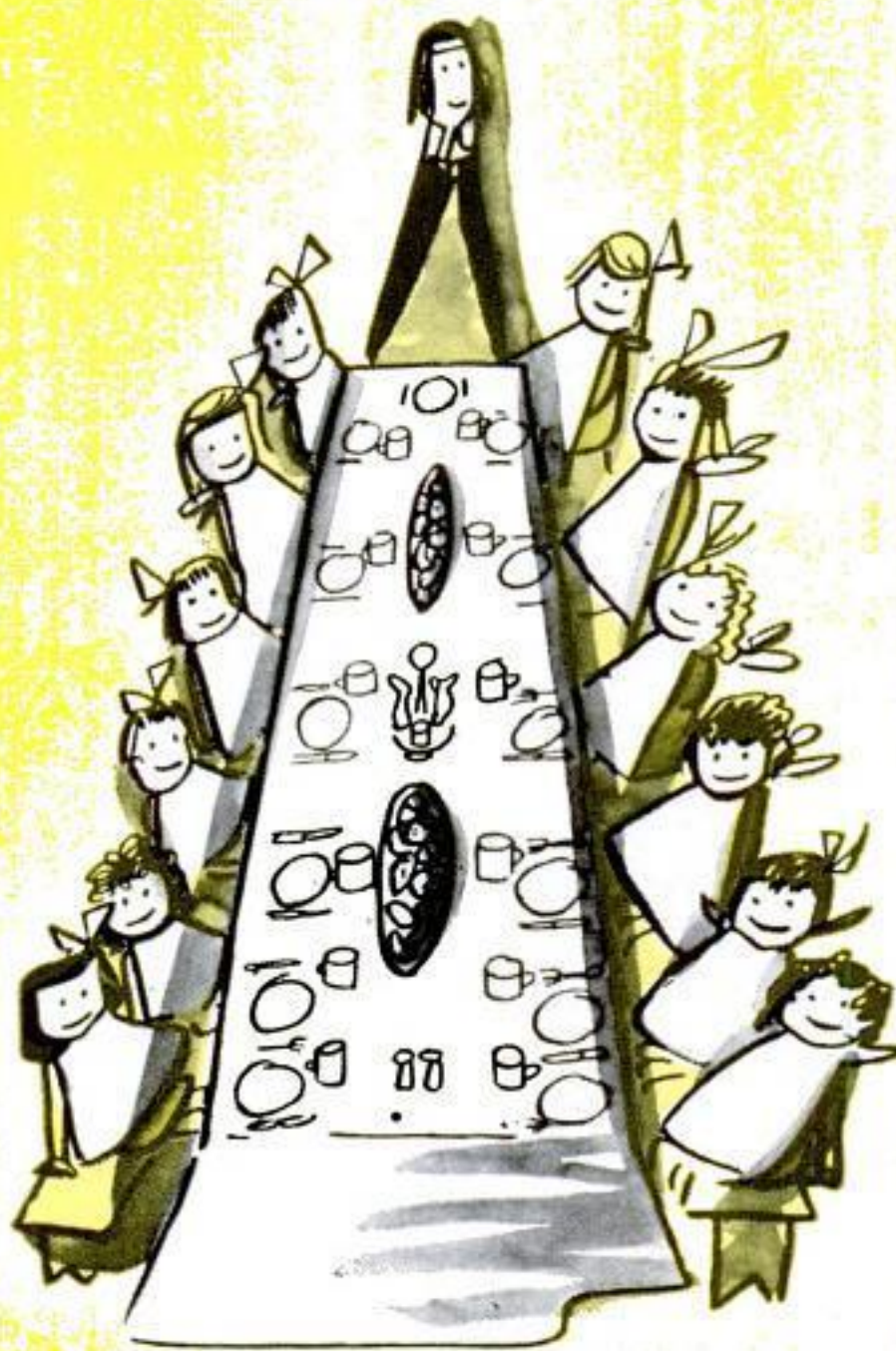
1 In an old house in Paris
that was covered with vines

SPEAKING OF PICTURES...

*... THIS IS THE STORY OF
MADELINE AND HER APPENDIX*



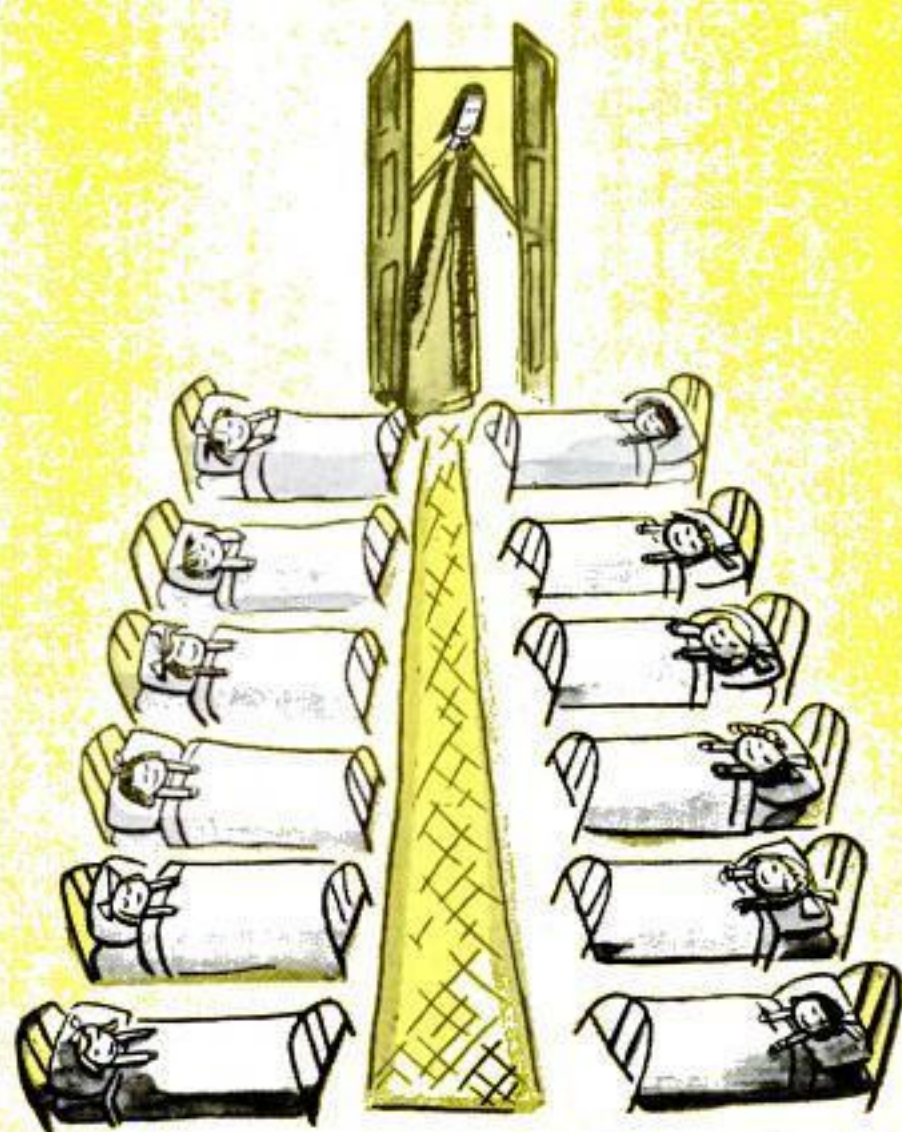
2 ... lived twelve little girls in two
straight lines



3 In two straight lines they broke
their bread



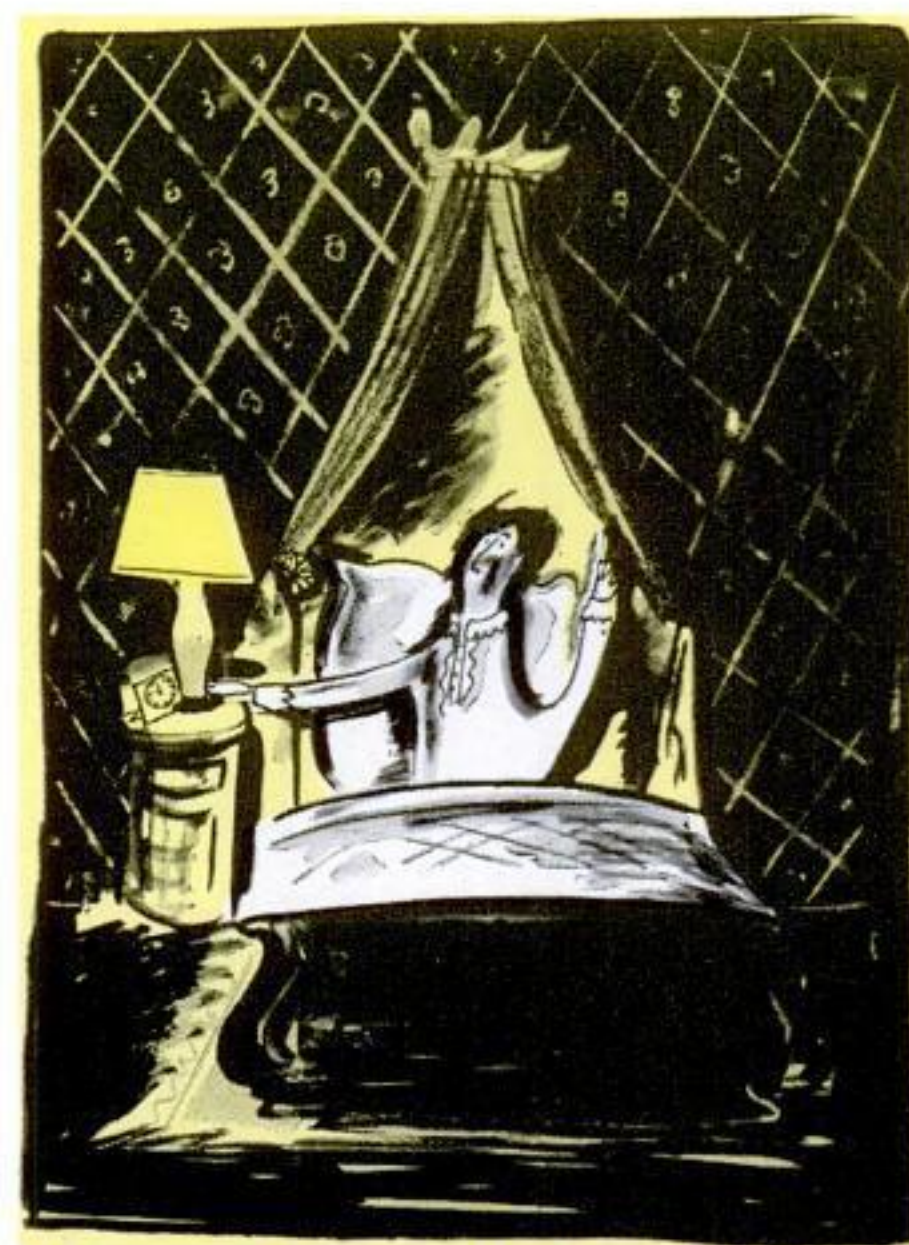
4 ... and brushed their teeth



5 ... and went to bed.



6 The smallest one was Madeline.



7 In the middle of one night
Miss Clavel turned on the light
and said, "Something is not right!"



Madeline is the story of an adorable pipsqueak. It was written and illustrated by Ludwig Bemelmans (*inset*) and will be published on Sept. 5 by Simon and Schuster (\$2). Its author came to the U. S. in 1914 from the Austrian Tyrol. He became a citizen and enlisted

in the War. Later he related his experiences as a German-speaking U. S. soldier in a 1937 best-seller, *My War with the United States*.

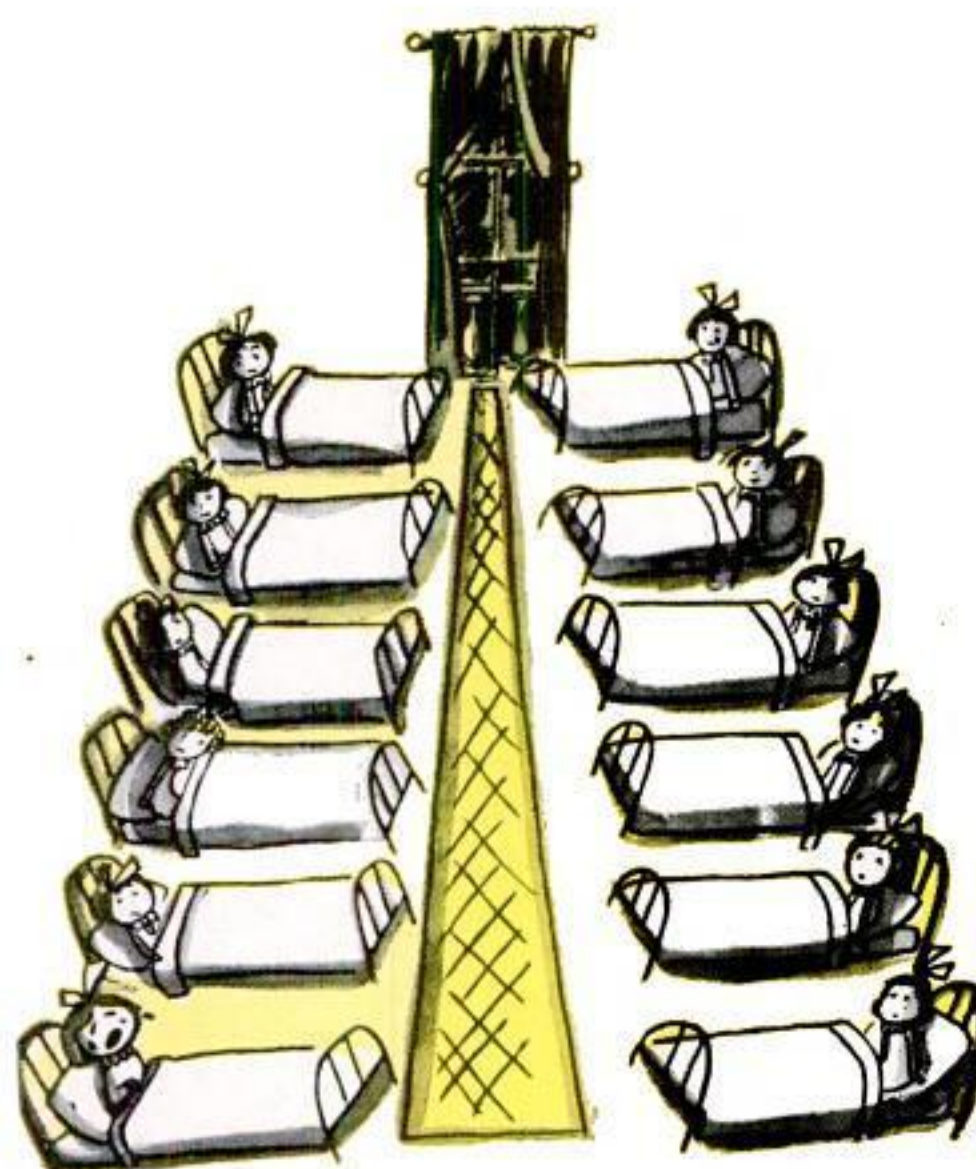
In its origins *Madeline* goes back to a summer's day

in 1938 when Bemelmans was run down by the only automobile on the Ile D'yeu off France. In the hospital, he found himself neighbor to a young girl recuperating from an appendectomy. He was so impressed by the enjoyment the child derived from her operation that he decided to write a children's book in which the heroine should experience a similar adventure. In a fatherly way he wrote the book for his daughter Barbara, aged 3 (*right*), who is as precocious and enchanting a youngster as Madeline.

This story of how Madeline became the envy of her eleven little Paris playmates is told in part by Ludwig Bemelmans' drawings and rhymes on this page. For the surprising reaction Madeline's friends had when they saw her appendicitis scar, see p. 9.



BARBARA SAW FRANCE ON A DONKEY



8 Little Madeline sat in bed, cried and cried; her eyes were red.



9 And soon after Dr. Cohn came, he rushed out to the phone and he dialed: DANTon-ten-six-
"Nurse," he said, "It's an appendix!"



10 Madeline soon ate and drank. On her bed there was a crank, outside were birds, trees, and sky—and so ten days passed quickly by.



11 VISITORS FROM TWO TO FOUR read a sign outside her door. Tiptoeing with solemn face, with some flowers and a vase



12 ...in they walked and then said, "Ahhh," when they saw the toys and candy and the dollhouse from Papa.



13 But the biggest surprise by far—on her stomach was a scar!

School opens soon—Drive Carefully—Drive Safely!



Would your tires stop you in time?

GET THE QUICK-STOPPING SECURITY OF THE NEW

SEIBERLING

SAFETY S TIRE

BUILT ON 3 ENTIRELY NEW SAFETY PRINCIPLES!

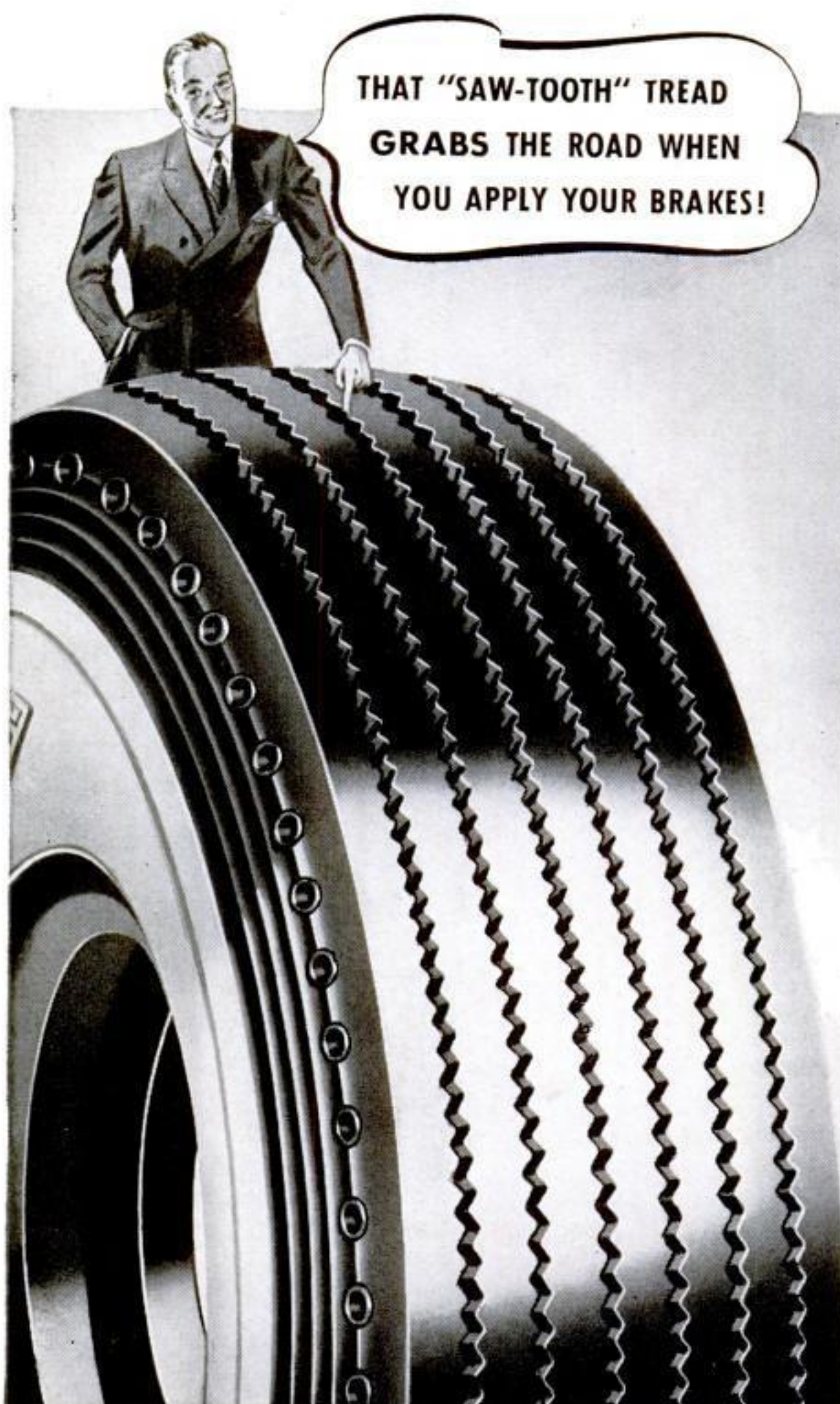
1. A remarkable "saw-tooth" tread that "sticks out its claws" to pull you to a safe quick stop! Silent as night when your foot is on the accelerator, this tread becomes a clawing tiger that digs its talons into the road, when you apply the brakes. You stop quickly—and you stop in a straight line because of the exceptional resistance to side-skid that this modern tire gives you.

Best of all, the security of this quick-stopping Safety Tire doesn't diminish in the first few months—those "saw-teeth" go right to the bottom of the tread!

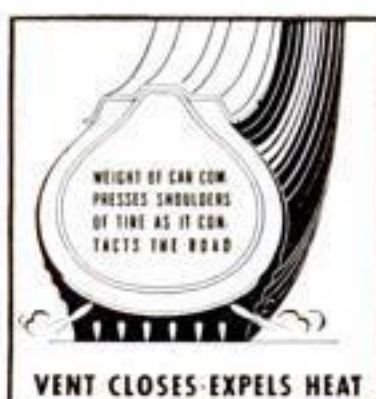
2. Patented shoulder vents pump out the internal friction-heat that causes blowouts! Winter or Summer the friction heat generated *internally*, by a tire traveling at high speed or under-inflated, creates a blowout hazard and causes fast tread wear. This remarkable tire *expels* this friction heat—guaranteeing you more safety—more mileage. No other tire in the world has this remarkable safety feature—see the Heat Vent Diagram* at lower left.

3. Exclusive "Saf-flex Cord" body protects you against stone bruises and internal carcass ruptures! Many highway accidents are caused by an unseen rupture in the carcass of the tire. Incurred days or weeks before, it suddenly expands under the strain of high-speed driving and causes the tire to explode without warning. "Saf-flex" Cord, originally developed by Seiberling to meet the gruelling punishment of high-speed, cross country truck lines, has an amazing resistance (nearly twice that of ordinary cord), to bruising and rupture. It makes this Safety Tire as *tough* INSIDE as out—yet rides like a cloud!

THE SEIBERLING RUBBER CO. • AKRON, OHIO, U. S. A. • Seiberling Rubber Co. of Canada, Ltd. • Toronto, Canada



SAFER! BECAUSE IT'S "HEAT-VENTED"



"TAKE ADVANTAGE OF OUR SPECIAL 'SCHOOL-OPENING OFFER'!"
 "With millions of school children on the streets and highways, it's important for American motorists to have sure-footed tires. We're helping the cause along by paying EXTRA GENEROUS prices for smooth tires. Come in—name your own price for your old tires and if it's at all reasonable we'll take it off the cost of a set of these remarkable Safety Tires."

Your Seiberling Dealer

TIRES MOUNTED IN THE FALL AND WINTER LAST LONGER—BUY NOW!

SPEAKING OF PICTURES

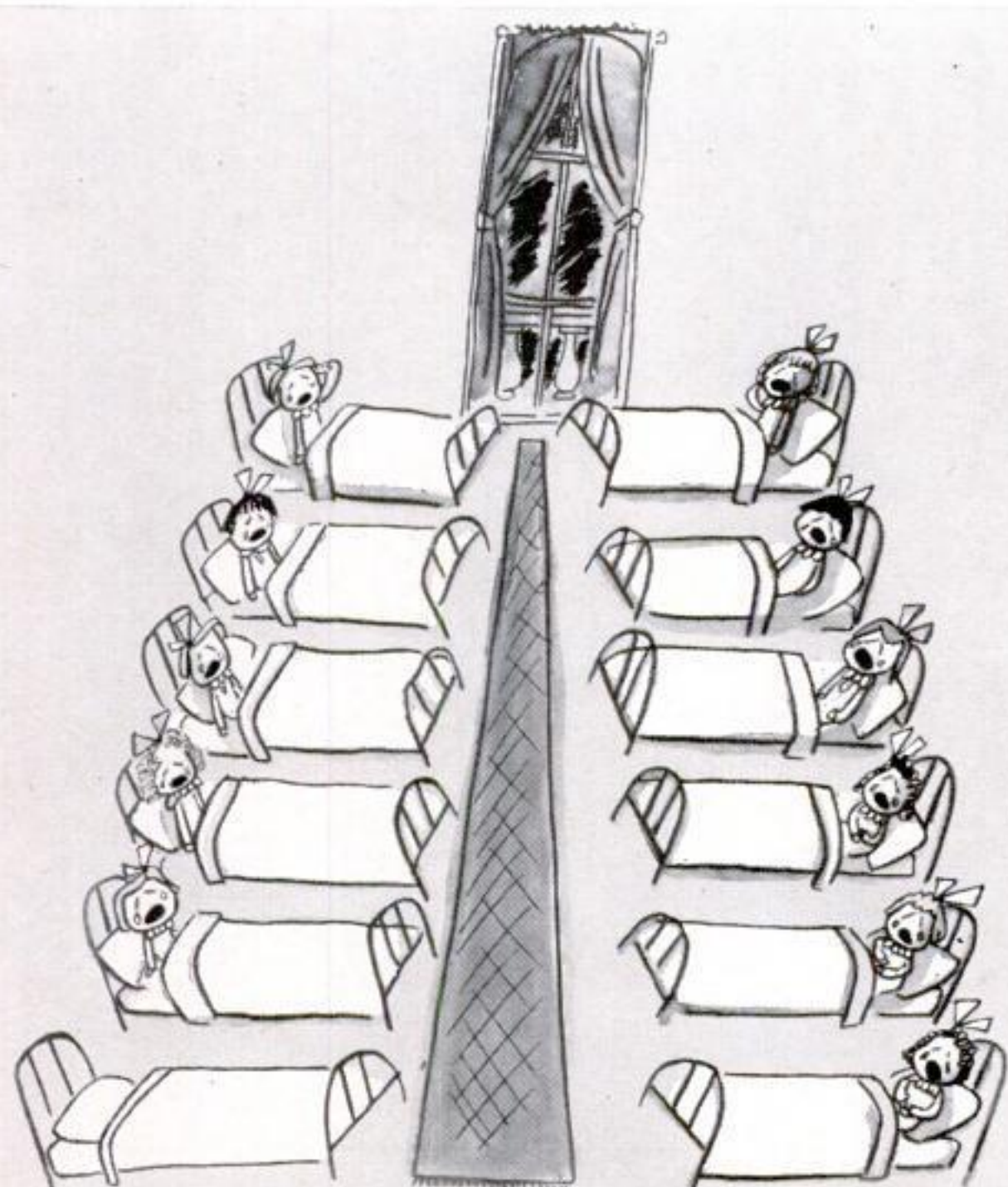
(continued)

"Good-by," they said, "we'll come again,"
and the little girls left in the rain.
They went home and broke their bread,
brushed their teeth and went to bed.

In the middle of the night
Miss Clavel turned on her light
and said, "Something is not right!"
And afraid of a disaster
Miss Clavel ran fast . . . and faster,



14 . . . and she said, "Please children do—
tell me what is troubling you?"



15 And all the little girls cried, "Boohoo,
we want to have our appendix out, too!"

"My neighbors used to
razz me—*behind my back!*



"It used to make me wild—all that eyebrow-raising and chatter. But I don't wonder they whispered about me. The baby's clothes, my clothes, everything that came out of my wash screamed tattle-tale gray. Goodness knows, I rubbed till my arms ached, but no use! My things looked foggier than a storm cloud and I couldn't imagine why, until . . .

"Now they say nice things
—*to my face!*



"I found out I was using the wrong kind of soap. It just didn't have pep enough to wash out *all* the dirt. So, quick as scat, I got some Fels-Naptha Soap at the grocer's, and glory, what a difference! There's so much honest washing energy in this richer *golden* soap and active *naptha* that dirt has to let go—every last speck of it! My clothes are so white, they shine like snow. Take it from me, I don't get the razz any more—it's compliments I'm hearing."

COPR. 1939, FELS & CO.

Banish "Tattle-Tale Gray"
with Fels-Naptha Soap!

TUNE IN HOBBY LOBBY every Wednesday night. See local paper for time and station.



Claudia

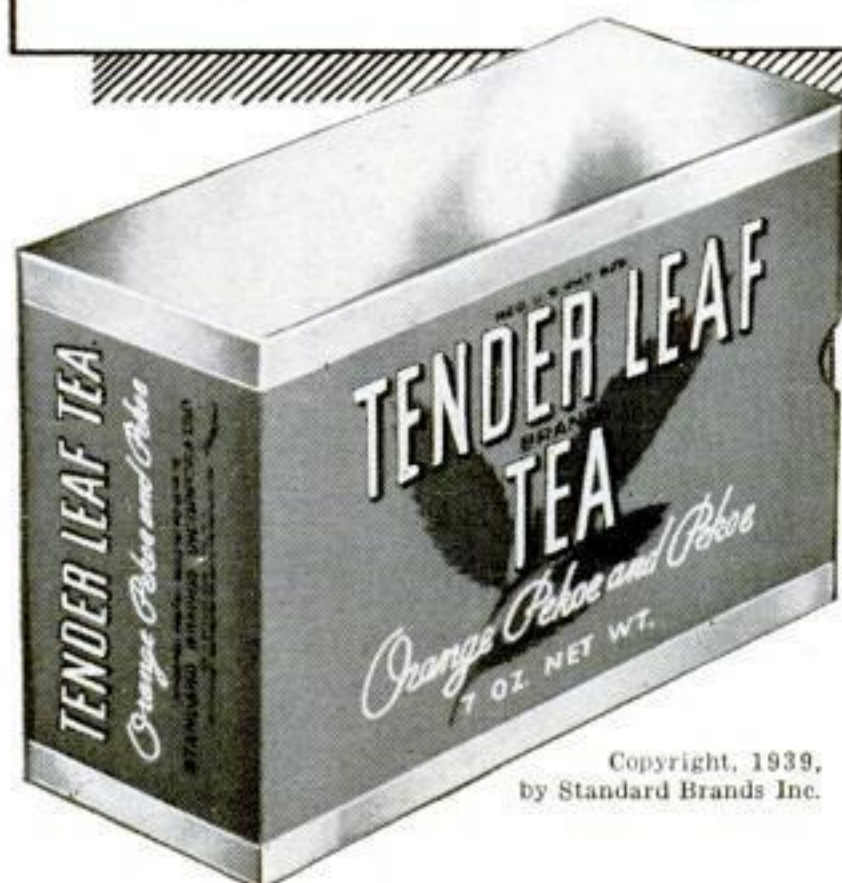
—the "beauty" of the Barbour family. Listen to radio's most popular dramatic serial, "One Man's Family," on the N.B.C. Red Network Wednesday nights—on the Red Network Pacific Coast Stations Sunday nights.

Claudia Barbour Lacey says:

**"Holding my husband
is no problem with
TENDER LEAF TEA"**

"My husband 'Nicky' is so typically British—which means he could never be happy if far removed from a cup of excellent tea. Fortunately, the Barbour family was simply raised on Tender Leaf Tea—not only tea, but WHAT tea! With his first taste of Mother Barbour's Tender Leaf Tea, Nicky raised his eyes heavenward and declared he was perfectly at home in the U. S. A. So there has never been a 'tea problem' in our married life—and this has helped solve the other little problems, too. I can't imagine Nicky and me failing to come to a perfect understanding over a cup of Tender Leaf Tea!"

Claudia Barbour



Copyright, 1939,
by Standard Brands Inc.

NOW, IN BUYING TEA at your grocer's, you can select the choice, young TOP leaves of the tea plant—leaves packed with the flavor and fragrance that make tea the world's most popular drink! Simply ask for "Tender Leaf Tea"—every package is filled with the choice, young tea leaves. No coarse, heavy leaves are included for bulk.

Your grocer has this special tea in 3½- and 7-oz. packages, and in tea balls. Call for "Tender Leaf Tea" by name—try it today!

LIFE'S PICTURES



George W. Harris has probably photographed more famous people than anyone else in the world. Thirty-four years ago, a shy, ambitious young photographer from California, he founded, with Martha Ewing, the first news-portrait service in Washington, D.C., named it Harris & Ewing. Encouraged by President Theodore Roosevelt, Harris became a sort of official capital photographer. In 1919 he went to Europe with the U. S. delegation to the Peace Conference, photographed King George and Queen Mary.

In its 34 years Harris & Ewing has photographed 600,000 people, built up a library of more than 5,000,000 negatives. Recently rummaging through his old collection, Mr. Harris came across the pictures of President Taft which appear on page 66.

The following list, page by page, shows the source from which each picture in this issue was gathered. Where a single page is indebted to several sources credit is recorded picture by picture (left to right, top to bottom), and line by line (lines separated by dashes) unless otherwise specified.

- COVER—CARPENTER for M-G-M
2—PETER STACKPOLE
4—EUR.
6—from "MADELINE," published by SIMON AND SCHUSTER
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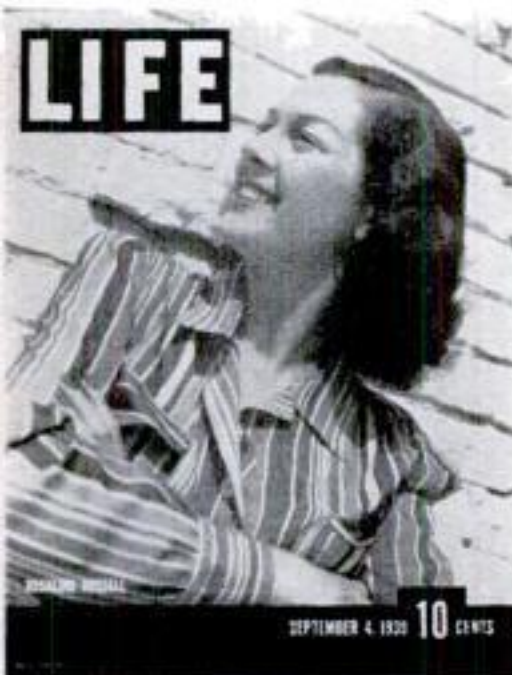
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LIFE'S COVER. Rosalind Russell is one of 21 more or less celebrated Hollywood actresses appearing in the current movie adaptation of Clare Boothe's comedy, *The Women*. Other stars are Norma Shearer, Joan Crawford and Paulette Goddard. The Misses Goddard and Russell (who plays the role created by Ilka Chase) steal the show from more seasoned colleagues. Like stage version of *The Women*, movie version, adapted by Anita Loos and Jane Murnin and directed by George Cukor, contains no males at all. For more about *The Women* see page 28.

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SAVING UP YOUR ENERGY, JOE?

1. GOSH, I CAN'T HELP IT IF I'M ALL TUCKERED OUT AFTER NINE HOLES!

ALL RIGHT, OLD PEPLESS, LET'S GO AND HAVE SOME LUNCH

2. YOU KNOW THAT WORD "PEP" GIVES ME AN IDEA. MAYBE MORE VITAMINS WOULDN'T DO YOU ANY HARM AT ALL. AND I KNOW A PERFECTLY DELICIOUS CEREAL THAT'S EXTRA RICH IN TWO IMPORTANT ONES—VITAMINS B₁ AND D. WHY NOT TRY A BOWL OF PEP NOW?

3. SAY! WHILE YOU WERE DOING ALL THAT TALKING ABOUT VITAMINS, WHY DIDN'T YOU TELL ME WHAT A SWELL CEREAL PEP IS! IT'S THE CRUNCHIEST, CRISPEST ONE I'VE TASTED IN MONTHS. IT'S PEP FOR ME EVERY DAY!

IF YOU, TOO, HAVE LACKED VITAMINS, DISCOVER THE GRAND THINGS THEY CAN DO FOR YOU! AND TO HELP GET YOUR VITAMINS, EAT COOL CRISP **KELLOGG'S PEP**. IT'S A MARVELOUS TASTING CEREAL—CRISP, CRUNCHY FLAKES OF BRAN AND OTHER PARTS OF WHEAT ENRICHED WITH VITAMINS B₁ AND D. GET **PEP** AT YOUR GROCER'S. EAT IT EVERY DAY, AND SEE IF YOU DON'T HAVE MORE ZIP AND ZEST!



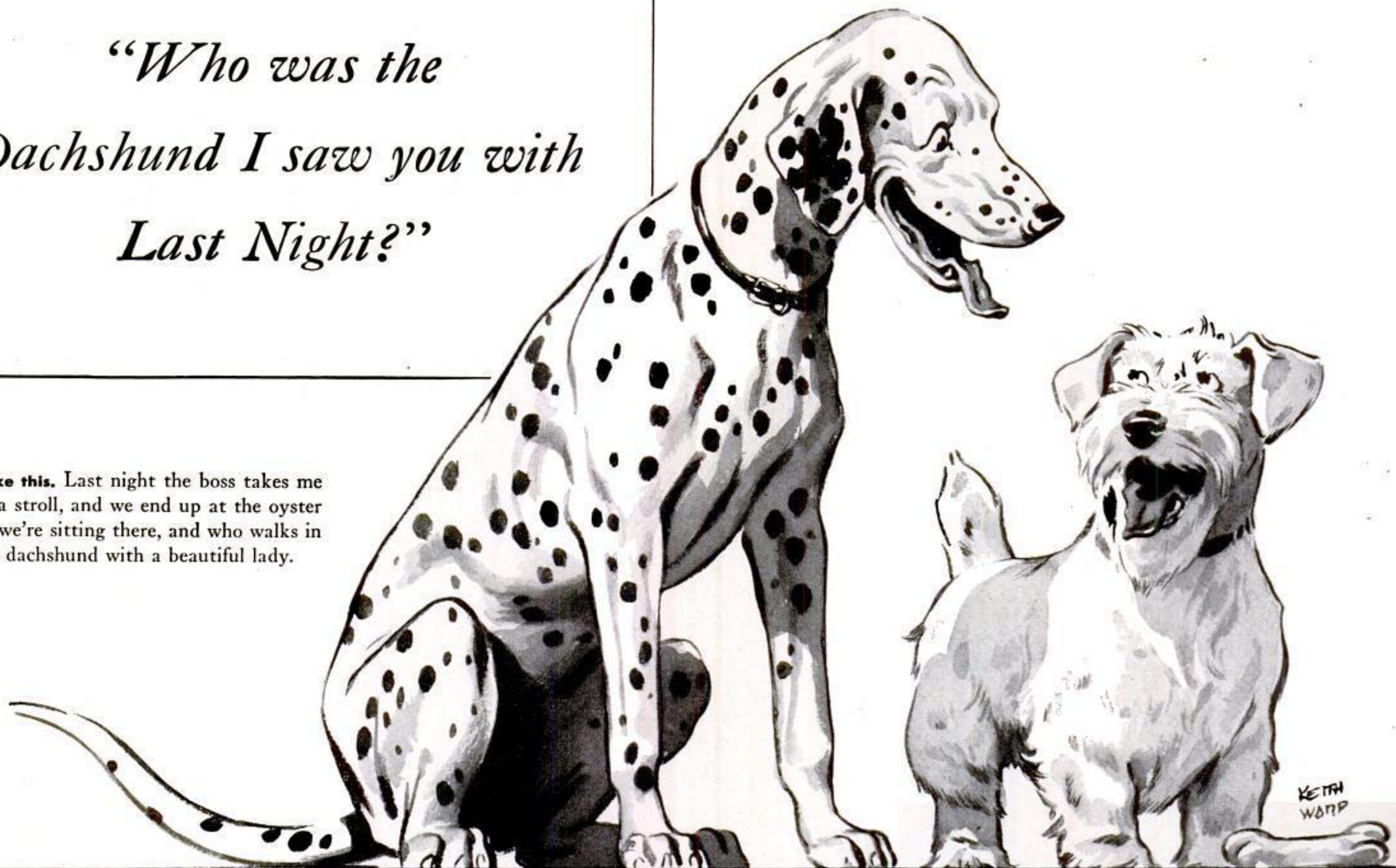
Vitamins for pep! Kellogg's Pep for vitamins!*

*Pep contains vitamins B₁ and D. Each ounce contains 1/5 of an adult's and 4/5 of a child's daily requirement of B₁, and about 1/2 the daily requirement of D.

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*"Who was the
Dachshund I saw you with
Last Night?"*

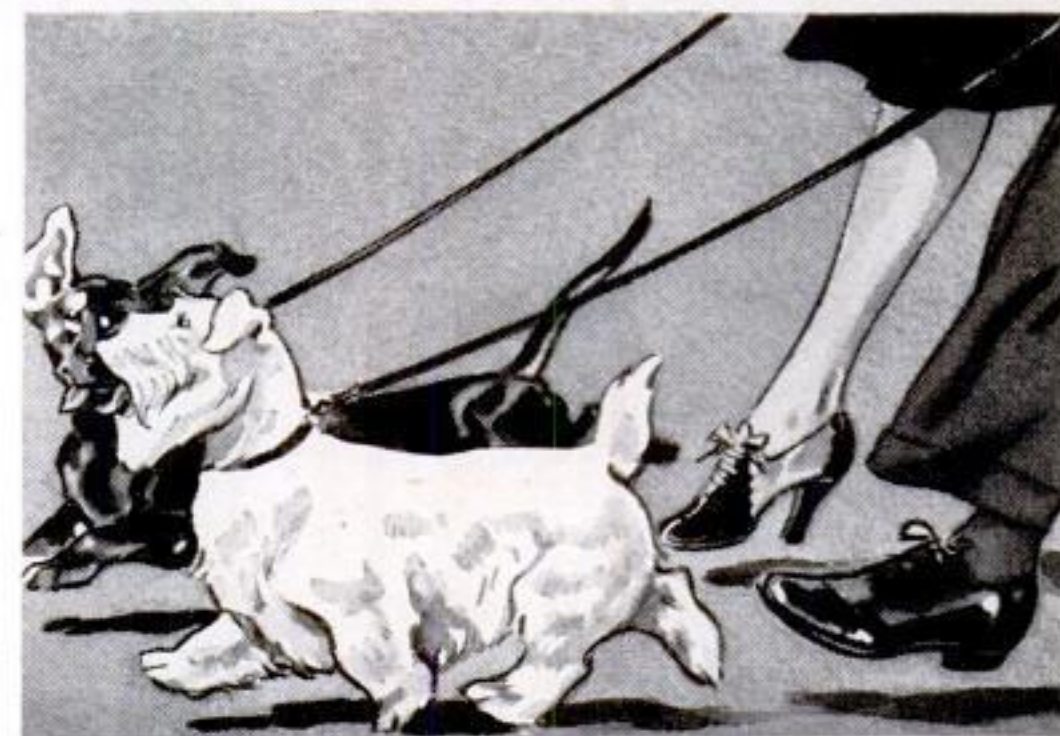
1. It's like this. Last night the boss takes me out for a stroll, and we end up at the oyster bar. So we're sitting there, and who walks in but this dachshund with a beautiful lady.



2. While I'm rubbing noses with the mutt, the boss is boasting to the lady about my carrying off the blue ribbon in last year's dog show. So then the waiter comes in with the boss's coffee.



3. "I bet I don't sleep two winks tonight," says the boss. "Caffein in coffee gets me, but boy, how I love the brew!" "You'd sleep like a kitten," says the lady, "if you'd send that back and order Sanka Coffee."



4. She tells him Sanka is REAL coffee... 97% caffeine-free, so it *can't* keep you awake. He tries it, and smacks his lips, saying: "They've taken the caffeine out—but the flavor's sure left in!" And then, we all walk home together.



5. So this morning the boss says, "Come on, boy. We're going over to thank the beautiful lady who tipped us off to that grand Sanka Coffee that *really* lets you sleep. And by the way, you'll probably be seeing *plenty* of that dachshund from now on."



6. Later, I hear the lady tell the boss that the Council on Foods of the American Medical Association says: "Sanka Coffee is free from caffeine effect, and can be used when other coffee has been forbidden." Then the talk gets more personal, and I cover my ears.

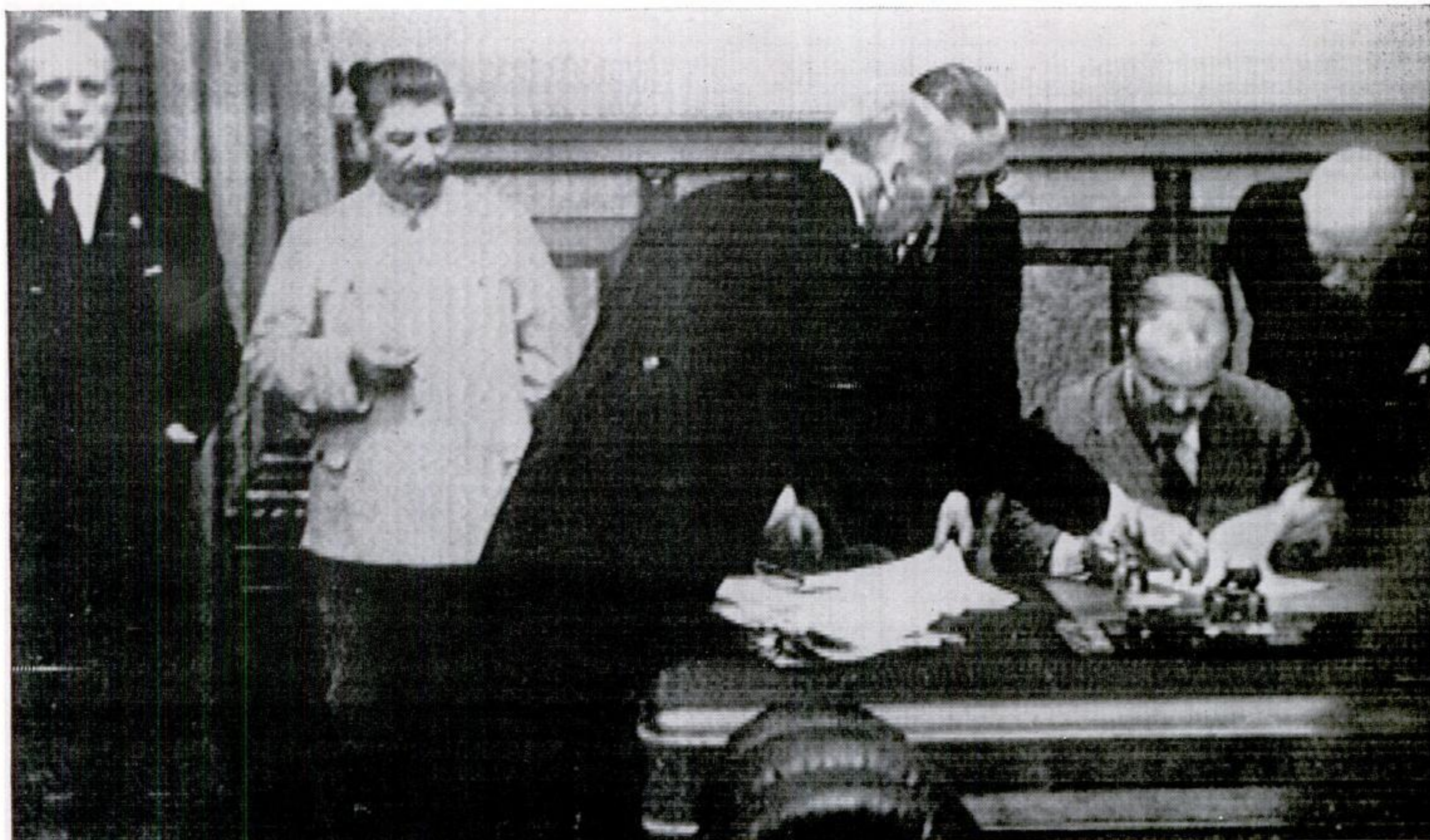


SANKA COFFEE

REAL COFFEE . . . 97% CAFFEIN-FREE . . . DRINK IT AND SLEEP!

"Drip" or "Regular" Grind. Get a Can at Your Grocer's Today!

TUNE IN "WE, THE PEOPLE"...laughs, pathos, thrills, drama, as real people tell true experiences!—Tuesday evening—Columbia network—see your local paper for time and station.



NAZI FOREIGN MINISTER VON RIBBENTROP (LEFT) STANDS BESIDE SOVIET DICTATOR STALIN AS RUSSIA'S MOLOTOFF SIGNS NON-AGGRESSION PACT IN MOSCOW AUG. 24

NAZI-RED PACT

HIGH PRIESTS OF THE WORLD'S RIVAL
NEW POLITICAL RELIGIONS MAKE A DEAL

The screaming barrages of threats, the wild rumors, the menacing mobilizations and fleet movements, the huddles of statesmen, the frantic scurrying of American tourists to get home, the appeals for peace by President Roosevelt—all these last week were the same as in past crises of Adolf Hitler's "war of nerves." But there were added, to make the world nightmare of late August 1939 different from its predecessors, two fateful new facts.

One of them is shown in the making in the historic picture above. Here, as Soviet Premier Molotov signs the non-aggression treaty with Germany while Nazi Foreign Minister von Ribbentrop and Communist Dictator Stalin look on approvingly, the political balance of the world is being changed. With one present in person, at this Moscow ceremony, the high priests of the two great new rival political religions of the 20th Century, whose professed mutual hatred had been a basic fact of world politics, scrap their crusades and betray their ideological believers, climb down from their pulpits to reveal themselves as nothing after all but a pair of hardboiled and practical nationalist bosses.

The short-run advantages of this long-dreaded Crusader-Saracen deal were obvious. Stalin, who needs peace to develop raw Russia and fears a war-time internal revolution, stepped neatly out from



HITLER WELCOMES RIBBENTROP HOME FROM MOSCOW

between the German-Japanese pincers which had been closing in on him and got a free hand to deal with a Japan now bereft of its anti-Comintern allies. Hitler nipped the budding British-French-Russian alliance, and with it the threat of having to fight major enemies on both German fronts at once. Gone, too, was the menace of a British blockade, now that Russia's raw materials were at his disposal.

But Hitler's desperate deal with the man whom he was lately calling "the bloodstained scum of humanity," alienating as it did his Spanish and Japanese allies and threatening to drive wavering Hungary, Yugoslavia and other Red-fearing states into the arms of Britain and France, was also acknowledgment of the second great new fact of last week's crisis. That fact was the new strength, in arms and in spirit, which Britain and France have gained since Munich. In the face of the grim reality of Poland's military isolation (*see pp. 16-17*), they might urge her to compromise on Hitler's demands. But that Hitler should be talking compromise as the week ended indicated his realization that he, too, was at last up against some grim military realities.

DANZIG

Nazi seizure of Free City threatens second Sarajevo

The drawing at the right shows the heart of last week's war crisis—the pleasant and picturesque free city of Danzig. The bitter German-Polish dispute over its status has magnified it into a prospective Sarajevo of the Second World War.

As these pictorial maps show, the Free City divides German East Prussia from both the Polish Corridor and the rest of Germany. At its broadest point it is 40 miles wide. It controls the Baltic outlet of the Vistula River, which can be seen winding through the city on its way from Poland (lower right).

Hub of the 791-sq. mi. Free City is the municipality of Danzig with a population of 250,000. The electric cranes of its shipyards can be seen near the center of the town. At the harbor's entrance there is a stubby peninsula, the Westerplatte (right center), with a number of warehouses which serve as a Polish munitions dump. The Hela Peninsula, a military zone with a powerful Polish radio station on its tip, juts out across the bay.

The Free City's main airport is at Langfuhr to the northwest of Danzig on the main highway to Zoppot, popular bathing and gambling resort. Gdynia in Poland (upper left), fourth largest port on the Continent, lies 12 miles northwest of Danzig. Originally a tiny fishing village, the new city, seaport and naval base were started there by the Poles in 1924. Hugging the inlet behind Gdynia is Putzig, Polish air base.

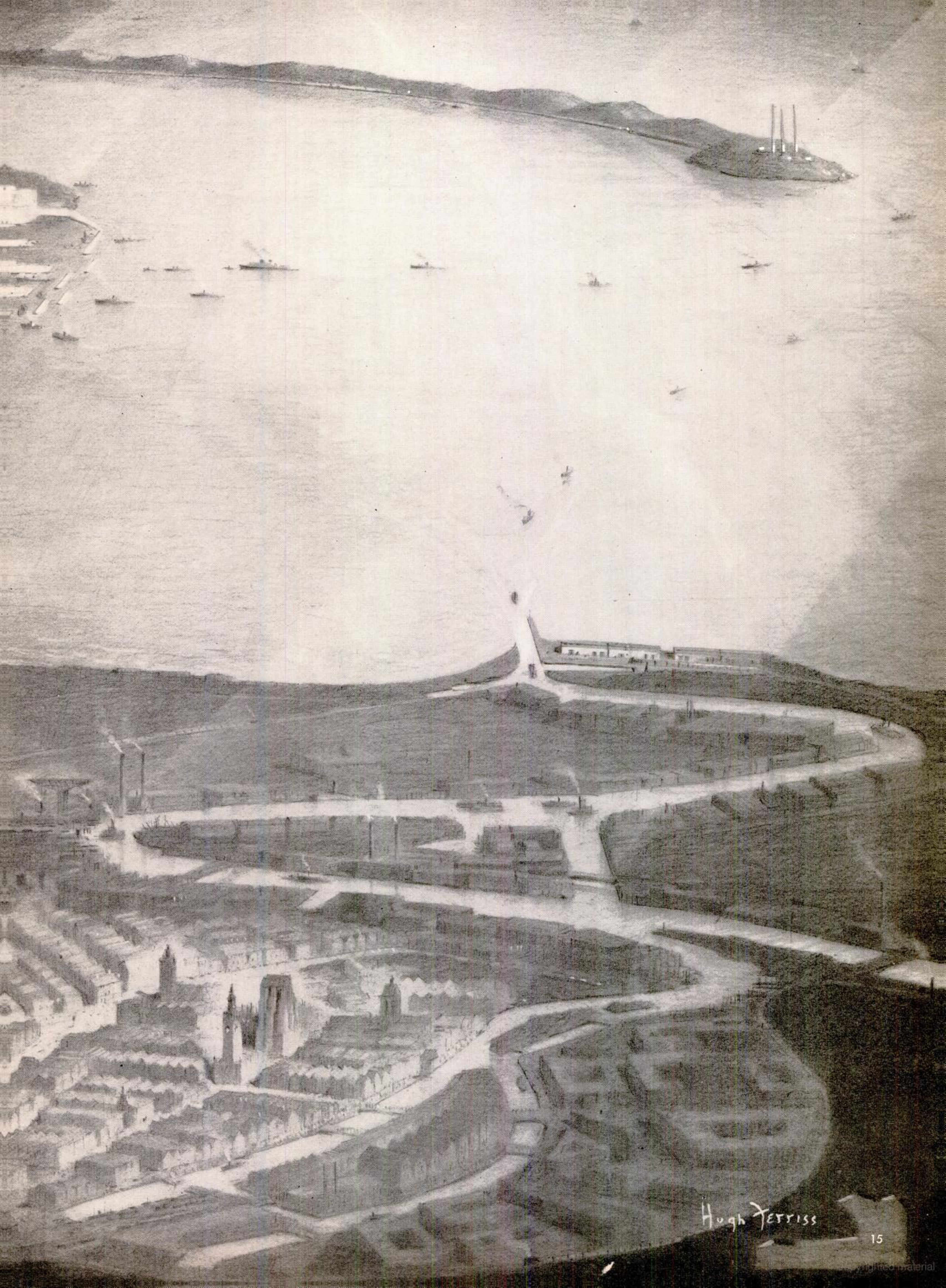
For 266 years Danzig belonged to Germany. For 638 years it belonged to the Poles. Its misfortune today arises from the fact that it is neither Polish fish nor German fowl. Both nations lay claim to it.

The Treaty of Versailles separated Danzig from Germany. At the same time—to safeguard rights of Danzig's people, 96% of whom are Germans—the Treaty made Danzig a Free City. Poland was guaranteed free access to the sea through Danzig and the right to place Danzig within the Polish customs system. German was made the official language and Danzig was demilitarized. It was given its own legislature, courts and police force. According to Danzig's constitution Poland is duty-bound to intervene, first with police, then with troops, if disorders cannot be quelled by Danzig authorities. Poland's juridical claim that Danzig's status must remain unchanged is based on the Treaty of Versailles. Its real reason, however, for resisting Nazi seizure of Danzig is its fear that Germany will use it as a base for nipping off Gdynia and the Polish Corridor, as an entering wedge for reducing Poland to the level of a vassal state.



Germany's "Schleswig-Holstein," a training ship, entered Danzig on Aug. 25 and fired the first salute for local Nazi chief. This was only picture released by Germany that day.





Hugh Ferriss



POLAND

Could her stanch army stand
alone against German might?

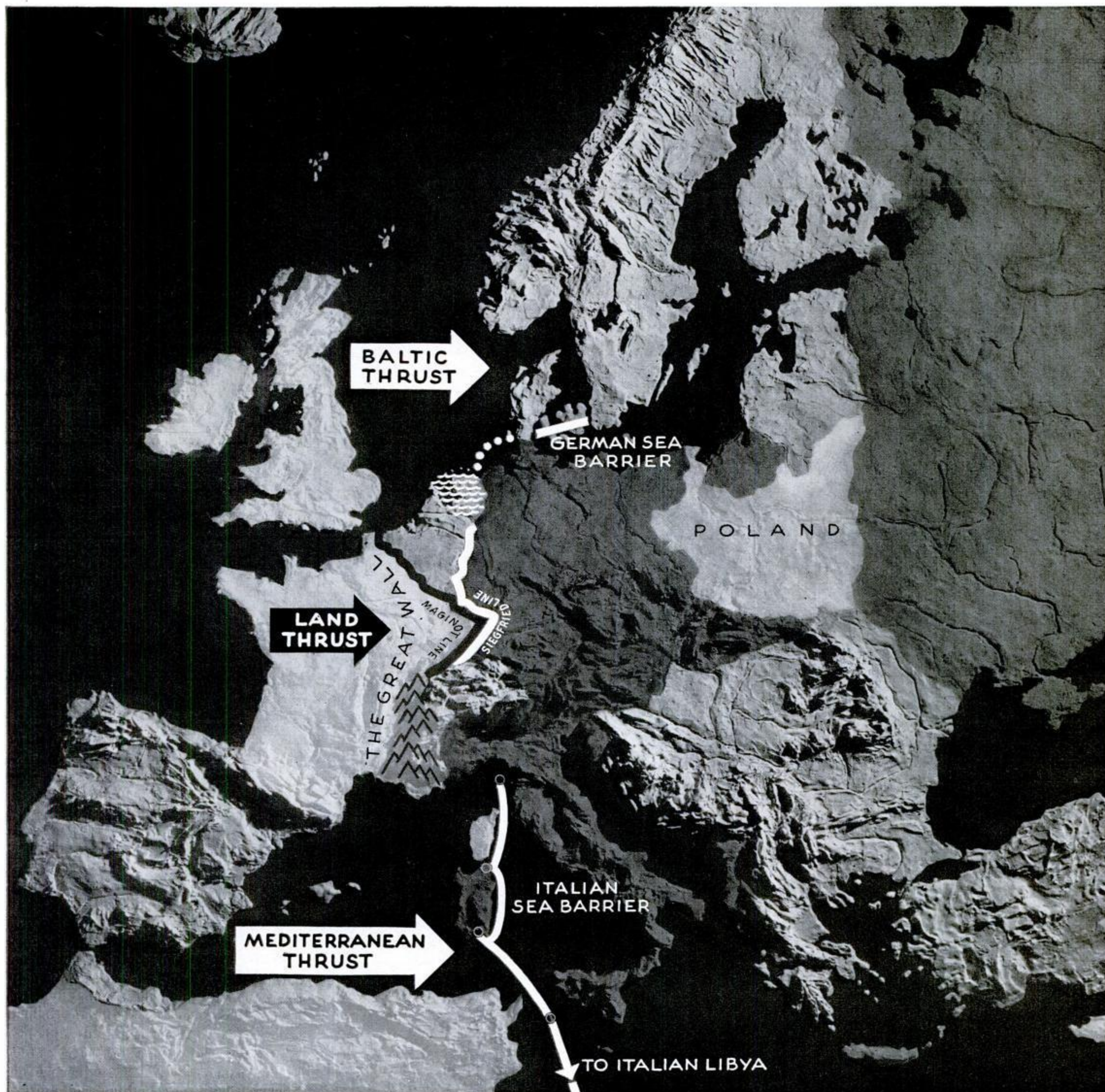
As 45 crack German divisions stood massed on Polish borders, primed to sweep in from north, south and west in a crushing double envelopment attack (arrows on map indicate main avenues of advance), all the world knew that for Adolf Hitler the rape of Poland represented first & foremost simply one more step in his ambition to dominate all Europe.

But Poland itself is no mean booty for a resource-hungry dictator. A land almost as big as Spain, with a population of 34,000,000, its produce is mainly agricultural, but it also has metallurgic and textile industries, deposits of coal, iron and oil. And the bulk of its industries and mineral deposits lies in the western area for which Hitler was clamoring, the area which was carved out of Germany to reconstitute Poland in 1919 (see inset map).

Realizing the vulnerability of their Upper Silesian industrial section to German attack, Poles two years ago began moving industries back to the triangle between Lublin, Cracow and Lwów. Here the Poles, presumably planning a retreating action against a German advance, have stored their scanty ammunition reserves and would make their last stand.

In ancient Poland, still led by men who fought & bled in 1914-1920 to recreate it as an independent state, the flame of nationalism burns even more

fiercely than it did in young Czechoslovakia last year. Poland has a brave, tough, well-trained army of 1,000,000 first-line troops and 3,000,000 reserves with quantities of cavalry and horse-drawn artillery, and Poland's "General Mud" is counted on to mire its mechanized foes (LIFE, Aug. 28). But stanch as Poles stood to fight for their independence, ready as Britain and France seemed to stand by their pledges to it, these grim facts faced the Allies in pondering their response to Hitler's demands and threats. It was hardly conceivable that the Polish Army could long hold out alone against the superior numbers and equipment of the Germans. Especially deficient in aircraft, Poland's most vital industrial areas offered easy targets for German bombers. And with Poland now completely isolated by the Nazi-Red pact and the great wall of Axis western defenses (see opposite page), it was extremely dubious that her allies could bring help in time to save her.



EUROPE

Could Poland's friends break

Axis wall in time to save her?

The tremendous and terrible obstacle facing Britain and France in an attempt to help Poland against Nazi attack is shown on this map. Here in stark outline is the basic and perhaps controlling strategical situation of the crisis and the war or peace to follow.

Assuming that Germany aimed simply to hold off

Britain and France while it conquered Poland, the two fundamental facts of the situation are: 1) Britain and France are cut off from Poland by a solid wall of Axis land and sea fortified along its entire western front by a great barrier of forts, mountains, rivers, marshes, warships, airplane and naval bases, minefields and coast artillery; 2) modern warfare gives a great advantage to the defense.

Look down the line from Sweden to Libya. To a North Sea thrust by Britain's mighty fleet nature has opposed narrow, easily defended channels which the Germans have improved by powerful coast fortifications and minefields, supplemented with swarms of airplanes, torpedo boats, submarines, destroyers.

To a thrust by land the prime obstacle is Germany's great Siegfried Line of fortifications extending almost unbroken from The Netherlands to Switzerland (see following pages). To the northwest of the Siegfried Line lie the floodable lowlands of Hol-

land. To the south, across the paths through Switzerland and to Italy tower the Alps. In their passes the defender's normal advantage is increased many-fold. And across the Mediterranean to the south lies Italy's heavily weaponed string of air and naval bases.

Against effective succor by air stand the facts that: 1) Germany has the best anti-aircraft defense system in Europe; 2) Polish bases are not equipped with parts, supplies and mechanics to service British and French planes.

Since in war no outcome is 100% predictable, no defense 100% impregnable, even the mighty Axis wall might be broken. But the question remained—could it be broken in time to save Poland? And, with France's Maginot Line, Britain's fleet and the same natural barriers of Alps and Dutch lowlands forming the same kind of defensive wall against Axis attack, could an Allies-Axis war be anything but a re-enactment of the long and bloody stalemate of 1914-18?



GERMAN TROOPS MARCH INTO A SIEGFRIED LINE FORT THROUGH ARMORED GASPROOF DOOR. SIGN OVER PORTAL READS: "SCHARNHORST FORT GROUP. HEAVY FORT 1238"

SIEGFRIED LINE

Great Wall is manned by 500,000 German soldiers

Grimmest and most terrible unit in the Great Wall against the forces of England and France is Germany's Siegfried Line, with its austere succession of forts, blockhouses and outposts marching south along the Dutch, Belgian and French borders to the Alps. Last week 500,000 soldiers manned these vast fortifications against attack. Ever since last winter, when Germany felt at last secure behind its new-built Siegfried Line—or Limes or West Wall—strategists have predicted a defensive stalemate on this front. Yet many a battle has been won by wild unpredictable hazard, and it is just possible the Germans may try to pierce France's famed Maginot Line, or that the French may drive against Hitler's western forts.

Differences between the Siegfried and Maginot Lines are differences between German and French concepts of tactics. More elaborate, expensive, inflexible, the French line is probably the greatest defensive barrier ever built by man. But the Siegfried Line, a comparable system of staggered fortifications 25 miles deep, gives more scope to the German passion for maneuver.

Throughout its 350 miles, interlocking underground tunnels, stairs and elevators connect magazines and bunkrooms with outposts, casemates and pillboxes. Each fort system has its own electric kitchens, wash-rooms, water reservoirs, Diesel generators, railroads and storage rooms. Ordnance officers have equipped the line with spare gun barrels. At the rear of the Siegfried Line is a network of anti-aircraft defenses—guns in concrete pits, searchlights, sound locators—all camouflaged.

On these pages you see new pictures of the inside of the Siegfried Line, recently released from Germany as evidence of her strength on the west.

MACHINE-GUN SQUAD IN BUNKROOM IS ORDERED TO TAKE POSTS IN PILLBOX





ARMORED OBSERVATION TURRET IS DOME-SHAPED TO DEFLECT HITS



NON-COMs EMERGE FROM BLOCKHOUSE. HOLE AT LEFT IS AN AIR INTAKE



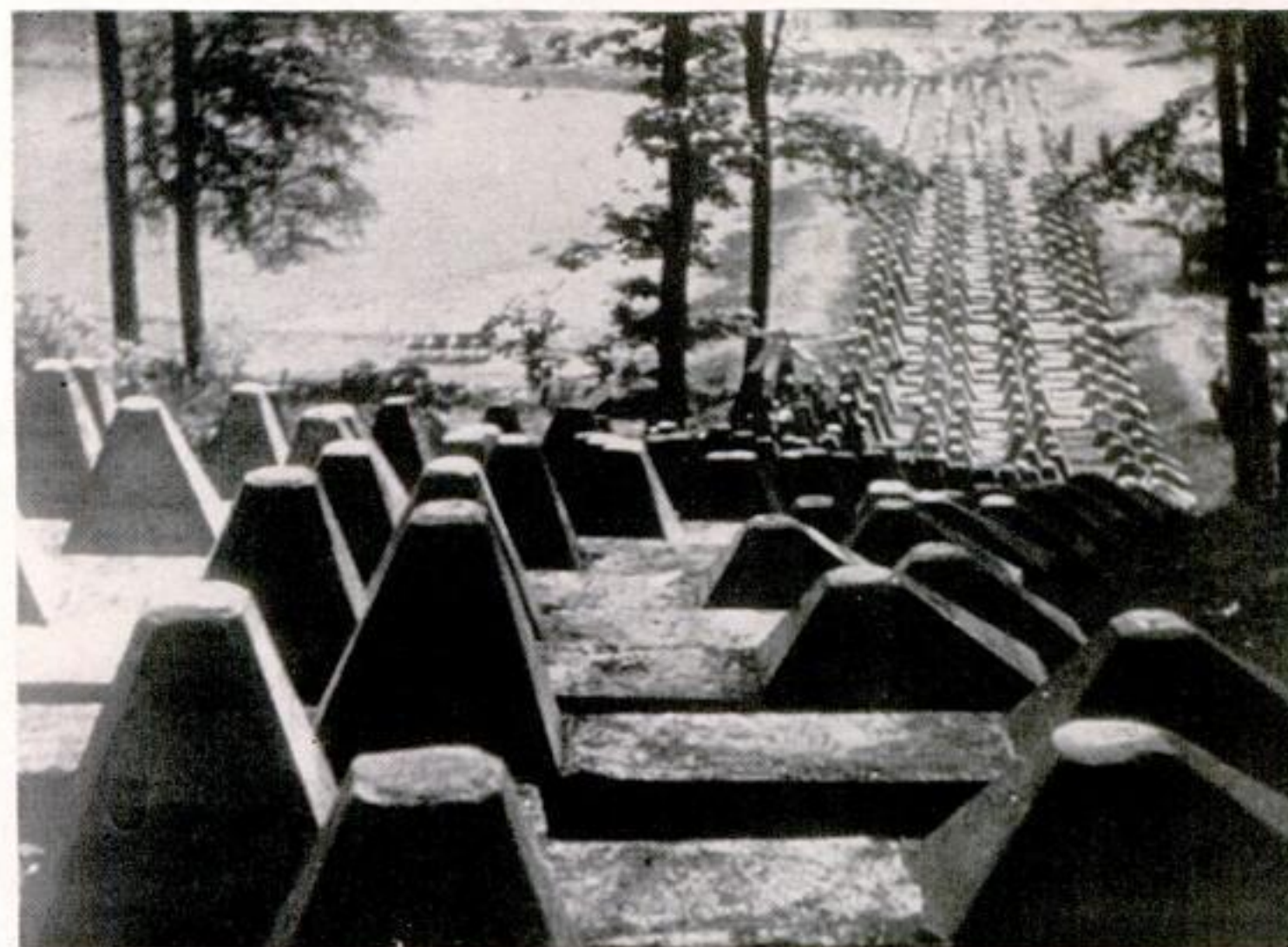
FORT TROOPS MARCH THROUGH UNDERGROUND TUNNEL. NOTE RAILROAD TRACK



LIGHT MACHINE-GUN SQUAD FIRES FROM A REINFORCED CONCRETE PILLBOX



DEEP BUNK ROOM IS BOMBPROOF. AIR PRESSURE MAKES IT SAFE FROM GAS



TANK BARRIERS MARCH FOR MILES. BELOW: HOWITZER IN ARMORED CASEMATE



NEW GERMAN ARMY

**Its massed might has never fought
a war and never muffed a conquest**

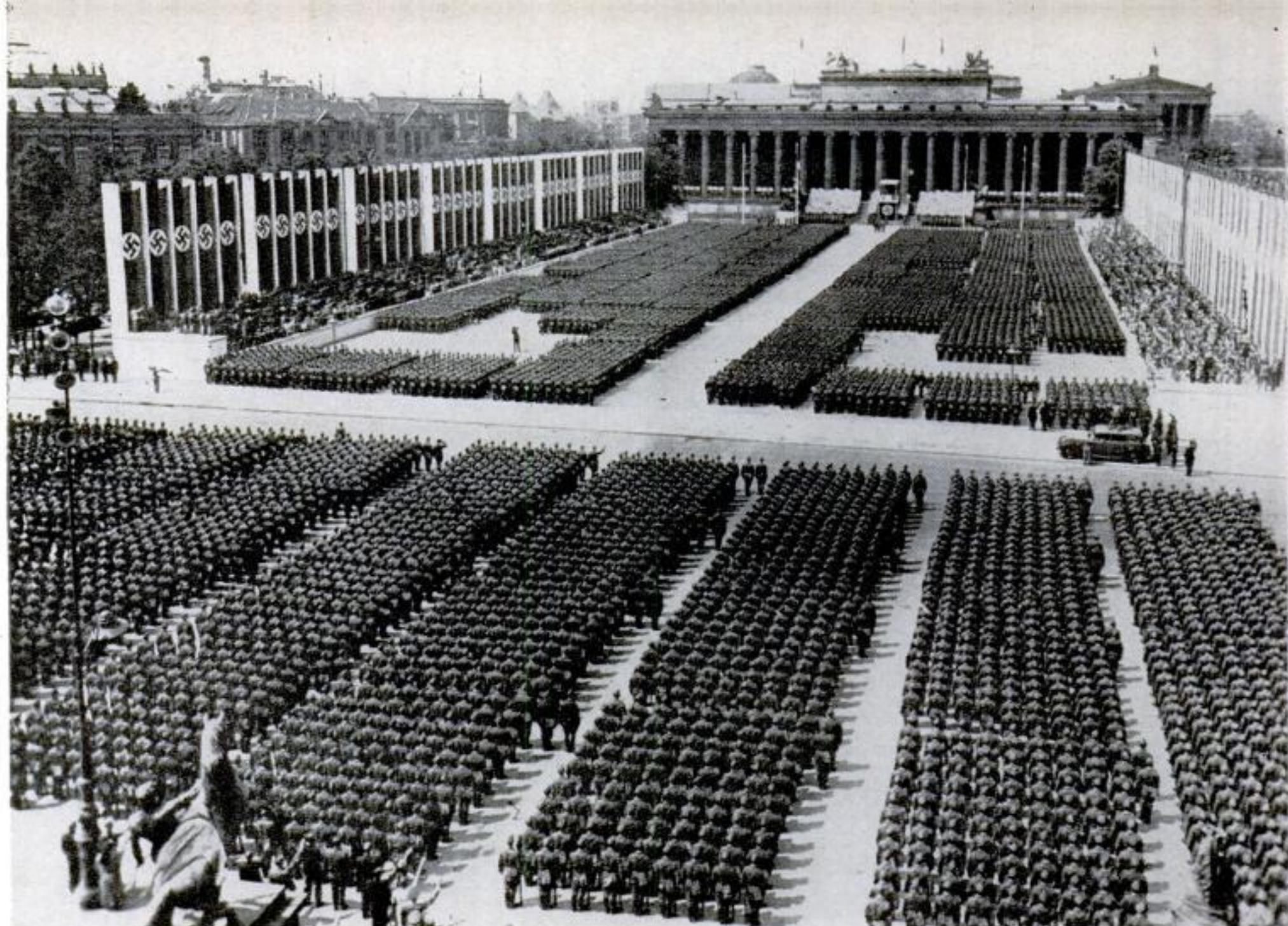
All last week the vast armed might of Germany stood ready to fight France, England and Poland. In less than two years the mere threat of this military power has been enough to subdue Austria and Czechoslovakia. By mobilizing the Army which he built up from the tiny force permitted by the Versailles Treaty, Hitler has thrown the world into one crisis after the other, reaping diplomatic victories without ever having to shed blood. If Germany should now go to war, it would be the first time that its new Army would be really tested in battle and blood. If an "armed truce" occurs, it will probably be only a matter of months before Hitler uses their massed might to promote another crisis by mobilization against some new enemy. Only when Hitler consents to disarm at least part of them can the world look forward to lasting peace.

In the air Germany's fighting forces are supreme, with probably 6,000 first-line planes, as many as Britain, France and Poland combined. Its air industry remains unrivaled for production and models. The country's geographical position gives it a natural strategic advantage for defense as well as attack.

In the field the German Army is less outstanding. The French are still better trained. Though its staff, composed almost entirely of War veterans, is able and progressive, Germany still lacks experienced regimental officers. But it possesses the newest artillery in Europe (LIFE, Aug. 28) and has as many mechanized divisions as France and Britain combined, with more than 2,000 tanks and more anti-tank guns per man than any country. Its motor units enjoy the further advantage of having standardized equipment. There are only two types of tractors, four types of trucks, and many of these have interchangeable parts. The great lack is gasoline. Intensive manufacture has given Germany a supply of ammunition which should last it for two full years of war.



A German Air Corps private presents arms. His Mauser carbine is superior to French and Polish rifle but not to British.



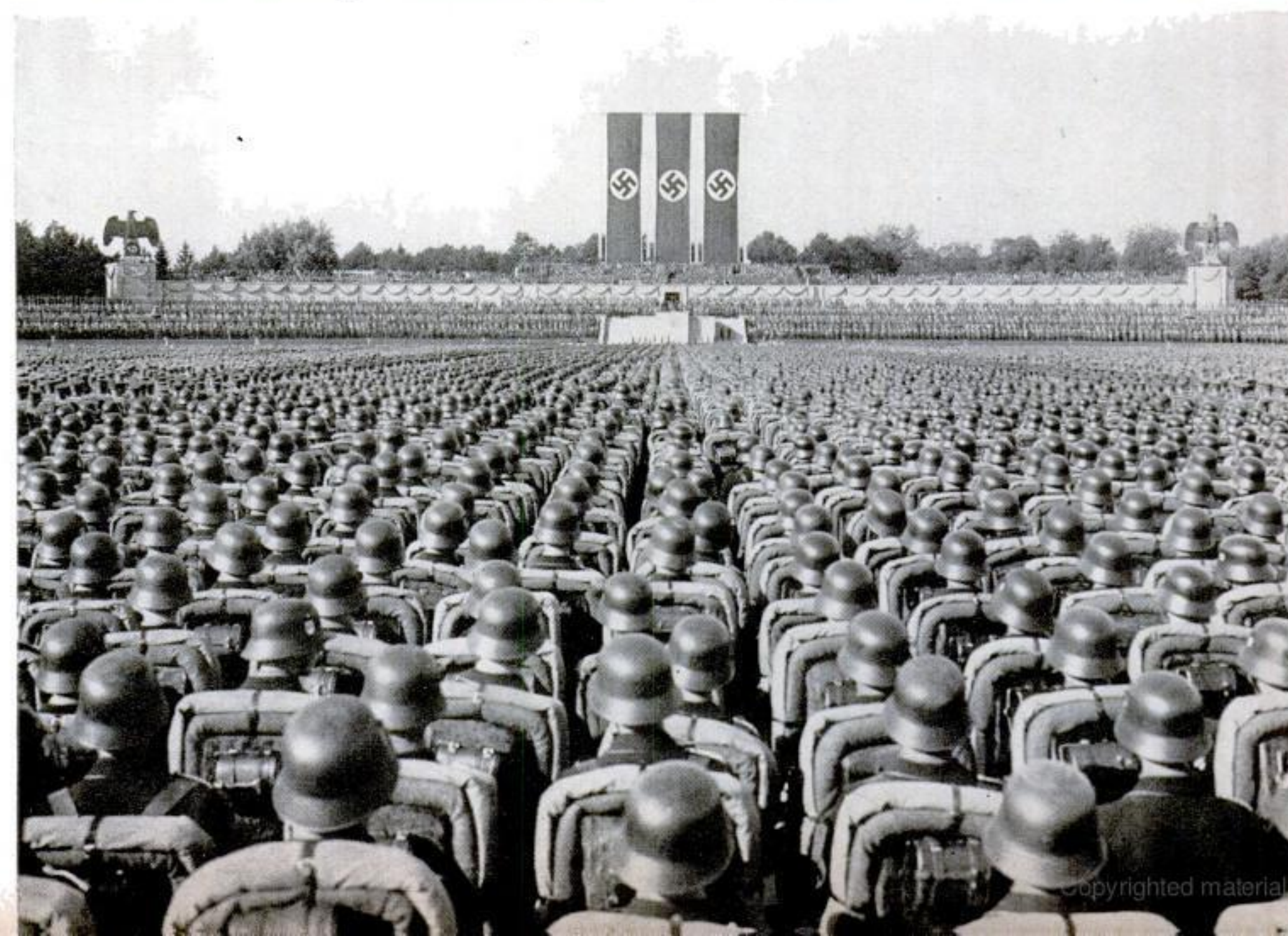
Condor Legion, 17,000 strong, massed before Hitler in parade formation in Berlin's Lustgarten, after it returned last June from having fought "Bolshevism" in Spain for nearly

three years. This Legion, complete with pilots, airplane mechanics and anti-aircraft gunners and tank corps, is only branch of new Army which has had a taste of real war.



Germany's armed might is boastfully presented for potential enemies to see by the array of light tanks (above) and the mass of crack *Schutzstaffel* "Blackshirts" (below).

Although these men are only Nazi Party soldiers and not Army regulars, they have received special infantry training and equipment. In war they will be used as reserves.





German infantry, cavalry and motor units parade through Berlin's Tiergarten



The goose-step was a German military invention 300 years ago. Here a crack infantry regiment is goose-stepping in review past Adolf Hitler. A show-off parade step, th's exercise is the terror of all recruits. It has long been standard drill practice in the armies of Bulgaria and Switzerland. Last year it was adopted by the Italians.

German artillery has helped to achieve the expansion of the Third Reich without ever having to be fired. This 105-mm. gun is crossing the Cologne bridge into the Rhineland, demilitarized by the Treaty of Versailles, in Hitler's first "bloodless victory" in 1936. As artillery marksmen, the Germans are inferior to the French.





A secret German airfield, of which the Nazis have over 700 scattered strategically throughout the Reich, has its steel hangars cleverly concealed in a wood. Planes on concrete runway are Junkers Ju-86K, used most for night bombing. Germany has about 3,000 first-line bombers, some of whose crews had experience in Spain.

Horses still play an important part in the new German Army. Much of its artillery, like these new 105-mm. howitzers, is horse-drawn. Many heavy machine guns are also horse-drawn. Germany keeps 3,450,000 horses on Army call, compared to England's 1,100,000. Until Germany can get more gasoline, she must stick to horses.





IMPRESSED BY DRAMA OF THE WAR CRISIS, PRESIDENT ROOSEVELT FOR FIRST TIME DIRECTED THAT PHOTOGRAPHERS BE ADMITTED TO HIS PRESS CONFERENCE, AUG. 25

AMERICA

President appeals for peace:

U. S. Reds squirm for Stalin

America's first reaction to news of the Hitler-Stalin deal was a great cynical guffaw, reflected in the cartoons on the opposite page. Jeers fell hardest on red-faced U. S. Reds who, since Moscow changed the Party line in 1935, have loudly proclaimed their belief in democracy and unremittingly urged America to join Soviet Russia in a "democratic front" against "fascist aggression." Obviously flabbergasted by their idol's running broad jump into the arms of their No. 1 personal devil, the Communists now did their miserable best to explain it away.

In one of the most painful exhibitions ever seen in the U. S. press, the Communist *Daily Worker* tortuously argued that the Nazi-Red pact was a

blow to the "capitulationist" government of Britain, hence a blow to Appeasement, hence a blow to Hitler. "The Polish people," it gibbered, "will be further encouraged to resist both the threats of fascist aggression and the underhand conspiracies of the Munichers." It was plain that, whatever might be the consequences of the deal for Russia and Germany, Joseph Stalin had dealt a crippling blow to his trusting disciples in other lands.

Meantime, as the crisis heightened, Washington officialdom swung into its practiced war-scare paces. A Cabinet committee met to consider implications of the Neutrality Act, perfect plans for steadying U. S. financial markets in event of war. President Roosevelt, cruising on the *Tuscaloosa* off Nova Scotia, cut short his vacation and sped back "with grave concern" to Washington. Thence on Aug. 24, as he had done during last April's crisis, he issued an appeal for peace, this time addressed to Italy's King Victor Emmanuel.

Few hours later he shot new appeals to Hitler and Poland's President Moscicki, suggesting a settlement by: 1) direct negotiation 2) arbitration 3) conciliation "by one of the traditionally neutral States" or a disinterested republic of the Western Hemisphere. The White House announced that the President was *not* offering his own services as conciliator.

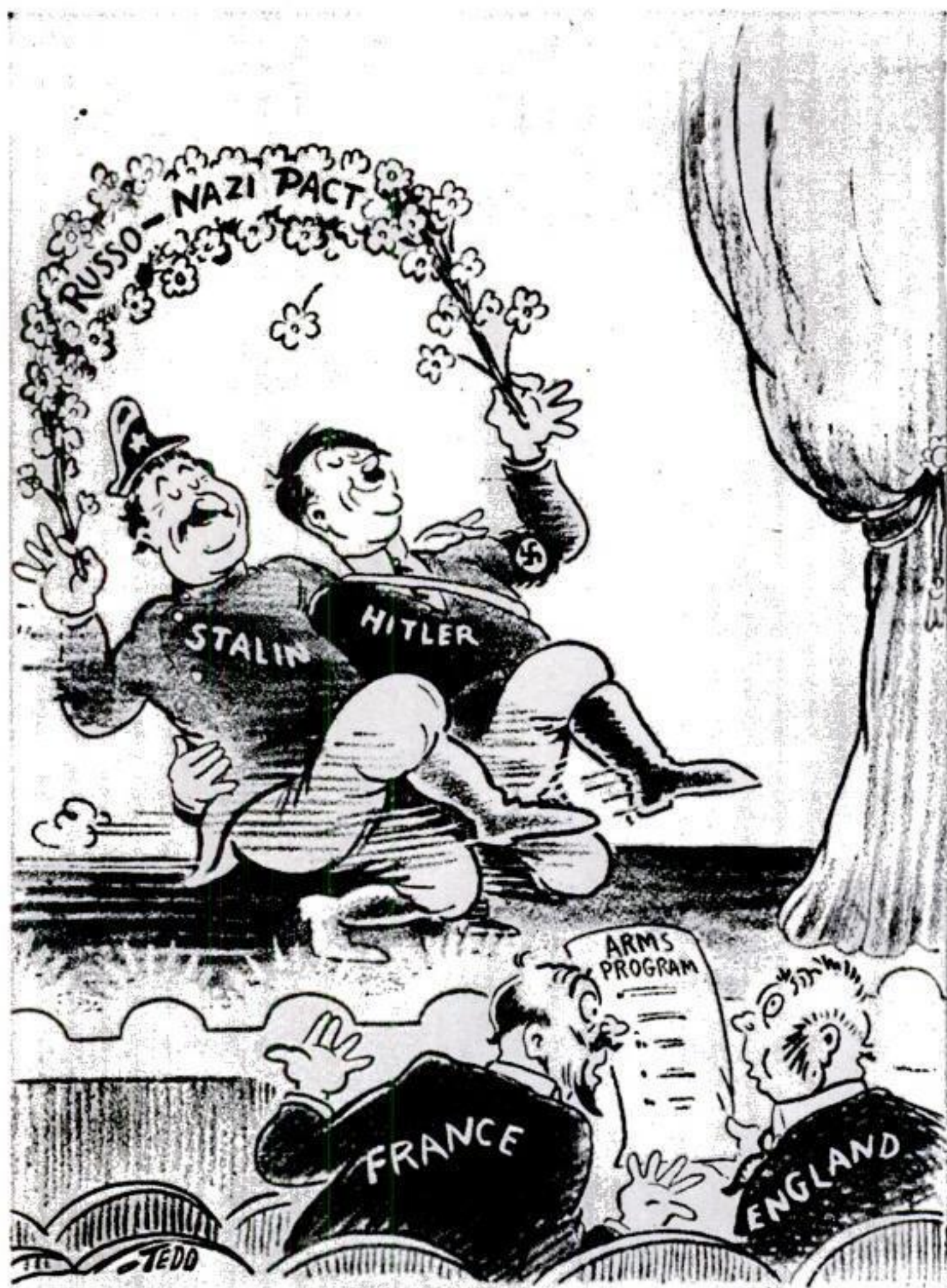
Since Franklin Roosevelt could hardly be naïve enough to expect Adolf Hitler to be moved by his appeal to "the cause of humanity," the President's

new messages suggested that he had heard that Germany and Poland were looking for a face-saving way out of their uncompromising public position. His other obvious purposes were: 1) to put America once more firmly on record against Nazi aggression; 2) to fasten war guilt, if war came, firmly on Adolf Hitler. On receiving a prompt favorable reply from President Moscicki, Mr. Roosevelt sped one more cable to silent Adolf Hitler, pleading: "All the world prays that Germany, too, will accept."

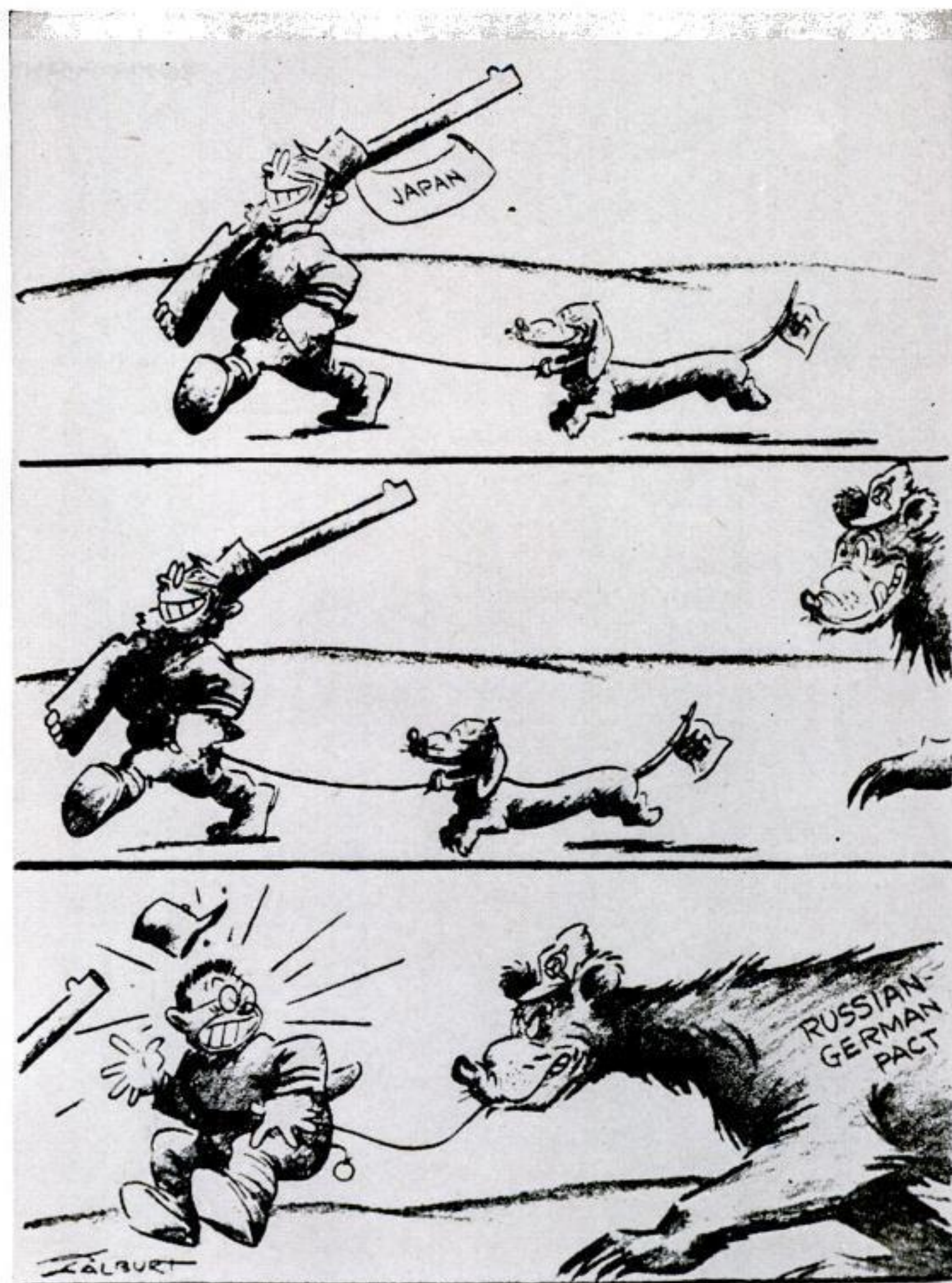
It was rumored that Mr. Roosevelt was holding off a call for a special session of Congress to revise the Neutrality Act until he made sure, by sounding out Congressmen, that there were enough votes to carry revision. If that were true, the fact that the President had issued no call by last week's end indicated that Congressional opinion had not been much affected by the German-Russian deal. The same seemed to be true of the press, editors simply finding in it fresh arguments for their isolationist or interventionist positions.

A typical isolationist conclusion, by the *New York Daily News*: "In the face of this mess of double-crossing and power politics the only sensible thing we can do is stay out of it—far out of it."

A typical interventionist conclusion, by the *New York Times*: "At last there is a democratic front. The sham fronts are down and the anti-democratic systems are on one side and the democracies on the other. Inevitably we are more deeply engaged."



"MON DIEU! BUT IT'S NOT ON OUR PROGRAM!" TEDD IN N. Y. "JOURNAL"



"IMAGINE HIS SURPRISE!" TALBURT IN N. Y. "WORLD-TELEGRAM"



"LITTLE GOLDILOCKS RIDING HOOD." HERBLOCK IN CLEVELAND "PRESS"



"REUNION IN A GRAVEYARD." DOYLE IN PHILADELPHIA "RECORD"

LIFE ON THE NEWSFRONTS OF THE WORLD

The war of nerves keeps Europe teetering for a week on the brink of the war of guns

The crisis cast over the world last week a strange sort of half-light like that which comes just before some catastrophe of Nature. Men trod softly, waiting for the guns to go off. In the cities of Europe there was grim calm because everyone had long since prepared for the worst.

Sunday. The week began with German troops massed in a great semi-circle along the Polish frontier, in Germany and her satellite Slovakia. The issue still was Hitler's "minimum demands": Danzig and a corridor across the Polish Corridor, linking East Prussia to the Reich proper by a German extra-territorial road. England and France seemed certain to fight for Poland. There were rumblings from Moscow but they gave no inkling of what was to follow. Russia signed a trade agreement with Germany. Her newspapers accused Chamberlain of plotting "another Munich."

Monday. From Berlin came the stunning announcement that Russia had agreed to sign a ten-year non-aggression pact with Germany. In the face of this statesmen's nightmare come true, many an observer jumped to the conclusion that the Anglo-Franco-Polish front against Germany would fall. King Leopold of the Belgians summoned a conference in Brussels of the "Oslo Group" neutrals: The Netherlands, Norway, Sweden, Denmark, Finland and Luxembourg. A wild story spread that Germany was sending four submarines to seize the French island of Martinique in the West Indies, only 450 miles from Puerto Rico.

Tuesday. German newspapers screamed of Polish "atrocities" and a "hunger blockade" of Danzig. Now Hitler increased his demands on Poland: the whole Corridor, Upper Silesia and all the other territory Germany lost to Poland after the last war. There was talk of a German protectorate over all



LEOPOLD

Poland or a partition of Poland between Germany and Russia. But England and France did not back down. Poland said she would fight if attacked, and the Allies said they would go to her aid. J. P. Morgan and his grouse-shooting guest, the King of England, left Scotland for London. Chamberlain summoned Parliament. No



HENDERSON

nation took the non-aggression treaty harder than Germany's co-signers of the anti-Comintern Pact, Japan and Spain. Japan had been on the verge of drawing up a full military alliance with Germany when the news came that her ally had put her at the mercy of Russia's full might. Japanese soldiers began slapping Germans instead of Englishmen in Tientsin and the Japanese Government made an about-face in its foreign policy, turning to "splendid isolation." Spain, too, cooled toward her Axis friends. Her devout Catholic leaders, who had taken seriously Hitler's attacks on the godless Russians, seemed likely to stay clear of a war.

Wednesday. German Foreign Minister von Ribbentrop flew in Hitler's private plane to Moscow where swastikas waved beside the red banners of Communism,

and gave the world a demonstration of how fast a treaty can be signed. The pact was worse than expected, having no "escape clause" by which it could be denounced if either party became an aggressor. Britain's Ambassador to Germany, Sir Neville Henderson, called at Berchtesgaden with a secret message from Chamberlain, got an answer so blunt that he emerged speechless and unnerved. Part of the British fleet was reported massing in the Skagerrak, the straits between Norway and Denmark, where it can block the Baltic. France called another half million men



VON PAPEN

to the colors. One country which did not appear to be mobilizing was Italy. Germany's arch-conspirator, Franz von Papen, who was rumored to have made the German-Russian deal, was last week in Turkey, supposedly trying to make a deal there. He had no apparent success, for Turkish statesmen stuck to their pledges of mutual assistance with England and France. On behalf of himself and the rulers of all the Oslo neutral countries, King Leopold broadcast a fervent appeal for peace.

Thursday. By order of Hitler, the Danzig Senate proclaimed Danzig's "Little Führer," Alfred Forster, "supreme head of the State," thus breaking all Danzig's ties to Poland. The German press reported that Poland had surrounded Danzig with a heavy cordon of troops. By a vote of 534 to 4, the British House of Commons gave the Chamberlain Government full emergency powers to rule the country by decree. Pope Pius, warning "through my voice may you hear the voice of Christ," appealed to "the strong and the powerful" to make peace. The French Government urged Parisians to evacuate the city if they could. At night both Paris and London had semi-blackouts. The Louvre closed to crate up its art treasures and store them in the vaults. Mrs. Sara Delano Roosevelt sailed from France "so as not to add unnecessarily to my son's worries." The Duke of Windsor purchased a nut farm in Hawaii. In London the Salvation Army elected a successor to General Evangeline Booth—General George L. Carpenter, 67, Australian-born leader of the Army in Canada.

Friday. England and France put on a show of spirit designed to shake even Adolf Hitler's nerves. Premier Daladier delivered a fighting speech for No Retreat! England signed her formal assistance pact with Poland. Children were sent out of London by the trainload and the latest model individual bomb shelters were delivered to Buckingham Pal-



SHELTERS FOR THE ROYAL FAMILY

ace, expressly for the King and the Royal Family.

All German merchant ships were ordered home. German newspaper correspondents and mechanics of the Lufthansa airline were summoned from England. Germans resident in Switzerland got hurry-up calls home because of "illness in the family." The Army was ordered in a state of "highest alarm." At 8 p.m. all communications by telephone, telegraph and radio, were cut off from Berlin. Rumors spread that German soldiers had crossed the Polish border. But nothing happened. Hitler had supposedly issued orders to begin the attack on Poland at 4:30 a.m. At 2 a.m. the order had been rescinded. Communications were resumed and the next morning out of Germany flew Sir Neville Henderson. Hitler had called him to the Berlin Chancellery to give him his terms and ask British support.

Saturday. As Sir Neville flew into London, the capital went grimly ahead with its preparations for war. The keepers of the London Zoo armed themselves with guns and poisons to kill all the dangerous animals the minute war broke out. A few valuable animals—the okapi, two giant pandas, two gorillas and a Grevy's zebra—were to be evacuated. The stained-glass windows were removed from Canterbury Cathedral and buried in the countryside.

In Moscow, War Commissar Voroshiloff gave Russia's explanation of why the negotiations for an Anglo-Franco-Soviet military pact had failed. Russia had insisted that in order to help defend Poland against Germany, she would have to send her troops into Poland. England and France, according to Voroshiloff, balked at this, apparently expecting Russia to be content with furnishing munitions and supplies. This attitude, according to Voroshiloff, was what persuaded Russia to sign up with Germany.

Sunday. The British Cabinet met to consider Hitler's terms, now believed to call for the return of Danzig, the corridor across the Corridor and the giving up of the Anglo-Polish assistance pact. With France adamant against these terms, the issue of Peace or War once again appeared to hang on the decision of two men: Neville Chamberlain and Adolf Hitler.



CARPENTER

PICTURE OF THE WEEK

While 11,000,000 men stood armed in Europe last week, 75,000 U. S. soldiers took part in the greatest peacetime war games ever held in this country. Biggest concentration of troops was near Plattsburg, N.Y. where National Guardsmen and regulars maneuvered on the hilly shores of Lake Champlain under command of Lieutenant General Hugh A. Drum. Present by military tradition were attachés from a dozen European, Asiatic and South American nations. On the evening of Aug. 22 they were guests at a reception given by General Drum. Opposite you see the caps, stacked on a rack outside the dining room. Top row, left to right: China over Britain; Brazil over two U. S. caps; Japan over Sweden over a Cuban field hat; U. S. cap; civilian headgear. Bottom row: Canada (Lieut. Col.) over Canada (Col.); Germany over U. S.; U. S. over Argentine field cap over civilian straw; U. S. and civilian; U. S. over U. S.



Military headgear of four continents jams a hotel hat rack in upstate New York as foreign attachés attend U. S. Army's greatest peacetime maneuvers



ROSALIND RUSSELL IS THE MEANEST AND FUNNIEST OF THE 135 REPRESENTATIVES OF THEIR SEX WHO ENERGETICALLY SCRATCH AND CLAW THEIR WAY THROUGH "THE WOMEN"



Joan Crawford, as the salesgirl who steals the heroine's husband and, after his divorce, marries him, wastes no time digging up a new lover. A classic scene occurs when, indulg-

ing in an amatory telephone conversation while taking a foam bath, she is interrupted by her well-bred young stepdaughter. In *The Women*, men are neither seen nor heard.

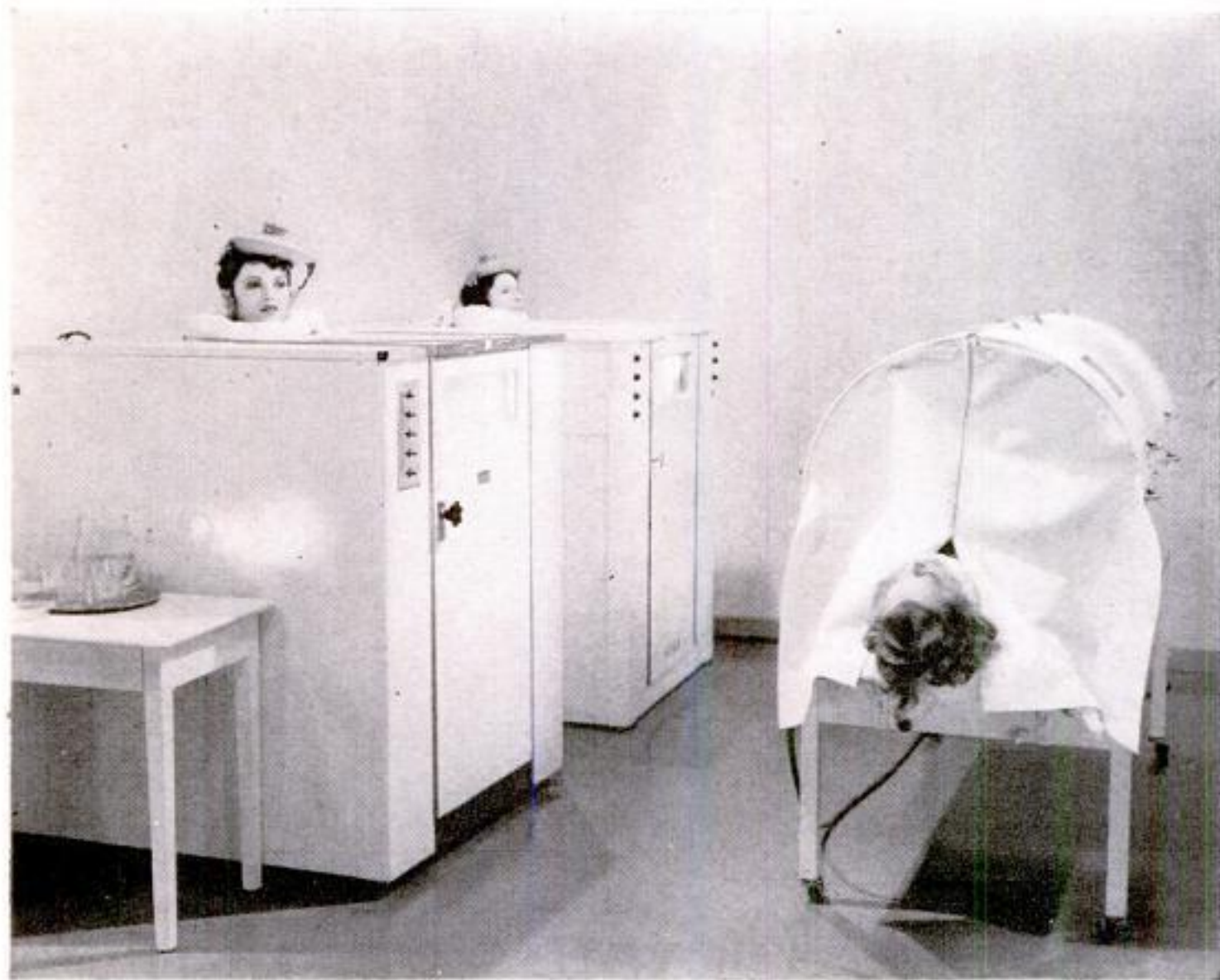
MOVIE OF THE WEEK:

The Women

Screen version of famous comedy
unveils the deluxe beauty shop

Having played 657 performances on the New York stage and been translated into ten languages, Clare Boothe's famous comedy, *The Women*, has now, as was inevitable, been made into a movie. As was also inevitable, it has been considerably changed in the process. However, except for the foolish addition of a fashion show, which at once impedes the story and advertises Hollywood's bad taste in clothes, it remains unique and highly enlightening entertainment.

As narrative, *The Women* relates the sad case of a well-disposed and intelligent young matron who loses her husband to a chippy, retrieves him by resorting to the predatory tactics conventional among her friends. As satire, it scathingly derides the conduct of useless, metropolitan females. As social document, it reveals, with horrifying realism, the workings of such heretofore neglected 20th Century phenomena as the Reno dude ranch and the deluxe beauty shop.



Steam cabinets are among the paraphernalia in *The Women's* beauty-shop sequence. Occupants wear ice bags. The lady reclining on the right is under an electric blanket which, like cabinets, produces perspiration. These contrivances appear to encourage conversation.



Climbing wall with feet while lying on back, as executed by Rosalind Russell, is supposed to reduce hips. Such goings on occur in New York reconditioning establishments like those of Elizabeth Arden or Helena Rubinstein. The emporium in *The Women* is supercolossal.



Permanent hair wave, manicure and pedicure are being simultaneously applied to woman shown above. This triple play—which would cost \$23 at Arden's—is unusual in real beauty salons, where clients rarely undergo more than two major repair jobs at a time.



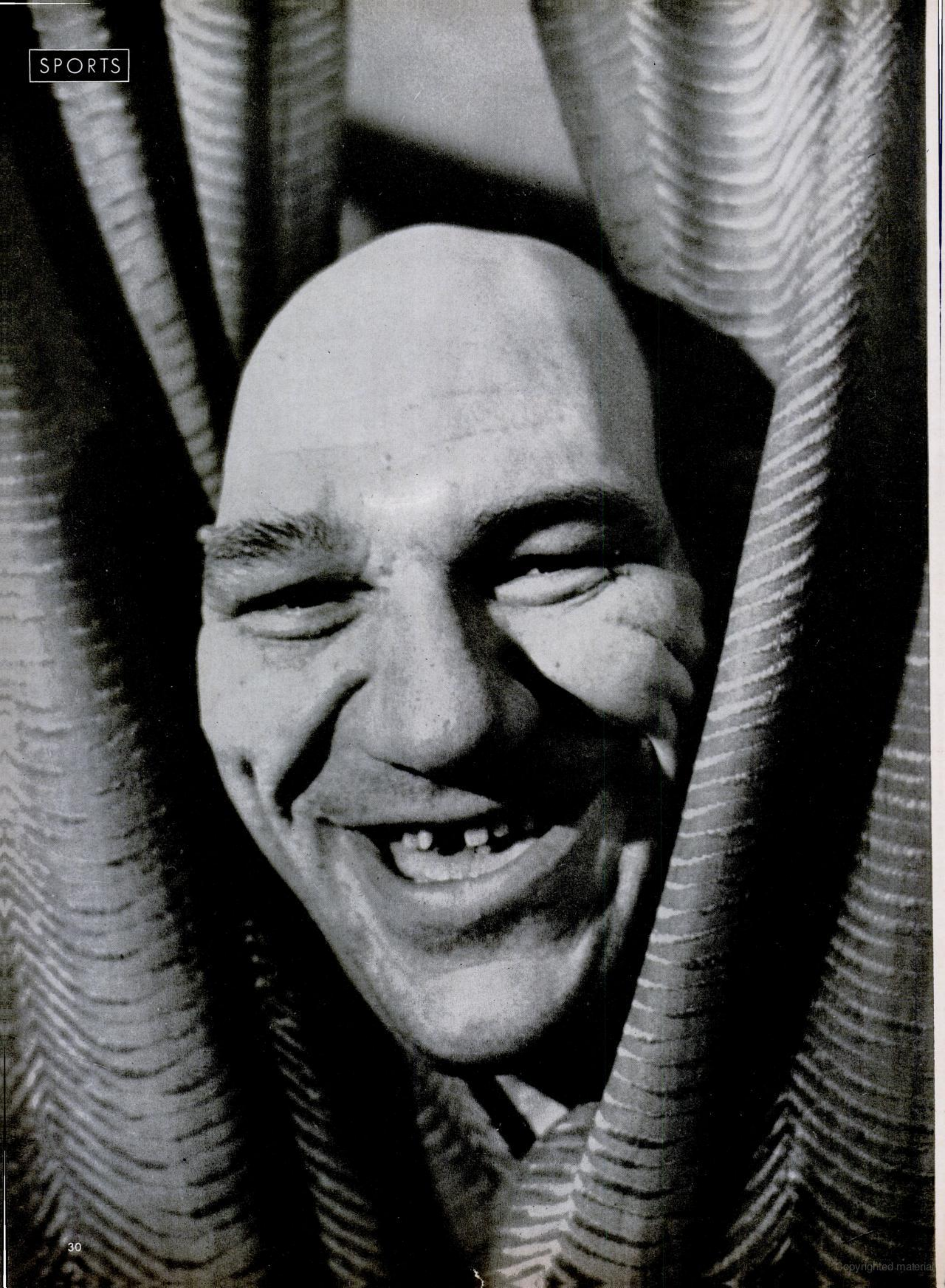
Bubble bath (left) and mud bath (right) are standard beauty treatments. Whether they improve anyone's appearance more than soap & water is debatable but they undoubtedly gratify neurotic cravings for pleasure sensations. Woman on right thinks mud has worms in it.



Exercise room has silhouets on wall showing what the female figure should and should not look like. Elizabeth Arden and Helena Rubinstein offer their customers "a day of beauty" (\$10-\$40), with mechanical bicycling and rowing followed by assorted treatments.



Sun-lamp room produces fake sun tan, adds vitamins. The tables are also used for massage. In *The Women*, train of events started by beauty-parlor gossip leads, via Reno, to powder room of night club which is likewise treated to brief but painfully realistic inspection.



"THE ANGEL"

England's ugliest man wins 180 straight wrestling matches and plans a visit to America this winter

The ugliest man in England is a Russian wrestler called "The Angel" (see opposite page). He is the kind of stuff of which nightmares are made. With his huge head and expanded chest, he looks like an overstuffed gnome out of a subterranean cavern. In the ring, smart promoters bill him as "A ferocious monstrosity, not a human being, but 20 stone of brutality." His favorite trick is to grip an opponent in a bear hug, squeeze the breath out of him and finally bang him like a sack of meal down on the canvas. In this way he is supposed to have won 180 straight matches.

The Angel was actually born in the Ural Mountains some indeterminate time ago. His first job was as a strong man in a circus. When he got

tired of work offering no future, he went to France. For many years, he was first mate on the French submarine *Requin*. After his retirement from the Navy, he met a Lithuanian wrestling trainer, who taught him to wrestle and this year brought him to England for a series of matches.

In the winter, The Angel expects to visit the U.S. He should be a big success here. It will make little difference whether he can wrestle because all American fans care about is that their wrestler look ugly enough and act ugly enough. If The Angel can learn to punch his opponent on the back, make his own skin wriggle like jellied soup and screw up his face and roar like a wounded elephant, Americans will love him.



He talks with his manager, a 19-year-old girl named Elaine Hutchinson, who used to be a ballet dancer



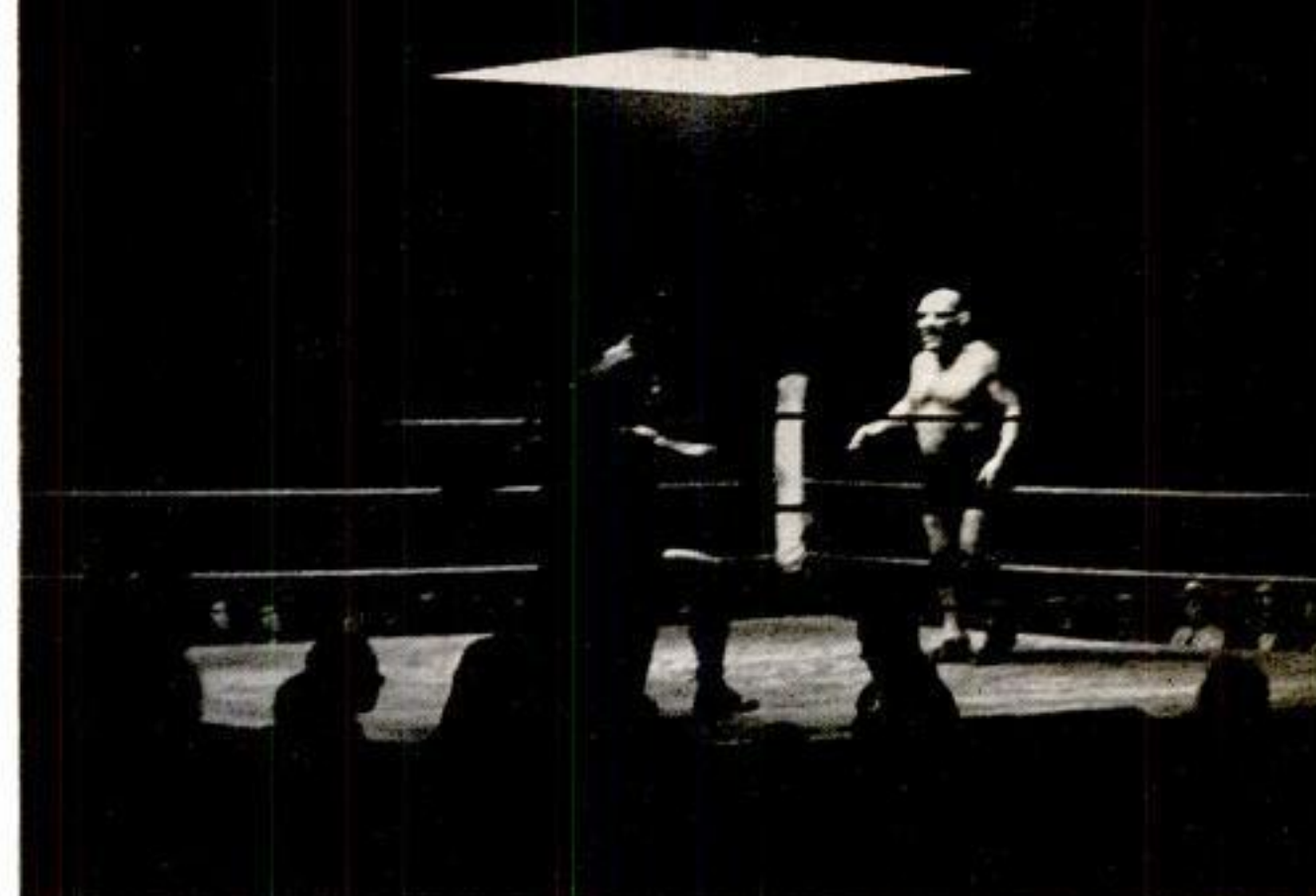
He runs through Kensington Gardens every morning with trainer. Later he has a tough three-hour workout.



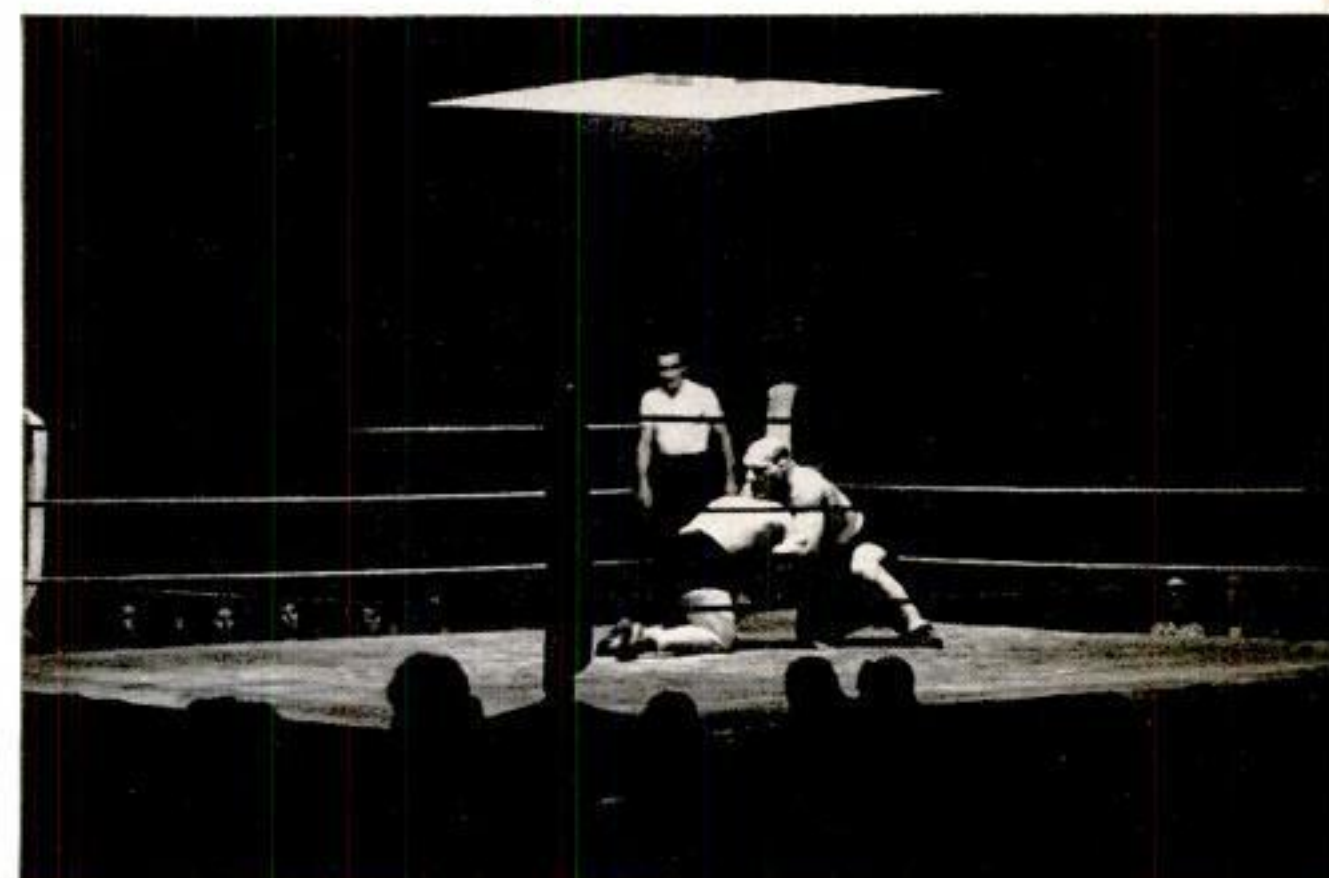
He practices the bear hug on the trunk of a tree. He claims he can break any fighter's back with this grip.



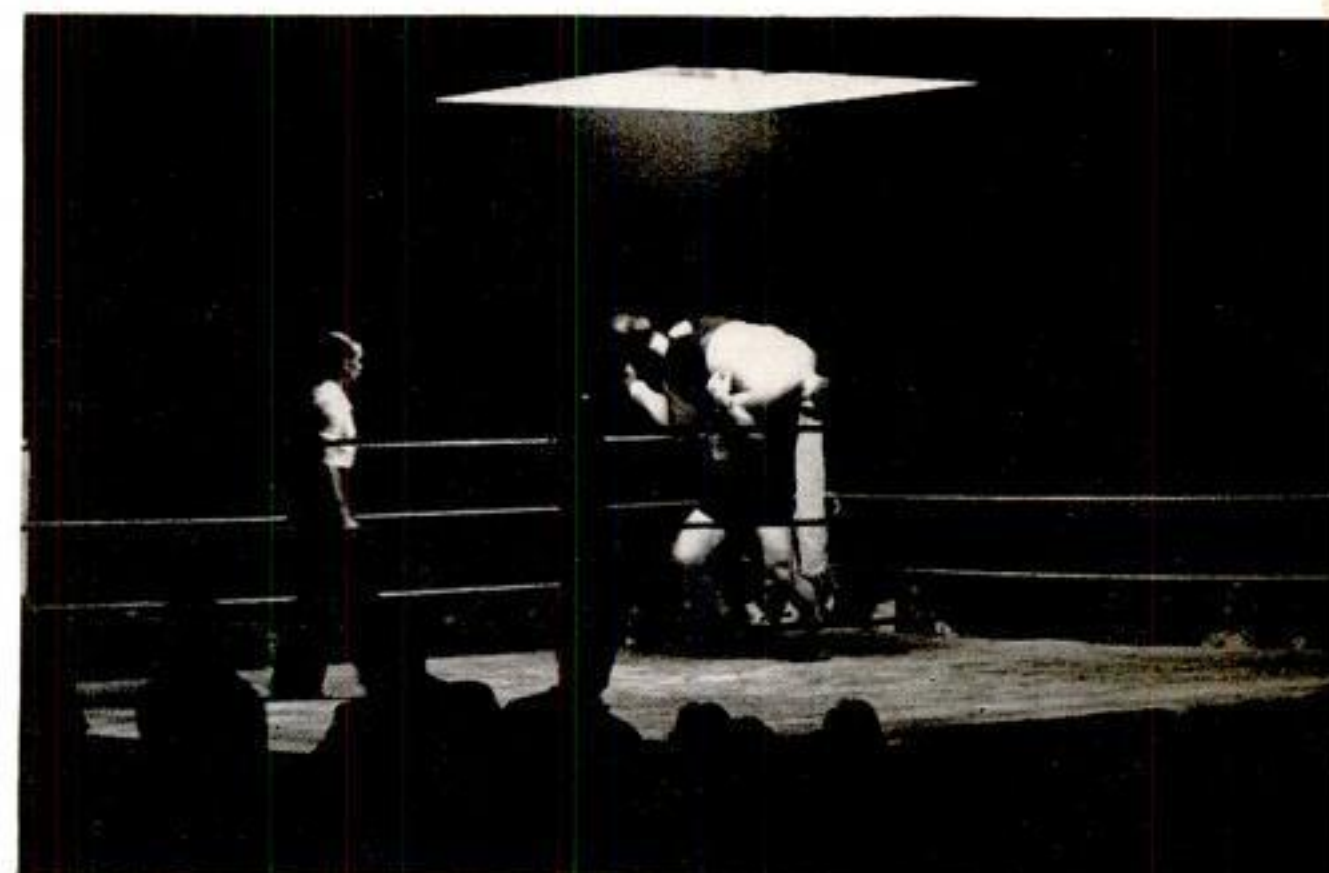
He sets his watch by a garden sundial. This is easy for anybody who has been first mate on a submarine.



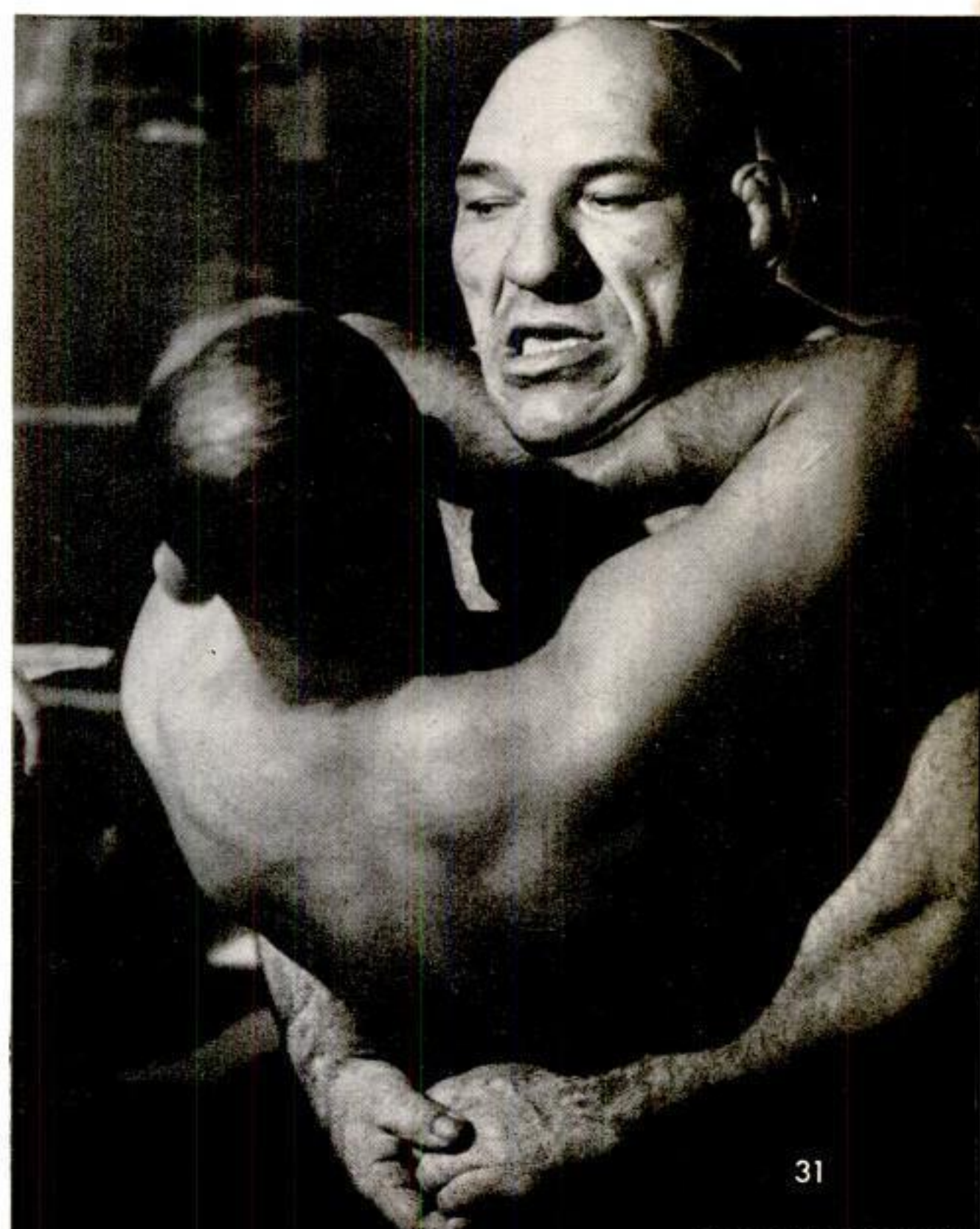
MATCHED WITH CHIC KNIGHT, THE ANGEL STALKS FROM HIS CORNER



IN MID-RING HE GETS A NELSON ON KNIGHT, SQUEEZES HARD



HE LIFTS KNIGHT IN AIR. BELOW: WHAT BEAR HUG LOOKS LIKE



THE DEFEAT OF BOBBY JONES

A painting for LIFE by William C. Palmer

The golden age for sports and for sports heroes came to America in the 1920's. In those magic years, millions of Americans first found themselves with money to spend and leisure time to spend it. The world of sports did not flub its greatest opportunity. Smart promoters, listening to the music of the clicking turnstiles, knew that what Americans wanted most was heroes to worship. The whole nation, grown restless and discontented as its pre-War ideals were swept up by a tide of new dollars and new thoughts, wanted somebody to cheer. Presently the national stage was filled with a whole gallery of sporting demigods, fabulous characters looming larger than life through a haze of newspaper headlines and crowd worship.

In those days, Babe Ruth, the little boy who never grew up, whaled home runs into the stands, and jerked around the bases on his match-stick legs. Big Bill Tilden, with his absurd postures and mincing walk, blazed his cannon-ball service across the net. Jack Dempsey and Gene Tunney met in a cloudburst in Philadelphia and battled away for the world's heavyweight championship while 120,000 people, who had paid \$1,900,000 to get in, hung on every blow. Tex Rickard, the greatest promoter, reserved 15 rows of \$100 seats at his fights for a hand-picked group of millionaires, gangsters, and movie stars. Tight-lipped Helen Wills was queen of the tennis court, and czar of the wrestling ring was oily Jim Londos. Gertrude Ederle swam the English Channel, and Red Grange wriggled his way down countless football fields to fame.

But the greatest of all the sportsmen, judged by the complete, unrivalled domination of his sport, was Bobby Jones, the great golfer from Atlanta, Ga. He first appeared in 1917, a square-jawed 15-year-old kid, the winner of the Southern Amateur in a day when it was still considered sissyish to play golf. But Bobby grew up quickly, along with the game he loved. Soon millions of businessmen, in baggy trousers and checkered stockings, were playing Sunday-morning golf at many thousands of U. S. country clubs. Their idol was Bobby Jones. With his powerful drives, accurate approaches and uncanny putts, he won the U. S. Amateur five times, the Open four times, finishing second in the Open four more times. He was called the "mechanical man of golf," and when he started ticking down the fairway, he was well nigh unbeatable. To men of the 1920's, a Jones victory seemed as inevitable as the idea that prosperity would last forever.

But sometimes Jones was beaten, and it happened most spectacularly at Pebble Beach, Calif., on Sept. 4, 1929, in a first-round match for the Amateur Championship. That afternoon seems almost symbolic now. The day before, the Dow-Jones stock market index hit 381.17, its all-time high. Tilden that summer had won his last American Championship. Babe Ruth was getting older, and Dempsey and Tunney had each fought his last championship fight. The most glorious sporting cycle in the world's history was drawing to a close.

Bobby's opponent in the first round that day was a 19-year-old golfer named Johnny Good-

man, the son of an Omaha packing-house worker. Practically nobody had ever heard of Goodman. For years he had been a caddy and a Western Union messenger. Sometimes he was broke and at night had to sleep in a mortuary. He had qualified for the tournament easily enough with a 157, and now was paired with Bobby Jones in a sudden-death 18-hole match. The crowd of 6,000, attracted by the fame of Bobby Jones, got the surprise of its life. On the first three holes, Goodman shot two pars and a birdie, went three up before Jones could bring his irons and putter under control. On the 4th and 6th, however, it was Jones who shot the birdies, carved Goodman's lead to one up. On the 11th, Goodman sank a miraculous 45-ft. putt to stay in the lead. Jones evened the match on the 12th but Goodman went one up again on the 14th.

The painting to the right, done especially for LIFE by William C. Palmer, shows the 17th green as it looked that day at the moment Goodman really won the match. Coming up to the hole, Jones was one down and two to play. But he still had a chance to win. The excitement in the crowd, swollen to fully 8,000 people, was tremendous. The hole itself is 218 yd. long, par 3. It runs along the edge of the Pacific, with rocky crags dropping from the fairway 25 ft. to the water. The green juts out into the sea, and is surrounded on all sides by deep, cruel sandtraps. Everywhere there is danger. Only a beautifully hit spoon shot, carrying 200 yd., can hope to land on the green. But that is exactly the kind of shot that both of the golfers hit. When the balls stopped rolling, Goodman's was 6 ft. from the cup, Jones' about ten.

Bobby, wearing white pants and white sweater, studied his putt carefully, knowing that if he missed, the match would be virtually over. The painting shows exactly what happened. The ball ran smoothly along the green, bounced against the back of the cup—and didn't go in. An official raised his hand frantically for silence, and Goodman (*in background, leaning on his putter*), had won the match. The fact that he too missed his putt made no difference. They went on to halve the 18th, and the margin of victory was one up.

Two months after this September afternoon, the stock market crashed, and prosperity came to an end. To most Americans in the 1930's, absorbed in serious things, sports have never been as important as they were in the 1920's. Today, America has superb athletes. Probably Joe DiMaggio is as great a ballplayer as Ruth ever was. Joe Louis is said to hit harder than Dempsey. Don Budge may well be the best tennis player that ever lived. But none of them is the demigod that the heroes of the 1920's were.

Bobby Jones, the greatest champion of them all, outlasted most of the rest. Actually he reached his peak in 1930, when he made the grand slam of golf, winning the British Amateur and Open, and the American Amateur and Open. Then he too stepped down off his throne and retired. Johnny Goodman went on to win the Open in 1933 and then the Amateur itself in 1937—but he was no Bobby Jones.

This painting of the defeat of Bobby Jones by Johnny Goodman is the third in a series of dramatic scenes in 20th Century American history which are being painted on commission from LIFE by America's foremost contemporary artists. William C. Palmer was born in Des Moines, Iowa, 33 years ago. Until the depression, he was an interior decorator but in bad times he turned to mural and easel painting. His favorite subjects are nostalgic scenes from his childhood in Iowa. Recently he has done a mural on the *Development of Medicine* for the Queens General Hospital, and mural decorations for the Post Office Building in Washington, D.C.



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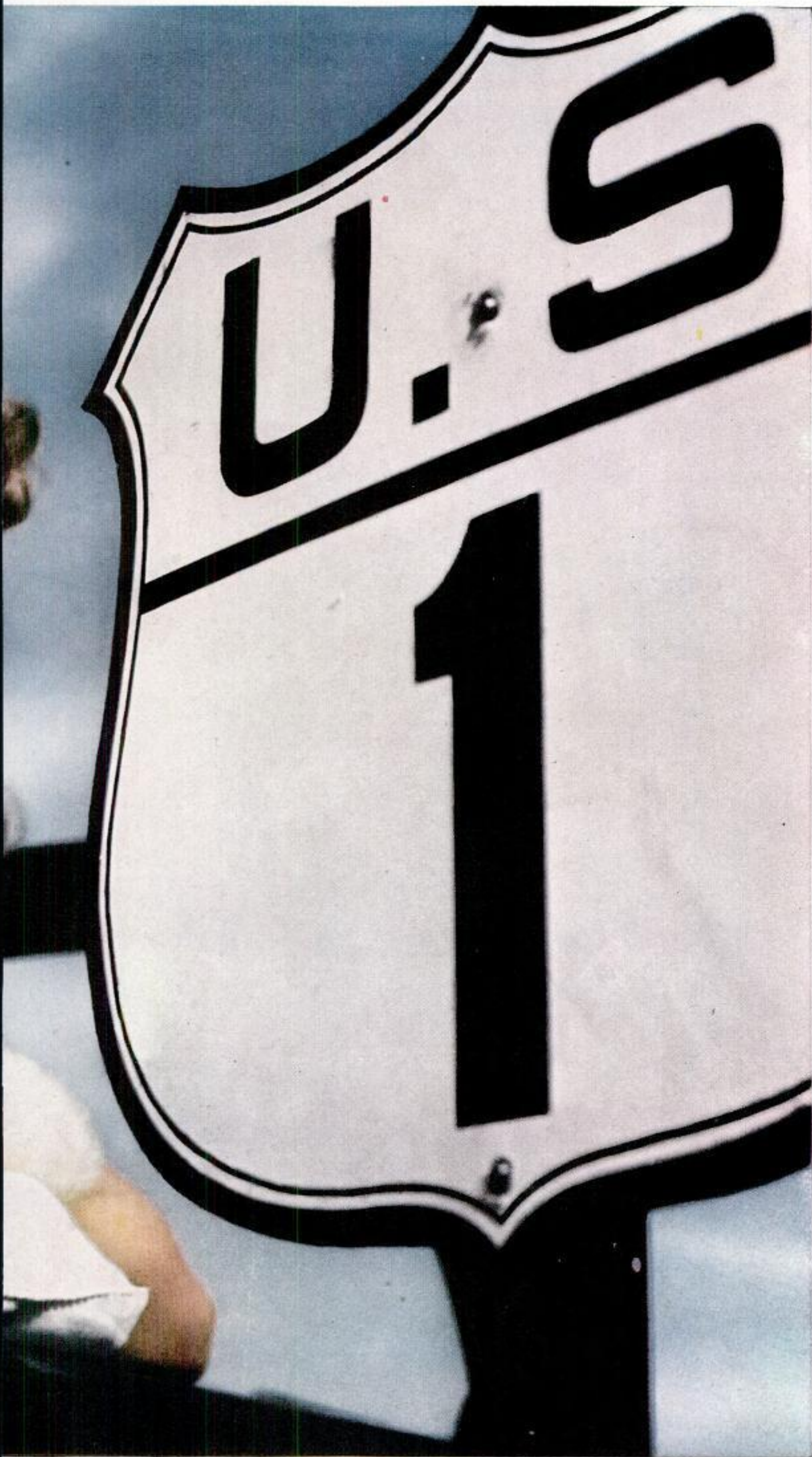
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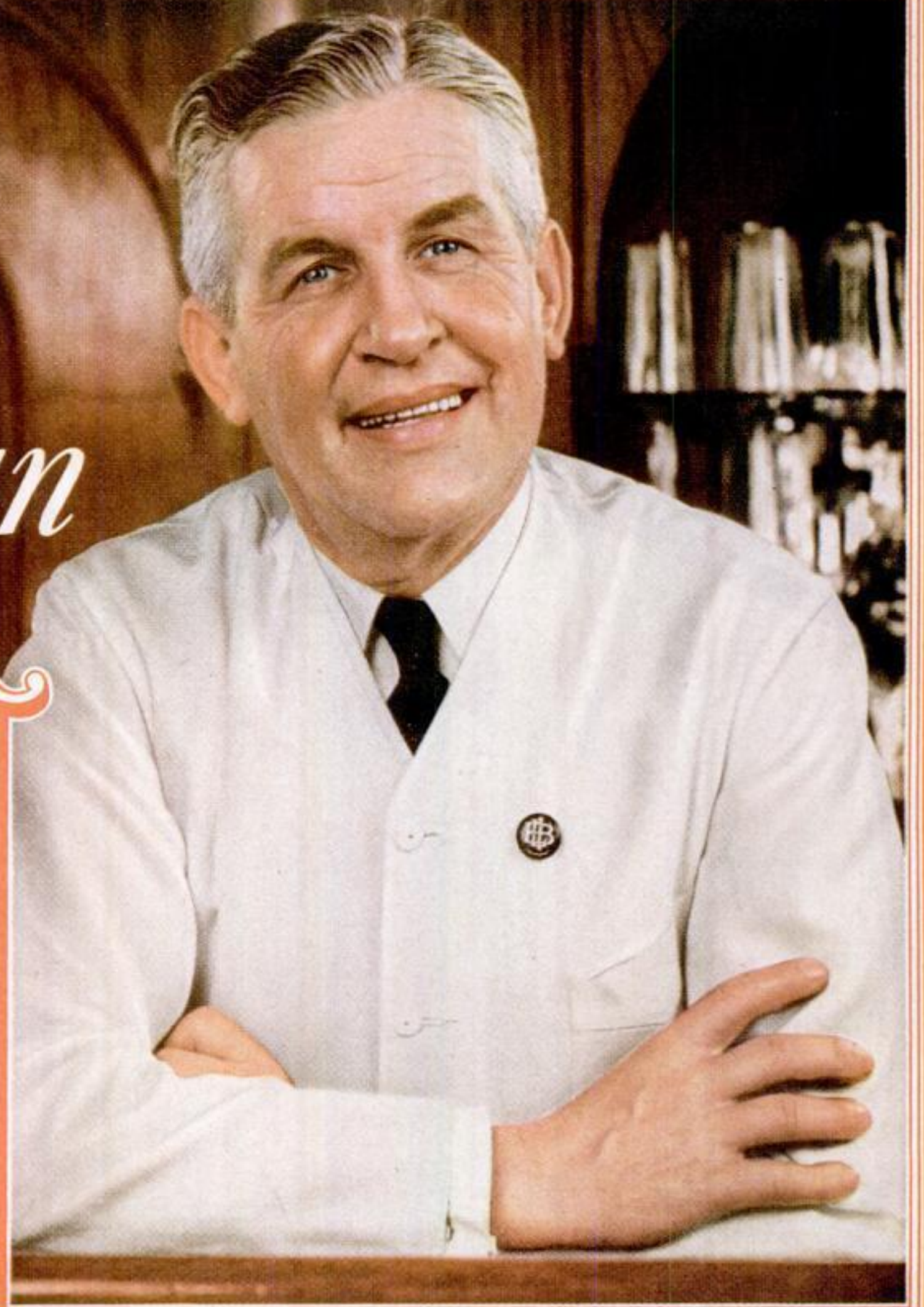
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SEAGRAM'S 7 CROWN Blended Whiskey. "America's Finest" rich whiskey. Very light with full, rounded flavor. 28% straight whiskies 4 years old. 12% straight whiskies 5 years old. 60% Grain Neutral Spirits. 90 Proof.

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SEAGRAM'S...SMOOTHER AND FINER AS THE YEARS ROLL BY

MAYO CLINIC

Rochester, Minn., is a boom town

built by production-line medicine



TODAY'S DR. MAYO

Like a feudal castle, the 15-story building pictured on the left looms over the little city of Rochester in the south-east corner of Minnesota. It is the focus for Rochester's 25,000 inhabitants, the town's industrial heart and one of the world's foremost centers of medical research and practice—the Mayo Clinic.

The late Dr. William James Mayo and Dr. Charles Horace Mayo were the surgeon sons of an English doctor, and from his general practice the present Clinic evolved. Today the Mayo brothers who made the Clinic famous are dead, but a younger generation including Dr. Charles W. Mayo carries on.

If you should join the 100,000 people who visit the Mayo Clinic each year, you would find a unique organization that is quite unlike any hospital. At the Clinic itself no one is treated for illness. Its 500 doctors, its laboratories and its equipment are organized into a smooth-running machine for diagnosis only. But if your week-long series of tests show that you need treatment of any kind, you will find it available at Rochester. There are six hospitals in the town, staffed by Clinic doctors, and even the hotels have hospital facilities. As many as 1,000 patients register at the Clinic in a day and many of these remain in Rochester for treatment. Each year surgeons associated with the Clinic perform some 17,000 operations, and frequently one man may do twelve in a single afternoon. In short the Mayo Clinic is a private medical practice grown to elephantine size, its high-salaried doctors are partners, and the young skyscraper at left is the doctors' office.

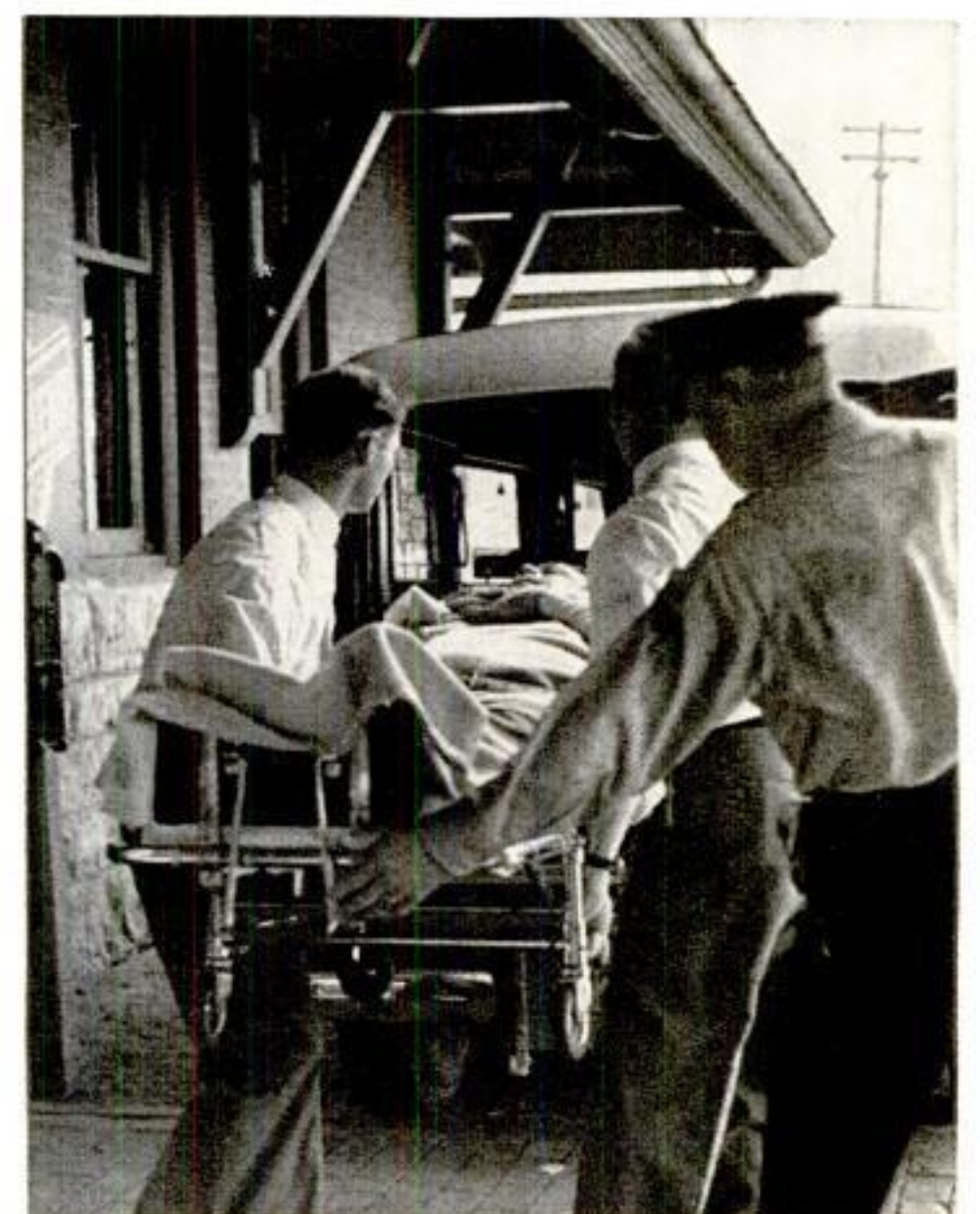
THE MAIN CLINIC BUILDING WAS OPENED IN 1929. THE ORIGINAL CLINIC IS BEHIND TREES AT LEFT



The "hospital train" from Chicago carries a special Pullman, Joseph Lister, with wide doors for stretcher cases.



A Clinic patient is cared for from the moment attendants carry him down the special steps at the station platform.



Two ambulances meet all trains as a matter of routine and often as many as five may be pulled up before the station.

Under one roof patients of the Clinic receive a complete examination by a corps of specialists



Patients register at the desk in the main waiting room on the ground floor of the Clinic. They are then given appointments for preliminary general examinations on upper floors.



Waiting rooms on each floor of the Clinic help to regulate the flow of traffic throughout the building. At the desk (left) the patients are assigned to specific examination rooms.

The drawing on opposite page gives you an approximate idea of what happens when you go as a patient to the Clinic. In the building are dozens of examination rooms per floor where the drawing shows only one, but the general relationship of one examination department to another within the building is indicated.

Suppose, for example, that you have had a chronic stomach-ache and have decided to go to Rochester to see what can be done about it. The first day at the Clinic, you register on the ground floor and are given

a brown envelope with your name and a number on it and told to go to the eighth floor. Unless you have requested a special doctor, your examining physician will be assigned in rotation. He asks you your symptoms and proceeds to make a thorough routine check—heart, lungs, blood pressure, ears, nose and so on. He notes the results of his examination on your case history and hands you a set of cards to be filled in as you take special examinations. In your case he will probably recommend, besides the blood and urine

examination performed for every patient, a gastric analysis and abdominal X-rays, and he may specify special liver and kidney tests.

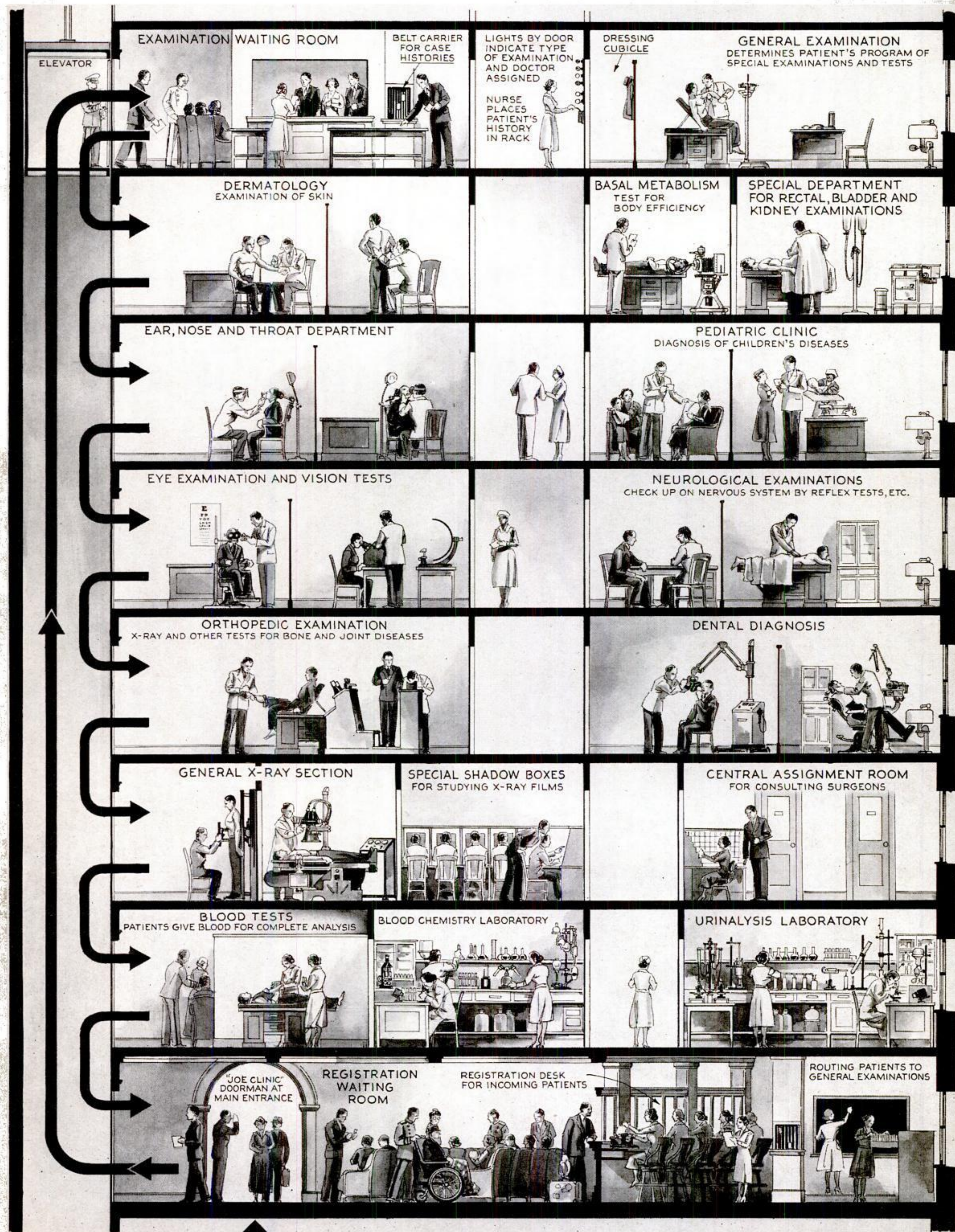
Your tests may take as long as a week, and at the end of this time you return to your examining physician, who now knows a great deal about your condition. His diagnosis is a gastric ulcer. He calls in one of the consulting surgeons and together they may decide on an operation which takes place not in the Clinic but in one of the Rochester hospitals.



Case histories are built up by the record of the patient's various tests and examinations, set down on cards which the patient carries with her throughout her stay in the Clinic.



"Joe Clinic," the Mayo doorman (right), has been on the job for 15 years, seldom forgets a face. Clinic patients are charged according to their incomes after a credit examination.





Sitting and waiting is the main occupation of Clinic visitors. These patients are in front of the Zumbro, Rochester's second largest hotel.



Boarding houses, like those above and below, are city's main independent business. Mayo friends own hotels, hospitals, drug stores.



Sickness is normal in Rochester—so much so that at the street corners there are no curbs to get in the way of patients' wheel chairs.



Mayo Clinic (continued)



Underground tunnels form a six-mile network under the city, joining the Clinic to the hospitals, hotels and shops.



Once a hotel, this building was converted into a hospital because of the enormous demand for extra hospital space.



Fifty-cent rooms cater to the Mayo Clinic's poorer patients. The largest hotels charge \$5 per day and up for their rooms.



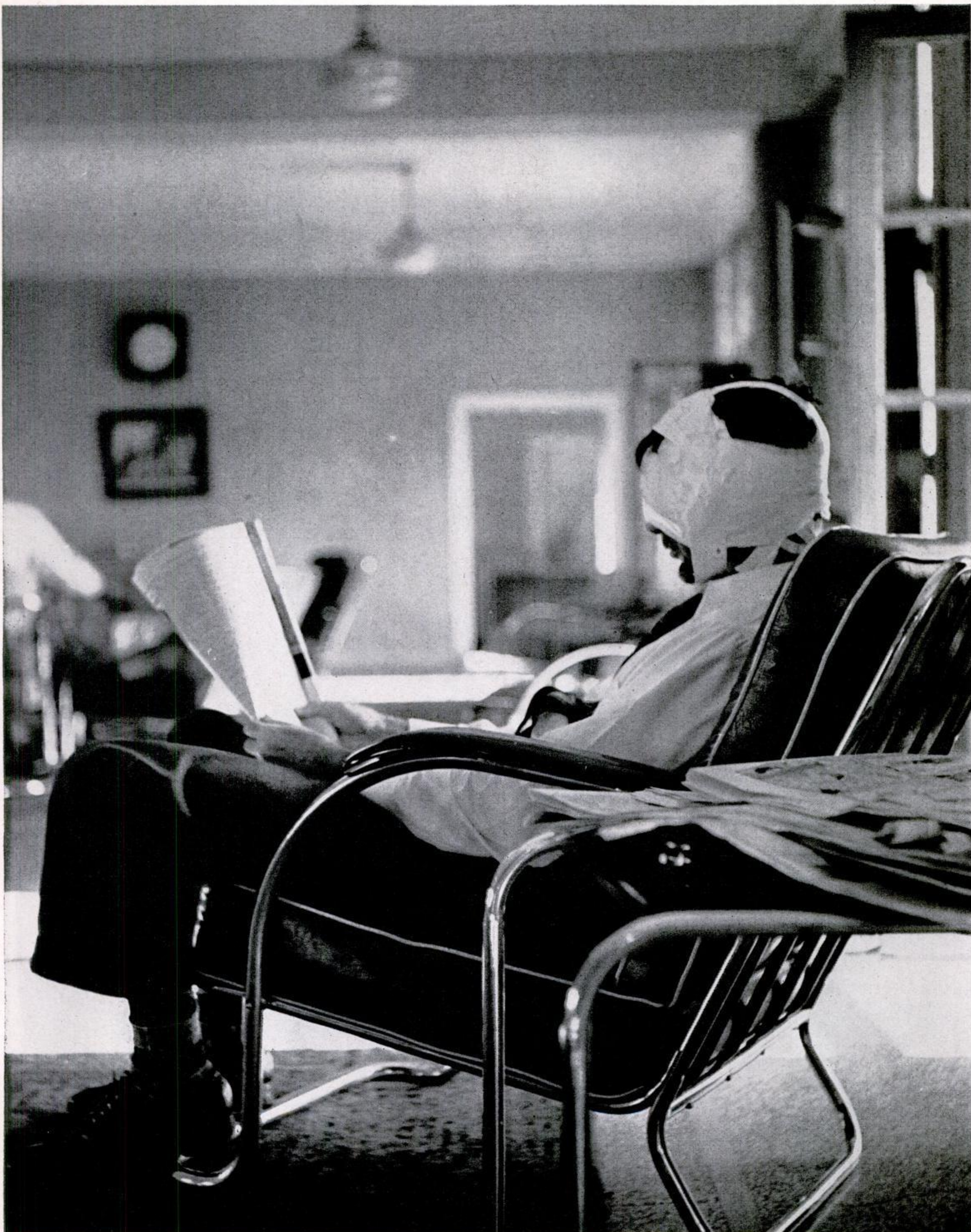
St. Mary's Hospital is operated by the Order of St. Francis, the Sisters who built Rochester's first hospital in 1889.



Smaller hospitals like this take care of special treatment—in this case radium and other therapy for cancer cases.



Leaving Rochester, this convalescent boards the Chicago plane in pajamas, slippers and bathrobe, carrying a pillow.



A patient rests. Like thousands of others he has come to this little town in the Midwest in hope of health. To regain

his health he will pay what he can. The doctors have treated him and now he sits reading in the patients' lounge on

the roof of the Hotel Kahler. When he gets well again he will go home. Meanwhile he is one sick man among many



SWITZERLAND

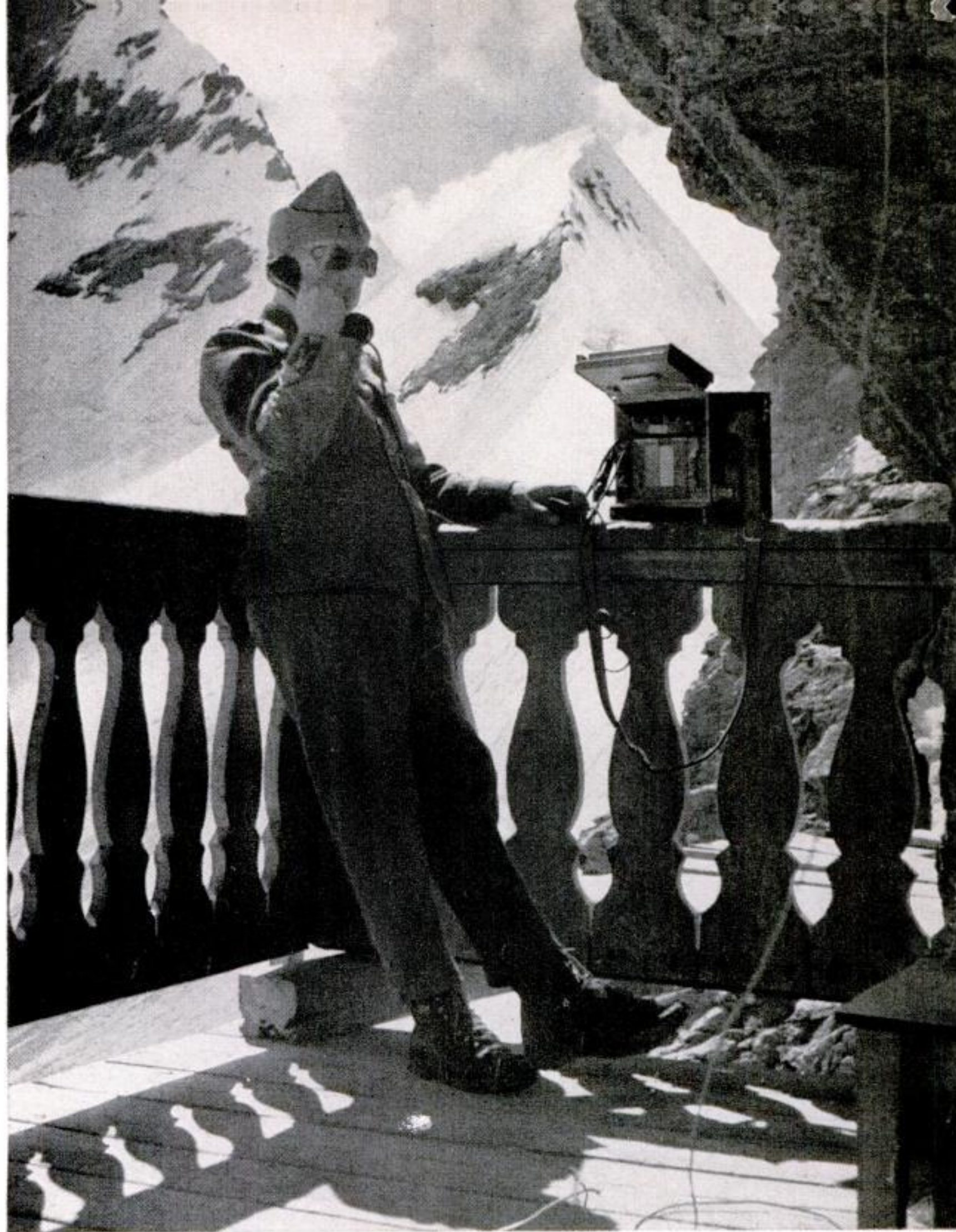
ITS CITIZEN ARMY ABLY GUARDS ITS OLD FREEDOM

Like innocent bystanders caught in the middle of a riot, the Swiss are faced today with the menace of being shoved into a violent European free-for-all against their will. They are already mobilized for fear that if war comes any one of their powerful neighbors—France to the west, Germany to the north and east, and Italy to the south—might invade them as a way of striking their enemies from the back.

In normal times Switzerland's safety is indisputable. Since 1815—after Napoleon and Waterloo—the Great Powers have voluntarily pledged themselves to honor Switzerland's "perpetual" neutrality. Even during the Great War, fought around the brim of the Swiss saucer, no belligerent dared violate his pledge. But Europe today is not normal and the ability of airplanes to surmount high mountains and the cynicism with which Nazi Germany regards its pledges have combined to make the Swiss uneasy. These pictures of the Swiss Army maneuvers look pretty and romantic but in reality they are a horrible indictment of Adolf Hitler and his brand of civilization.

Having been unable to discover a way to make high mountains higher, the Swiss have done the next best thing. Since 1936 they have quietly rearmed until today *they have the largest per capita military expenditure of any country in the world.* Against invasion the Swiss can present three formidable obstacles: 1) a superb natural barrier of mountains; 2) a tough, little army of 500,000; 3) 4,000,000 citizens united in a determination to preserve the democracy and freedom which, through blood and battle, have been theirs since 1291.

The army, of which a mountain infantry unit is shown entrenching itself in "fox holes" on a mountainside on the opposite page, is the only true citizen's army in the world and the most defensive one. It has no generals and few professional officers. It is composed of conscripts, who keep their rifles and uniforms in their bedroom closets. Any car, horse or even bicycle that the army gives them they keep and maintain. Because his country is small, each man knows the terrain he may have to defend almost as well as he knows his own backyard.



This portable telephone post, high among the snow-topped Alps, gives this Swiss signal sergeant a fine commanding view from where he stands on the balcony of a chalet to direct artillery and troops in the valley. Below, a motor transport column slowly climbs a hairpin curved mountain road. Switzerland's roads are usually good but their trucks are old.



Crouching in a "fox hole" dug out of snow, this Swiss infantryman could easily make mincemeat of an approaching enemy with his Swiss carbine, one of the best rifles in the world.

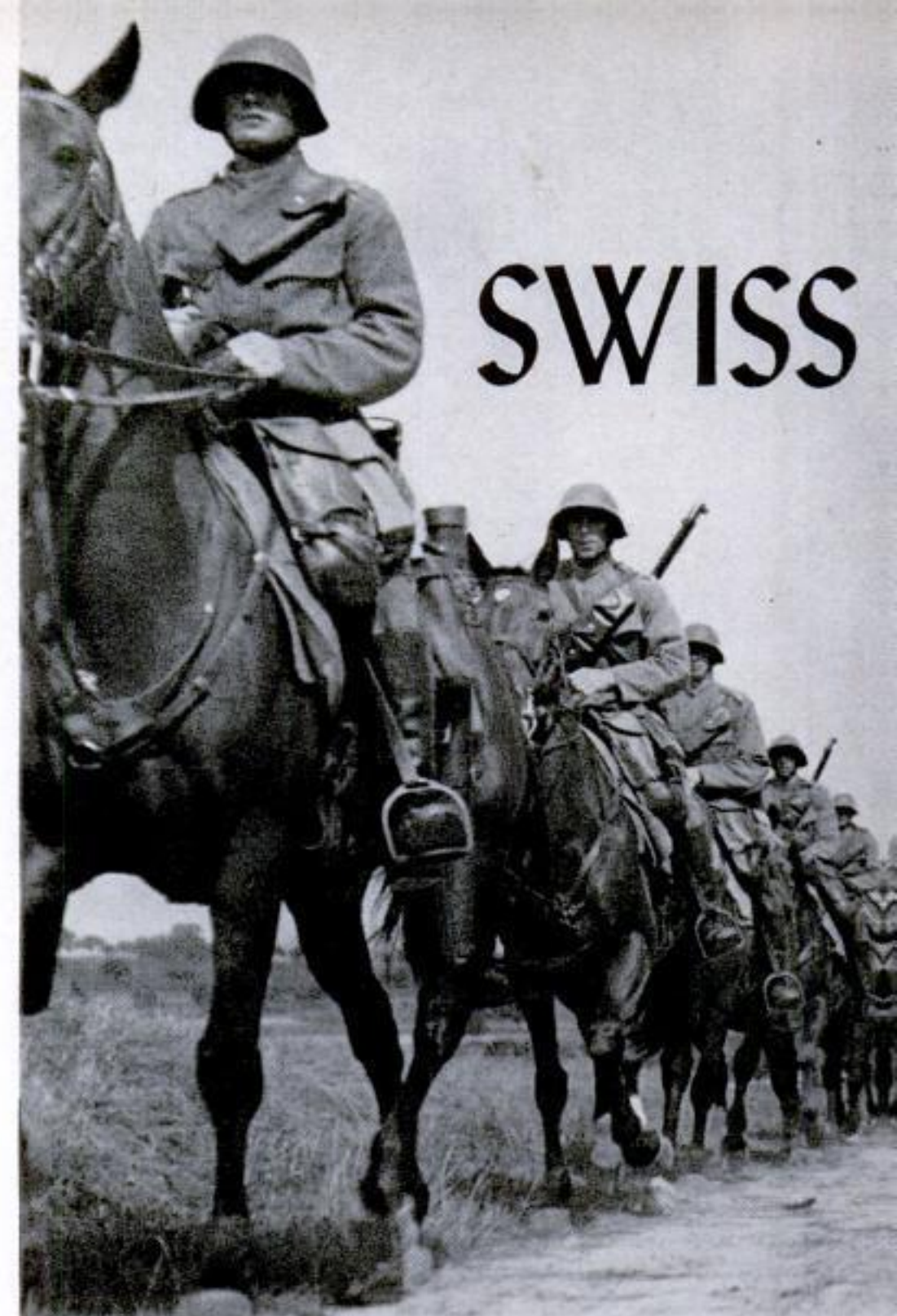


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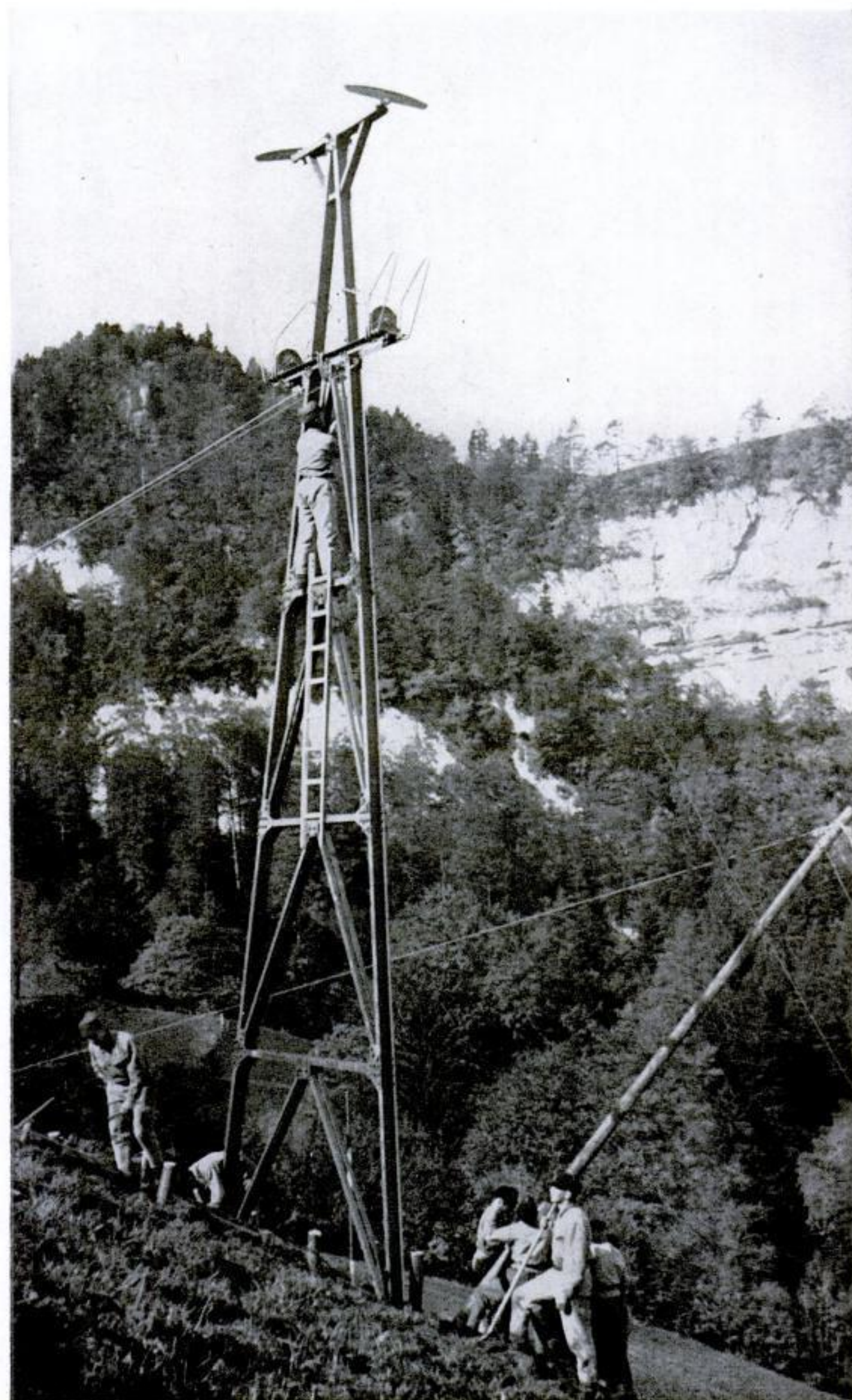


A ski patrol, clad in white to escape notice, patrols an upper Alpine ridge. Italian-Austrian experience in the World War

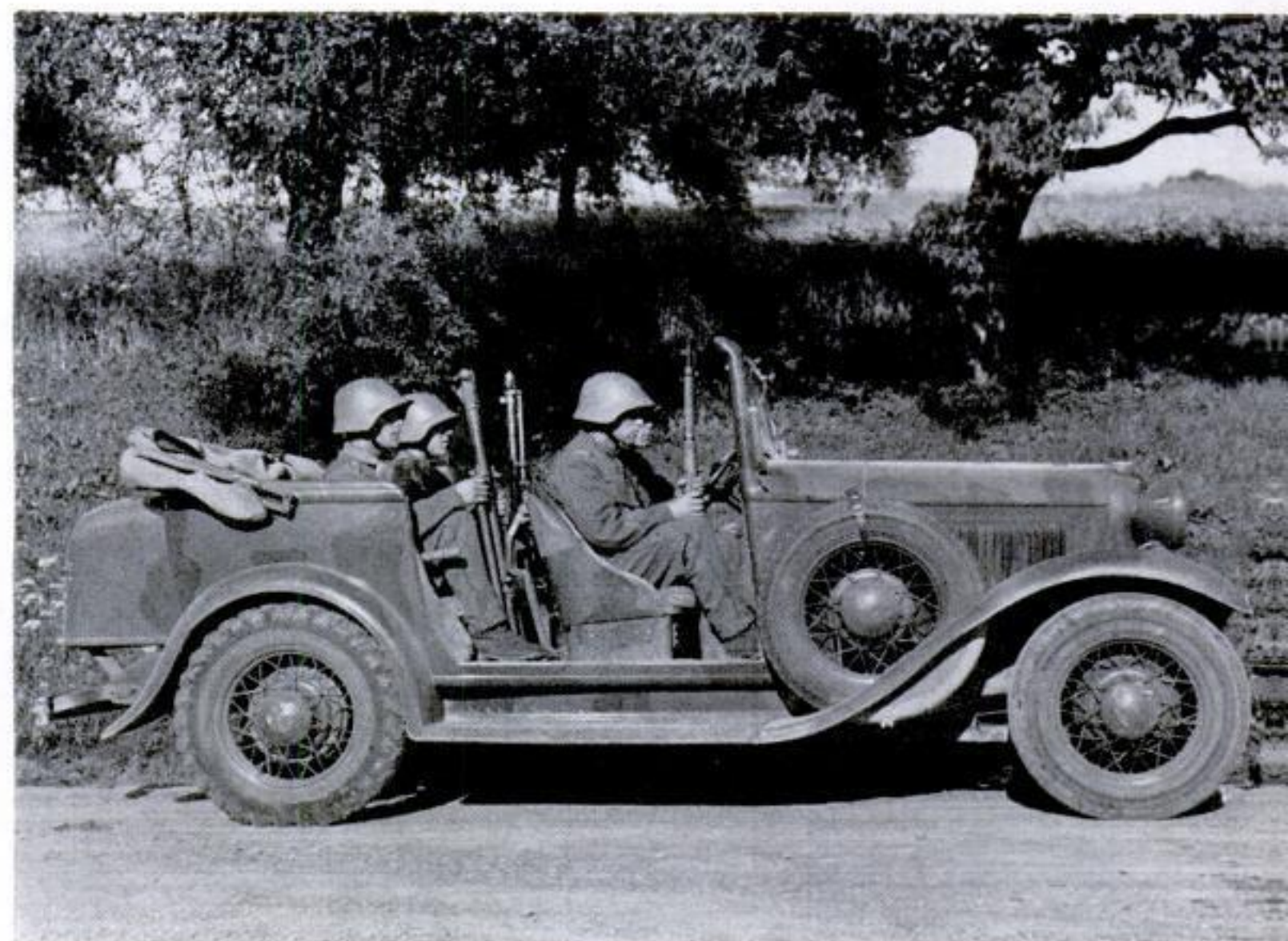
proved that dislodging mountain troops is difficult, and the Swiss have trained for such mountain warfare for centuries.



These dragoons, armed with sabers and carbines, are off to maneuvers. First and third men on left carry the unit's light



Engineers build a funicular railroad in the Juras. Supported by steel trusses and heavy wire cables, it tows cars containing food and ammunition to troops higher up the mountainside.

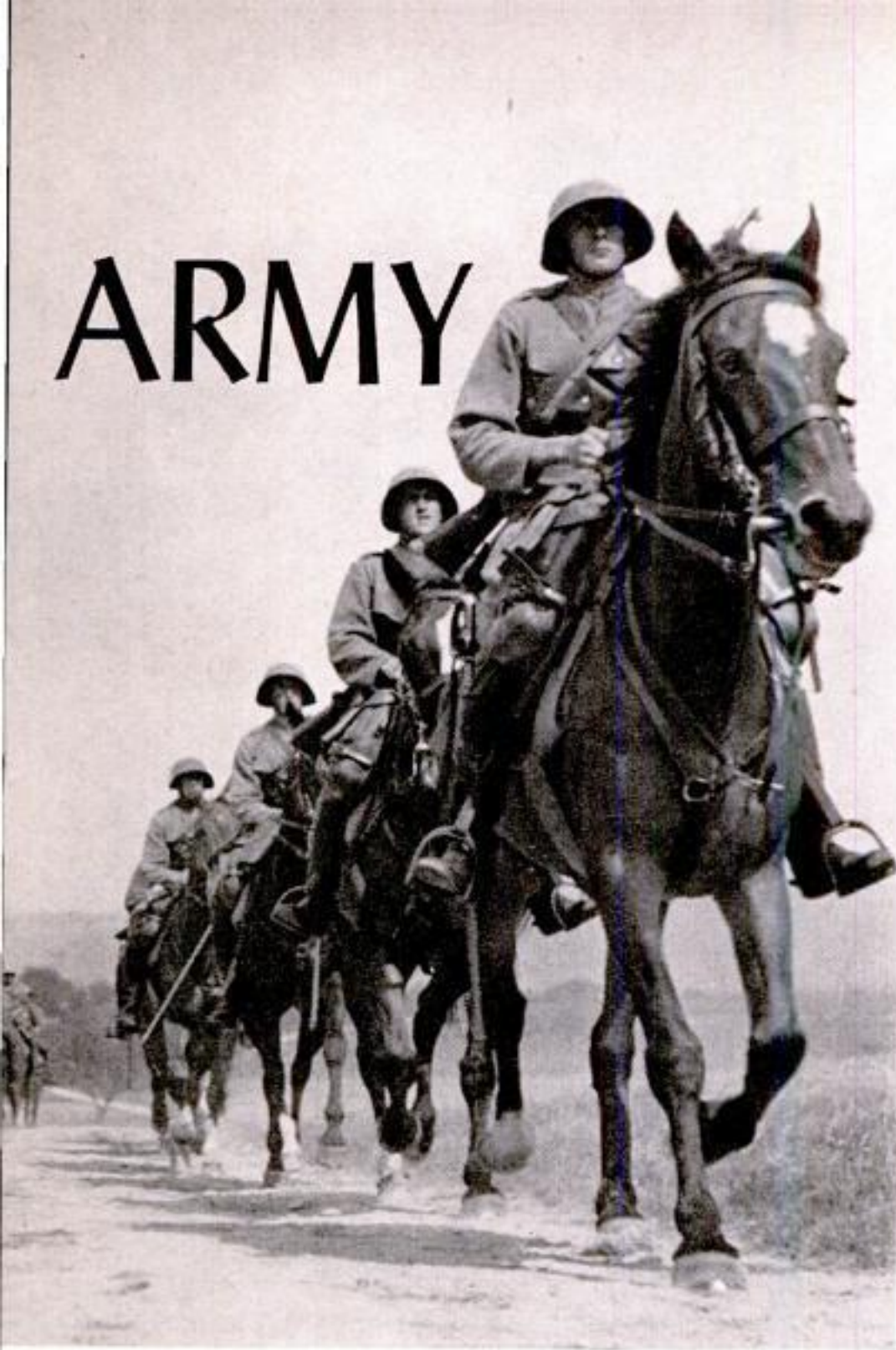


This light machine-gun squad would ride to battle in a regular Swiss Ford with doors removed. Man seated by the driver holds carbine. The men in back seat hold tripod and machine gun.



Swiss anti-tank gun is so light it can be rolled into position by a few men. It shoots a 3.3-lb. armor-piercing shell that stops a tank dead. Gun can also be used against machine-gun nests.

ARMY



machine gun, which is set up when unit dismounts to fight. Each cavalryman buys half own horse and keeps it at home.



Engineers climb in single file with continuous cable of wire coils over their shoulders towards funicular railroad

that is being erected in picture at bottom of opposite page (far left). The cable is used to support cars on funicular.



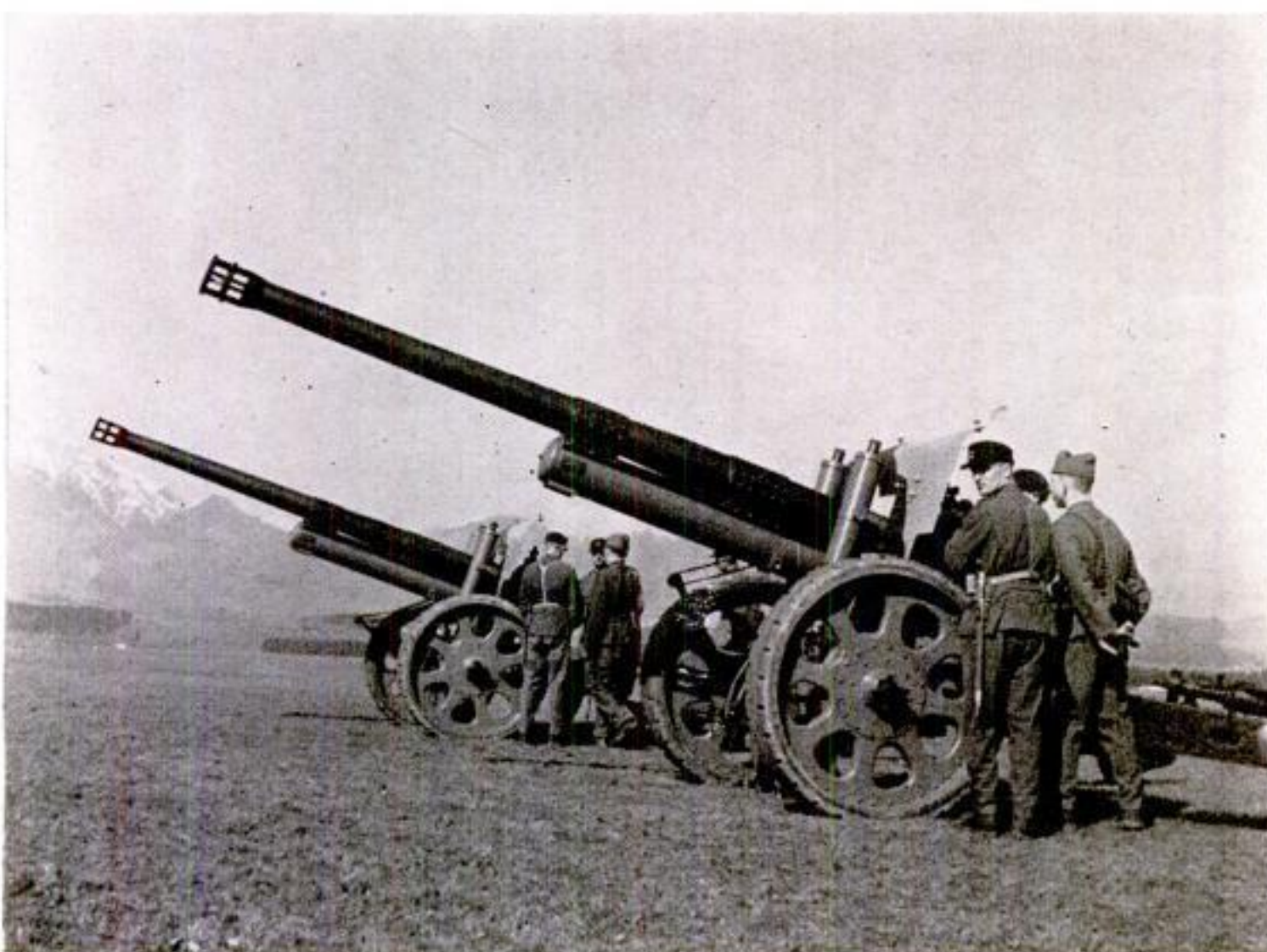
A bicycle patrol leaves its bicycles in a field, screened by trees, while it moves forward on foot to scout enemy. These men have stayed behind to guard bicycles from possible enemy patrols.



Gasoline-driven motor saw is used by engineers for felling trees to form tank barrier behind which anti-tank guns can be concealed. Rocky Swiss valleys are fairly safe from tank attack.



Stubborn pack horse balks at carrying out his duty which is to carry wheels and gun barrel of an anti-tank gun over rough mountain terrain where assembled guns would find going difficult.



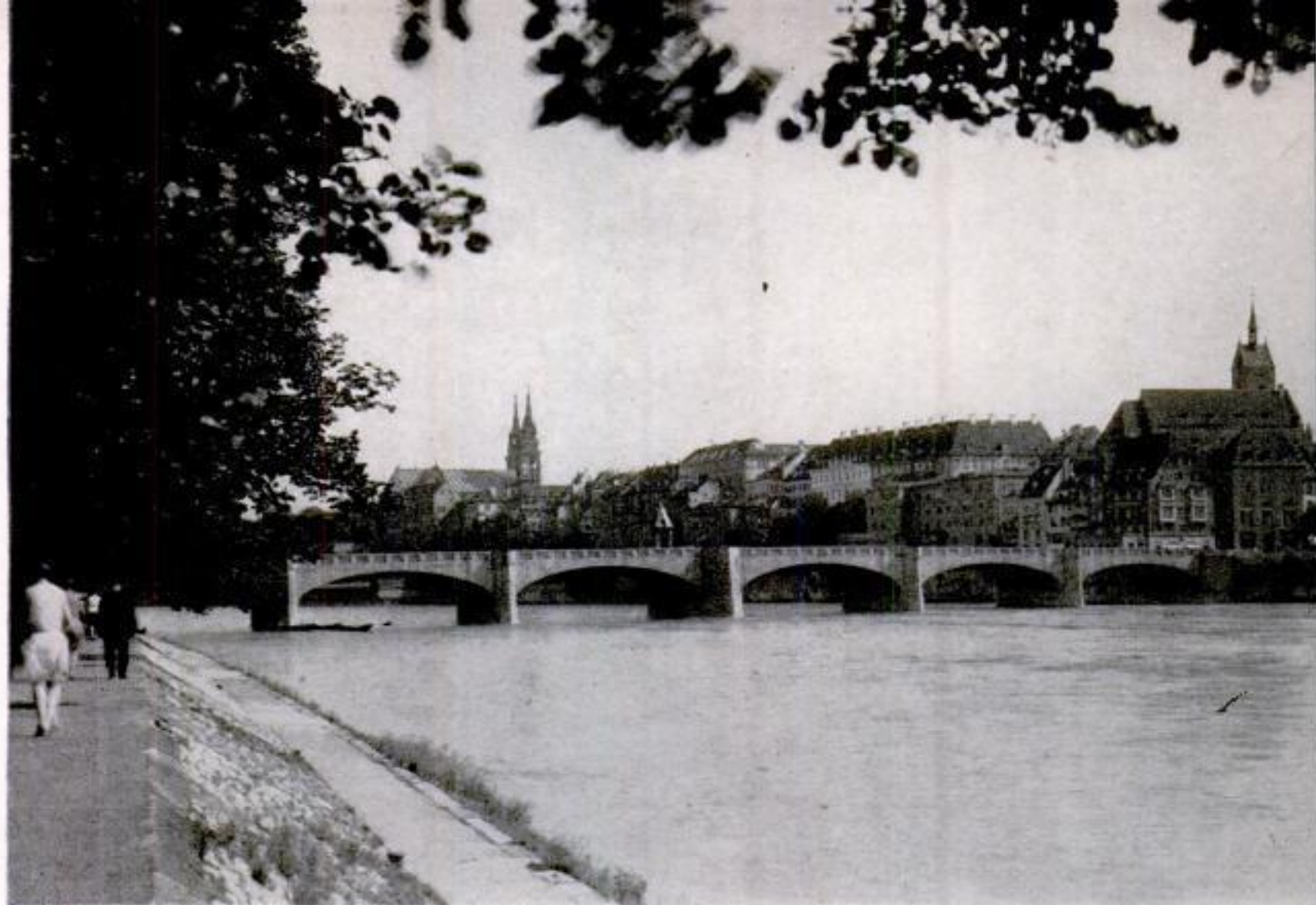
For medium-sized artillery, Swiss use Bofors 105-mm. guns, superior to German guns of same caliber. Chimney-like apparatus on muzzle is a "muzzle-break" to slow down gun's recoil.

SWITZERLAND (continued)

INTO IT OPEN BACK DOORS TO THREE GREAT POWERS

If one of Switzerland's three powerful neighbors controlled Switzerland it would have won a great strategic bastion against the other two. As the map shown here reveals, Switzerland opens into the back doors of Germany, Italy and France. Of the borders, the French and Italian are defended by the Alps, almost impassable. The Simplon Pass near Italy, long fortified, has recently been mined by the Swiss.

The German border is less secure. The fortified Jura Mountains—sixth highest in Europe—follow the frontier but near Basle, opposite the southern tip of the Siegfried Line, there is a gap. Called the Belfort Gap, it runs through Basle, through the strategic town of Porrentruy and on into France. Germany might use it to get behind the Maginot Line defenses along the Rhine. France might use it to get at Germany behind the Siegfried Line.

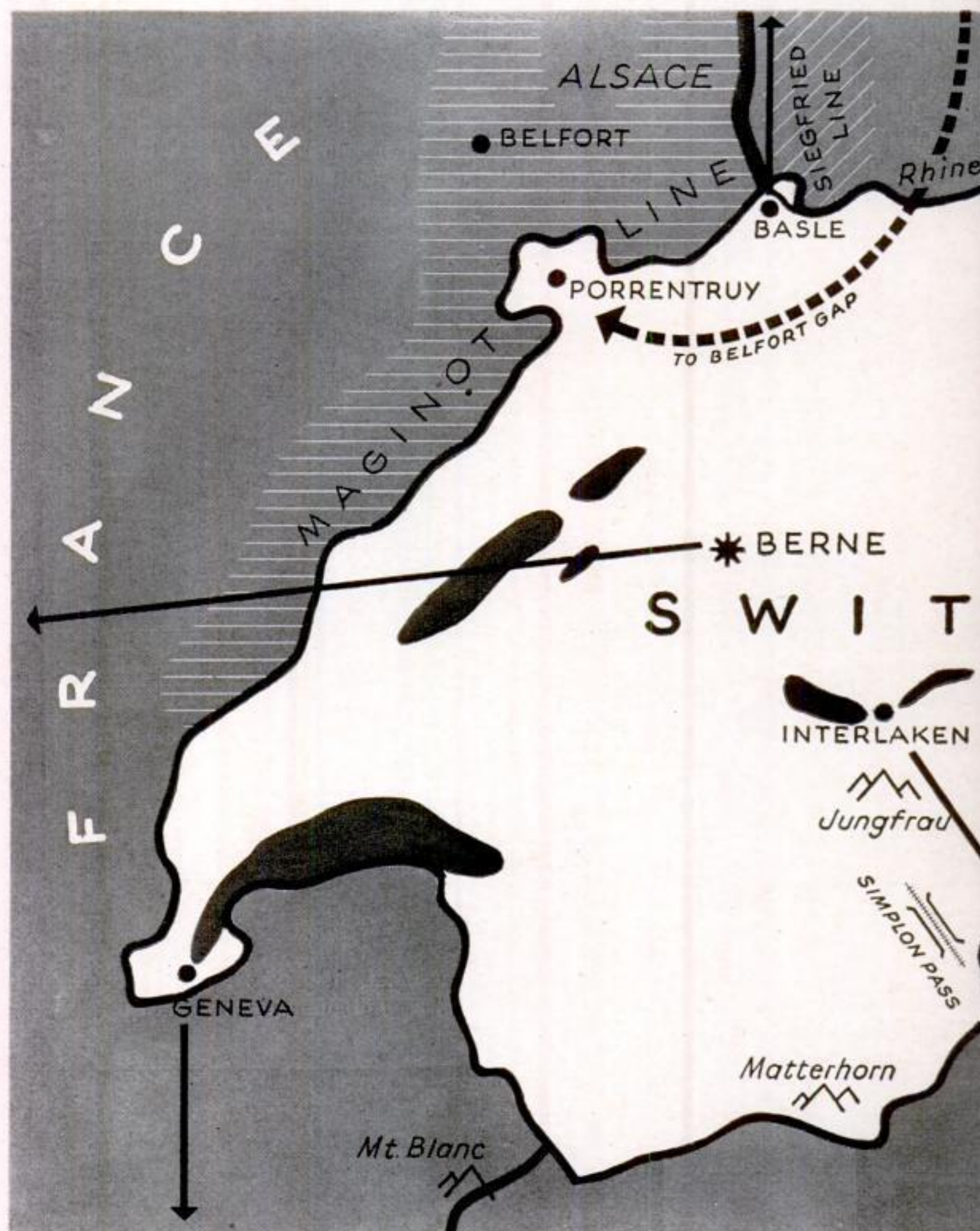


Basle, near German border, is country's richest city. Seen here are Tower of City Hall (right), double-towered cathedral built in 1019 (in background) and the Middle Bridge over Rhine.



Berne, capital of the Swiss Confederation, is picturesque at night, retaining more medieval character than any other big Swiss city. It was founded in 1191 as a military outpost.

Geneva, home of Calvinism and chief city of French-speaking Switzerland, lies at tip of Lake Geneva, largest lake in Central Europe. City is divided by the Rhone River (spanned



by the bridge at left) into the "old town" (foreground) and the "new town" (background). Perched on hill (left) is the new \$10,000,000 white stone Palace of the League of Nations.





Kaiserstuhl on the bank of the Rhine faces a German town (*right*). Two civilizations—democratic and totalitarian—are separated at this point by only a narrow bridge (*center*).



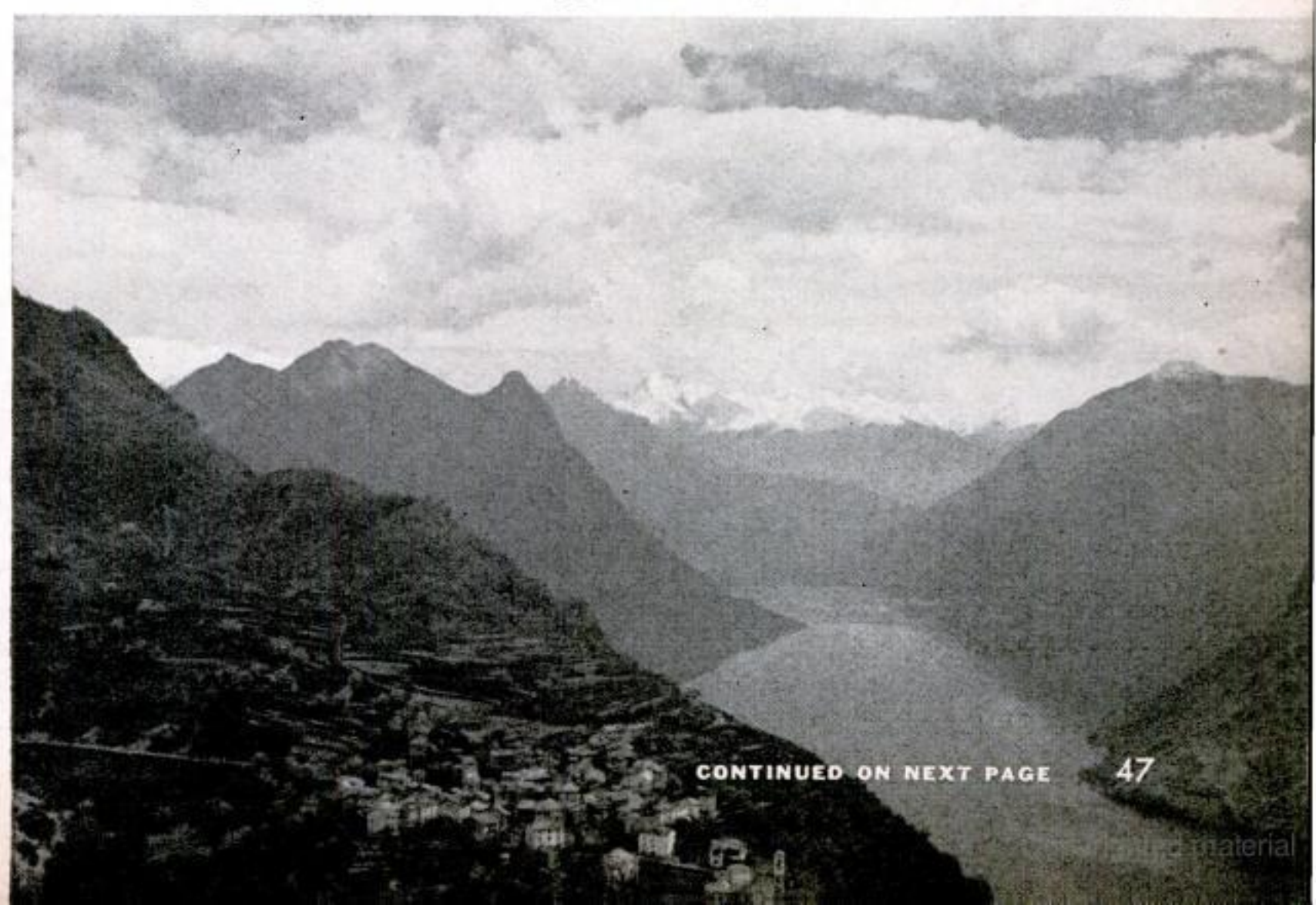
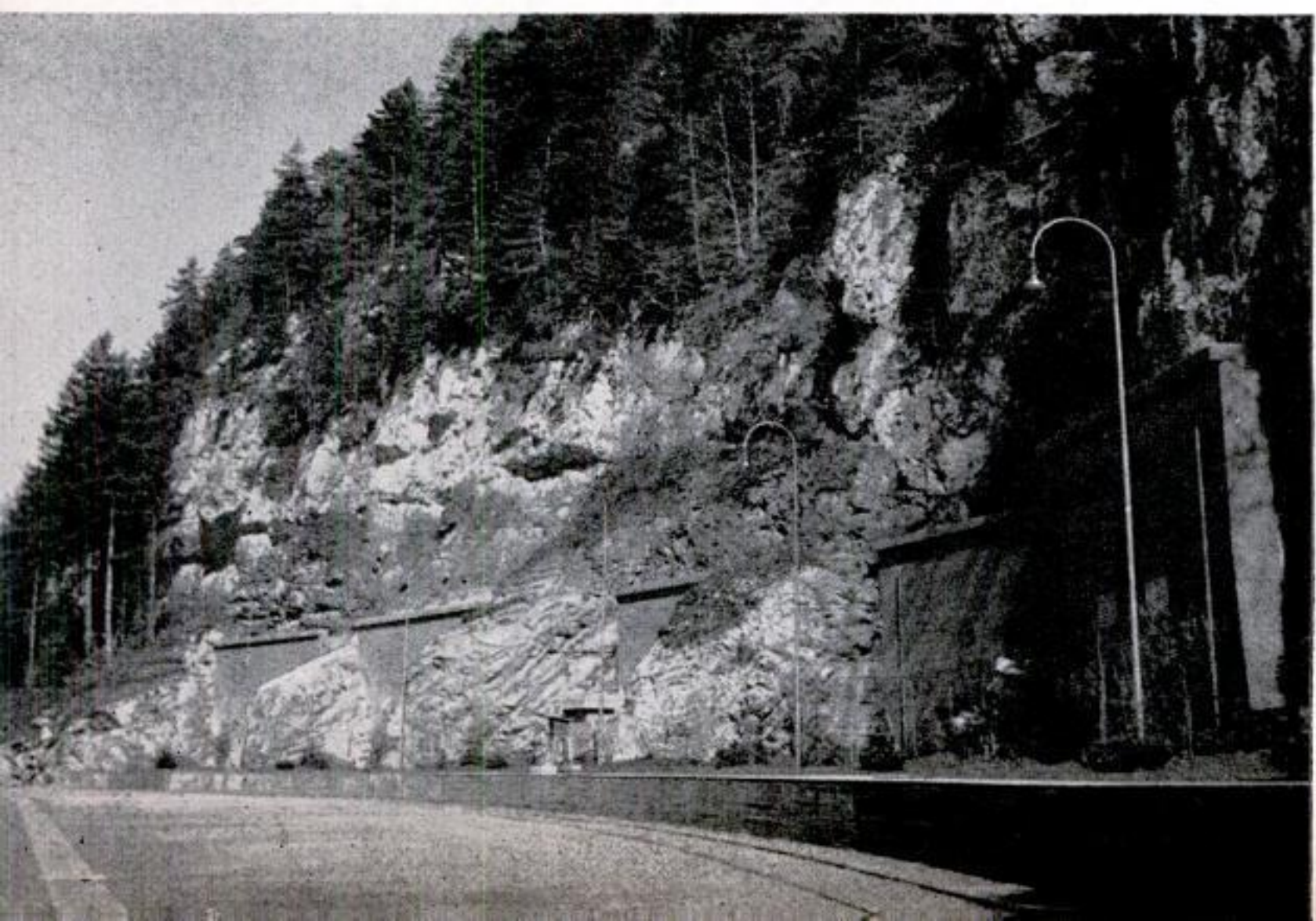
Schaffhausen lies on the far side of the Rhine and is near the German frontier. It is called the "Swiss Nürnberg" because of its medieval houses, gates, fountains and oriel windows.



Near Interlaken, in German-speaking part of Switzerland, galleries 300 ft. deep are cut into mountains to store ammunition, which the railroad in front of galleries takes to guns.



Zürich, largest Swiss city, with a population of 312,600, is country's chief financial center. It is also a focal point for trade between France and Eastern Europe, Germany and Italy.



Beautiful **Lake Lugano**, 22 mi. long, is at the border of Switzerland (*left*) and Italy (*right*). The Swiss village in foreground is Brè. Snowy peaks in background run into the Italian Alps.

SWITZERLAND (continued)

ITS DEMOCRACY IS

THE WORLD'S PUREST



PRESIDENT PHILIPP ETTER

In Europe, Switzerland alone has always been a democracy. Of all modern democracies it is the sole remaining one that goes back to the people in person for its power. In five centuries it evolved by 1848 from a loose confederacy of almost sovereign states into a sovereign confederation with a bicameral legislature patterned on the U. S. model.

Yet the paradox of Switzerland is that, although it acts as one nation, it is a veritable league of German, French and Italian "nations," and although it is an urban industrial civilization, it

functions politically like a frontier agricultural society.

The explanation lies perhaps in the Swiss passion for looking after their own interests. When the army recently called reserves to maneuvers, like the young conscript shown below, 100,000 taxpaying burghers went to see how efficient a show their army put on.

As a confederation Switzerland is governed by a Federal Assembly (like our Congress) and a Federal Council or *Bundesrat* (like a cabinet). The Assembly's power is less than the *Bundesrat's*, which suggests and carries out federal legislation. Its seven members are chosen every four years by the Assembly, which elects one of them as chairman with title of Federal President for a year. Present titleholder is Philipp Etter (*inset*), a good bourgeois, with ten children, who comes from a small-town farming and merchant family. His salary is \$11,438.

Most Swiss, however, regard themselves primarily as citizens of local communes and cantons. Of the 22 cantons, five are the "purest democracies" left in the world. The other 17 are governed like our states. In the five "pure democracies" power is not only vested in the people, but it is also effectively exercised by them at annual meetings called *Landsgemeinden* which are held in each canton.

Each spring on a Sunday morning the male citizens of the canton gather in a meadow or town square and vote by a show of hands. Their greatest choice concerns whom to send to the canton's Great Council. These councilors, like the top-hatted member (*below, right*), are the canton's legislative advisers. They receive no salaries, but are paid a nominal daily sum for attendance at the short Council sessions. The solemnity of electors gathered to exercise their ancient democratic rights in the same place and according to the same procedure as their ancestors is awesome. Shown here is one such meeting. The Swiss describe it modestly as one of "simple grandeur."



A father accompanies his young son, who has put on his uniform at home where he keeps it, to a test mobilization in Interlaken. At 20 conscription starts.



The annual Citizen's Assembly at Hundwyl in the German-speaking half-canton of Appenzell Interior takes place to elect representatives to the canton's Great Council for the next year. Entire voting male popula-



A top-hatted cantonal councilor arrives in a horse-drawn coach for the yearly meeting. The sword he carries symbolizes that he is privileged to vote.



This little man also carried his sword when he came with wife



tion of the canton has gathered in the village square. Their wives and sons under 20 who cannot vote have gathered on hill in background to watch. The candidates have just spoken

from the speaker's stand (*right*) and the electors standing hatless, are now voting by a show of hands. In a few minutes after close of meeting, the band (*far right*) will begin to blare.



and sister. But the women cannot vote or go to meeting.

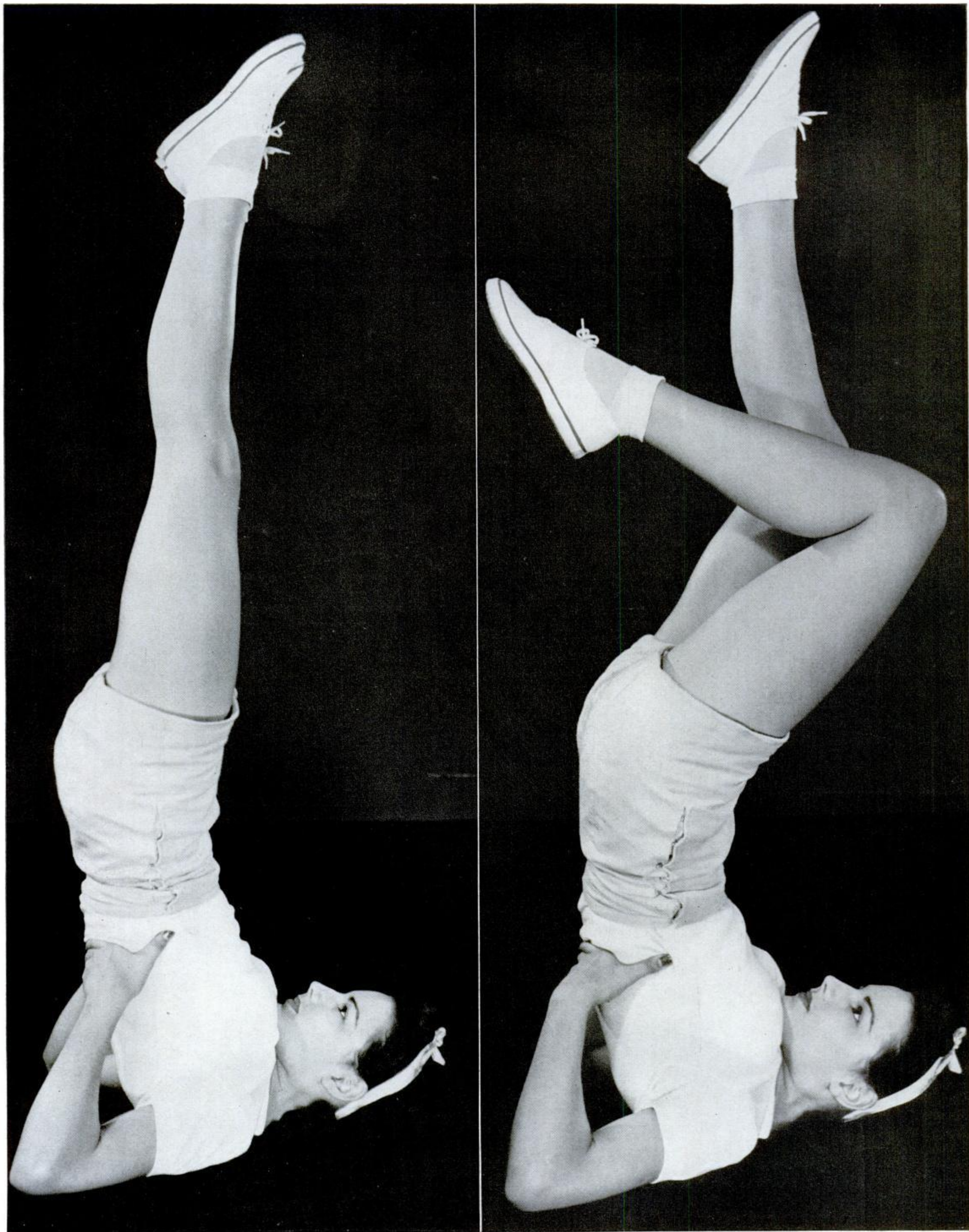


A show of hands registers all the votes at the meeting. Usually the electors vote the canton's officials and judges and approve the canton's budget.



The local chorus traditionally entertains the gathering when the meeting is over. Each town has its own glee club composed of businessmen and farmers.

TIGHT-CORSET THREAT SPURS U. S. WOMEN TO NEW EXERCISES FOR WAIST CONTROL



BICYCLE EXERCISE WHEN DONE LIKE THIS WITH ONLY SHOULDERS ON GROUND STRENGTHENS MUSCLES WHICH REDUCE WAIST

To the millions of style-conscious women in the U. S., the news that little corsets nipped in at the waist (LIFE, Aug. 28) are essential for attaining the new fall figure comes as a great shock. American women have been pioneers in freeing the body from stiff stays. But American women also have great pride in their reputation of being well and fashionably dressed. Their present dilemma is how to be stylish and comfortable.

Gymnasiums and body-sculpting salons are now

planning exercises to take inches off waist. On these pages are some routines suggested by Frances E. MacNaught, gymnastics instructor at Central Branch Y. W. C. A. in New York. Most young women have small waists but by the time they are 30 their waists begin to thicken because they have lost control of their abdominal muscles. Miss MacNaught therefore recommends exercises which stress abdominal control. Ten minutes twice a day spent on these exercises should lessen the corset threat.



Direct waist action is achieved by this exercise which is done by curving one arm over the head while the other

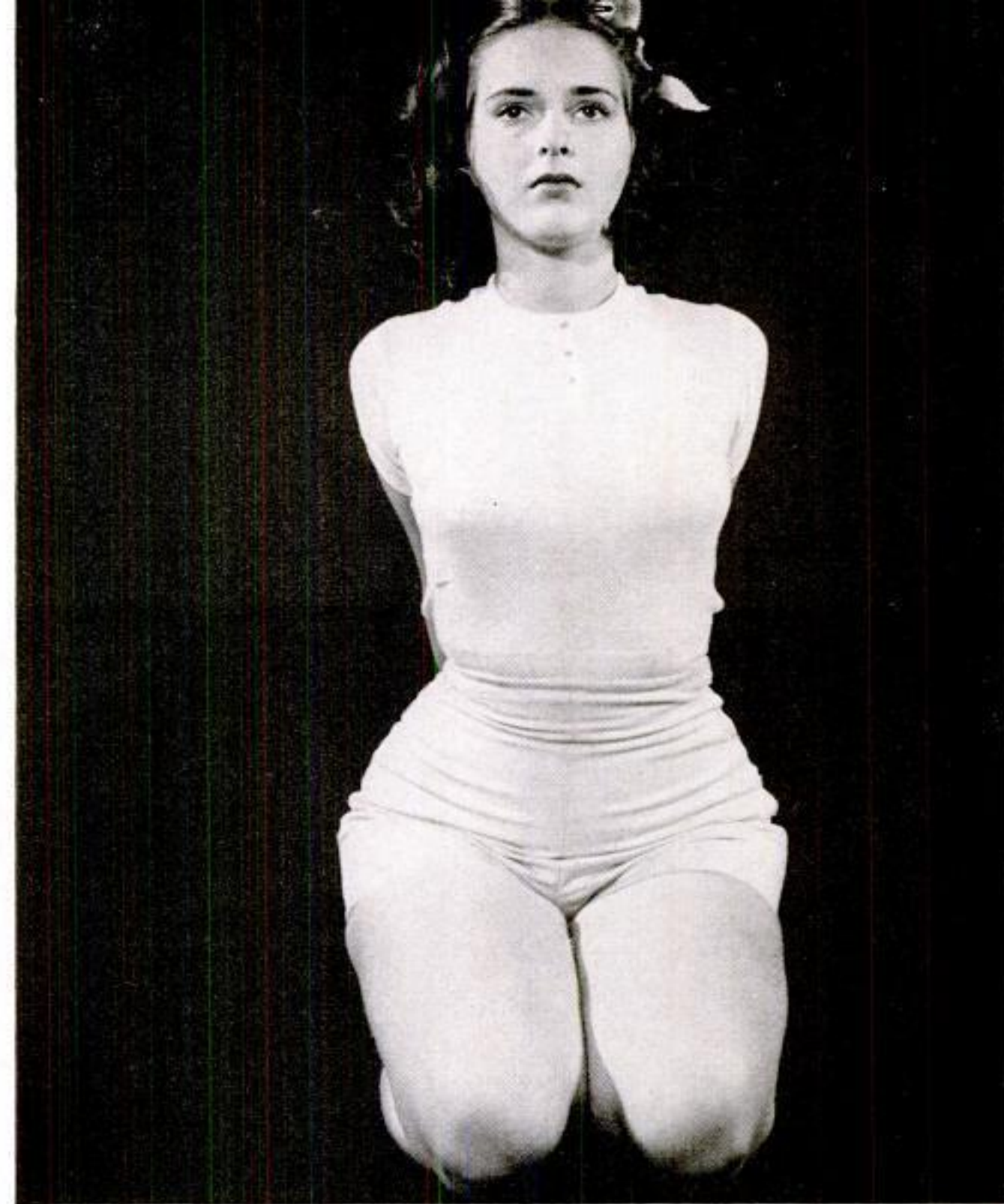


presses hard onto the ribs on the opposite side. Thus, while one side of the body stretches, the other contracts.

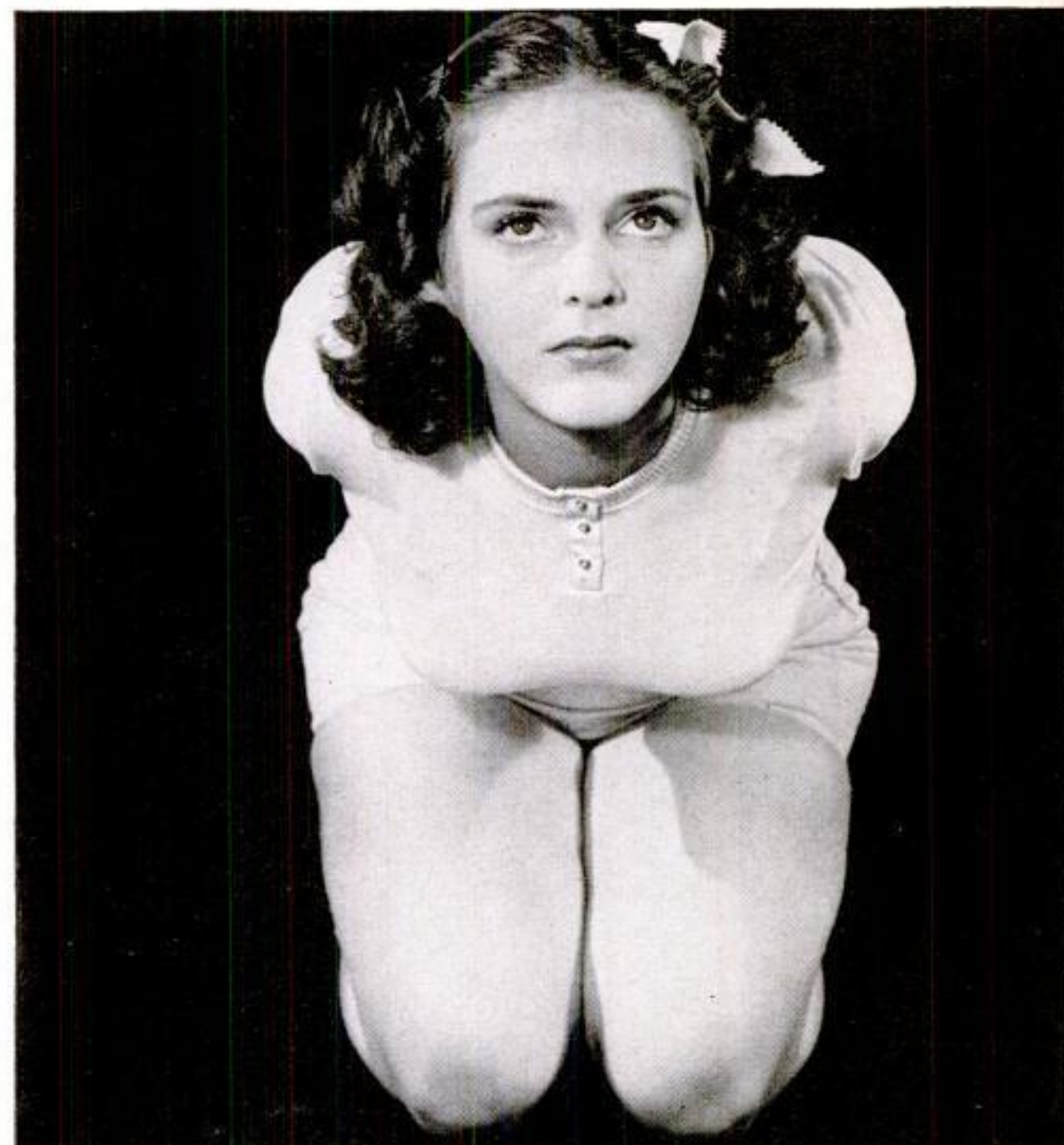


Nose on knee, hands clasped around ankle of same leg, is a neat trick which also helps take inches off the waist.

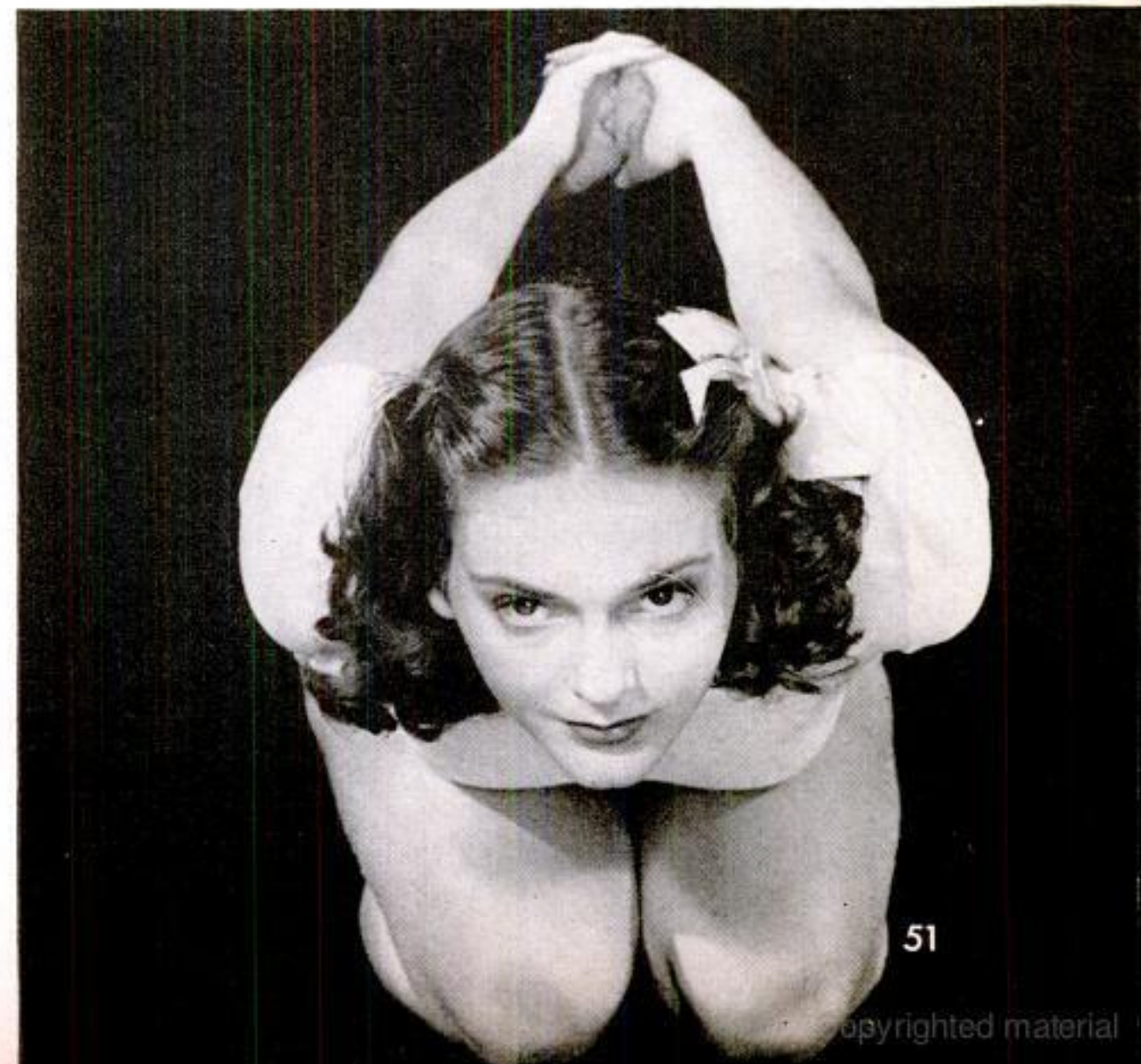
First position, raise the hands above head; second, grab ankle; third, press nose to knee. Repeat on other leg.

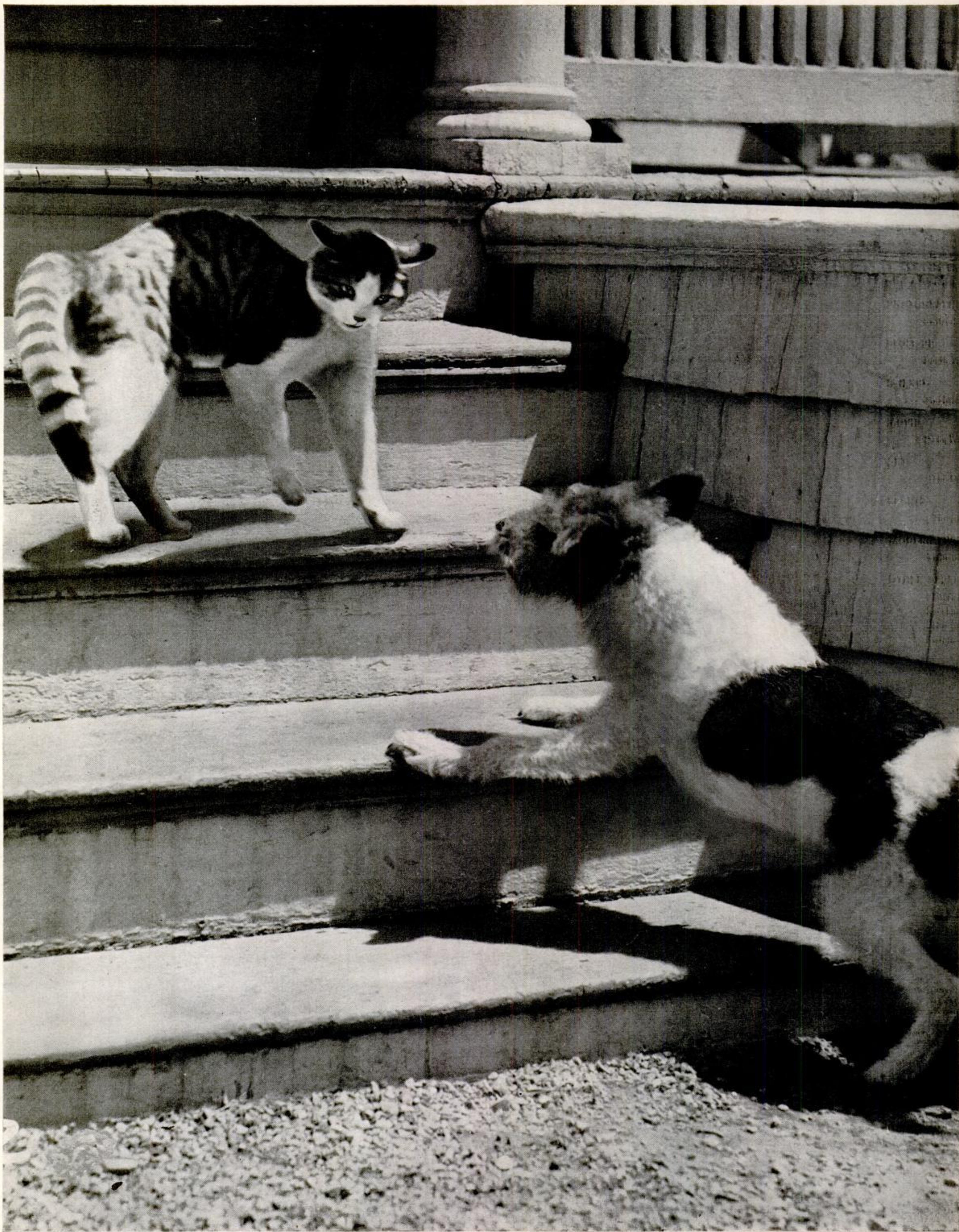


Abdominal muscles and back are strengthened by this exercise. In first movement, knees are on floor, arms stretched out in back, chin in.



Bending forward with back arched, as in pictures above and below, helps reduce "rubber tire" many women acquire just above waistline.





Why is a magazine like a cat?

WHY is a magazine like a cat?

Because it has more than one life . . . a gift for reappearing again and again after its days are apparently numbered . . . a genius for continuing to thrive on "borrowed time"!

Business men have known for years that each copy of Collier's, Liberty, LIFE, and the Saturday Evening Post "*lives*" for many people besides its original purchaser . . . that it is read by *several* in each household it enters . . . that it usually passes on to influence still more readers beyond that household.

But, until recently, advertisers have had no *accurate measure* of the great weeklies' multiple, useful lives — no dependable gauge of how many more people *read* these magazines than *buy* them.

A Vital Need Now Filled

Such a measure, however, at last is being supplied—by LIFE's "Continuing Study of Magazine Audiences." And to advertisers long conscious of the limitations of *circulation* information, the Study now discloses *audience* information as valuable as it is eye-opening. For instance:

Collier's, Liberty, LIFE, and the Saturday Evening Post in combination reach a total net unduplicated weekly audience of 40,100,000 people!

The Study and its illuminating findings rest on the solid base of modern scientific research method—the kind that predicts election results and sounds public opinion with such startling precision.

Thus, the true total influence of America's four greatest weekly magazines is dependably and concretely established. Reliable statistics now show that together these magazines deliver an audience every week of more than *one-third* of our total population above the age of 10 years, including at least *one-half* the total market for most advertised goods . . . that they concentrate most of their power in *urban centers*, where business is biggest . . . that they provide, every single week, probably the most inclusive, effective, and economical means of reaching the active buyers in America!

Value of Study Recognized

Advertisers are welcoming, accepting, using the new knowledge being brought to light by this Study. Significantly, they are increasing their advertising space in *every one* of the "Big Four" weeklies—increasing it by a composite of 17.8% during the first 6 months of 1939, as com-

pared with the same period of 1938. And advertising plans, now being formulated for 1940, show a continuance of this trend.

LIFE is pleased that the "Continuing Study" is contributing appreciably toward a more efficient investment of advertising funds.

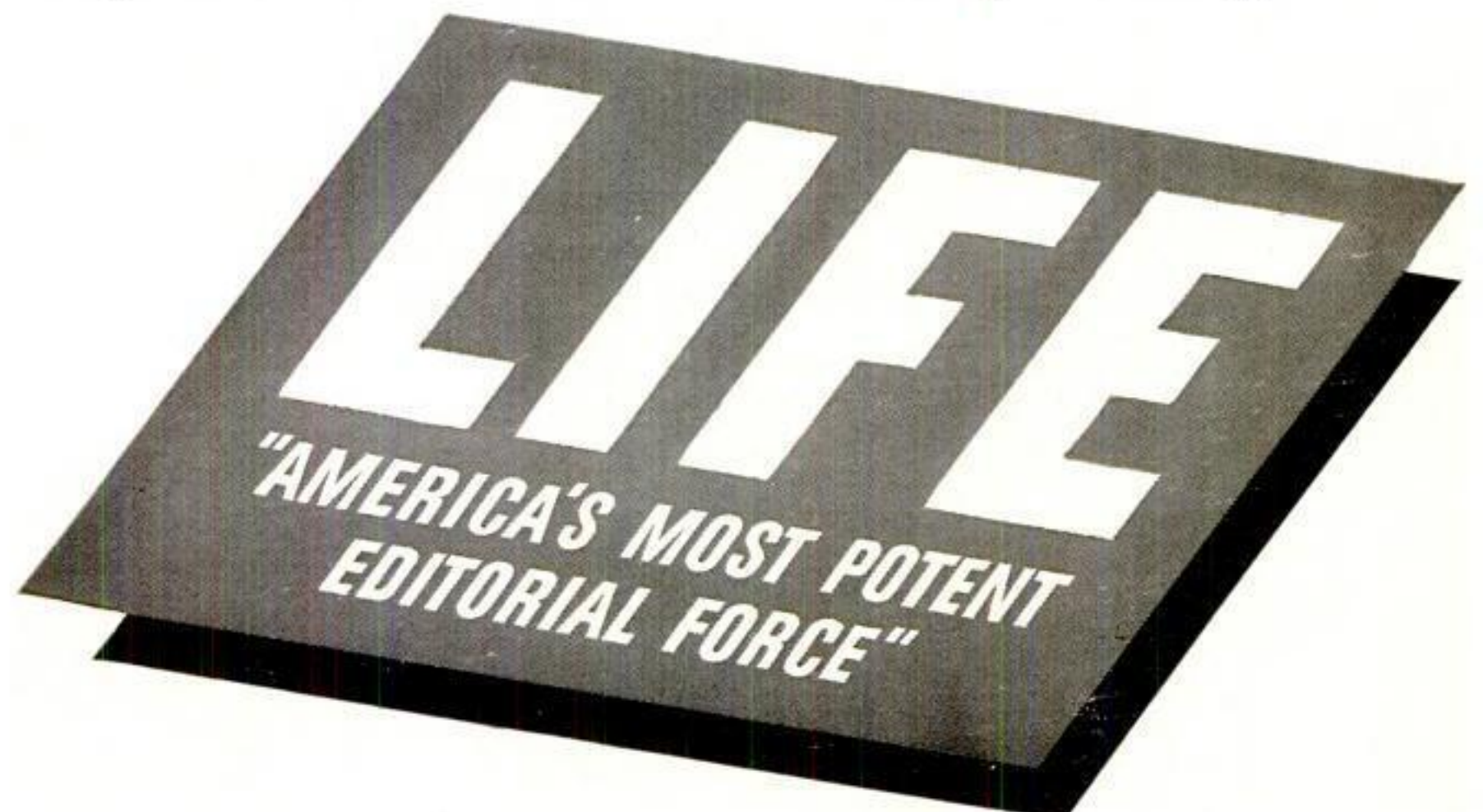
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Latest Audience Figures revealed by Study—showing the number of people who see, open, and read part or all of each issue of the four largest weekly magazines:

Magazine	Circulation*	Audience
COLLIER'S	2,744,475	15,800,000
LIBERTY	2,549,618	13,800,000
LIFE	2,375,678	18,200,000
SATEVEPOST . . .	3,103,019	13,100,000
Net <u>unduplicated</u> audience, four magazines, 40,100,000		

*Average first six months, 1939

REPORT NO. 2—the complete Study up to date—will be sent you if you will simply write or telephone for a copy.



CLOSE-UP



In his Maine study, with his poodle Figaro, Tarkington works three hours daily



"The House that Penrod Built" in Kennebunkport, Maine, is the Tarkingtons' home for the warm half of each year.



Literature paid for this spacious library, for its richly bound books and the oil paintings with which it is hung.



Under blind Milton, half-blind Tarkington listens while his wife reads aloud. Renny, the spaniel, is going blind too.

BOOTH TARKINGTON

The dean of professional American fiction writers is still going strong at 70

by CHARLES WERTENBAKER

Booth Tarkington was 70 years old last July 29, and on October 14 it will have been 40 years since he published *The Gentleman From Indiana*, his first novel. In the years between he has written 36 novels or collections of short stories, 19 plays and a volume of reminiscences. He has made himself a millionaire from his writing. He has won the Pulitzer Prize twice, which is once more than any other novelist has won it, and he is one of three fiction writers ever to be awarded the gold medal of the National Institute of Arts and Letters. (The other two were William Dean Howells and Edith Wharton.) He has exasperated critics who found him so good that they wished he were a little bit better (Carl Van Doren called him "the eternal sophomore of the American novel"), but he is unquestionably the dean of American writing men and the No. 1 professional of them all.

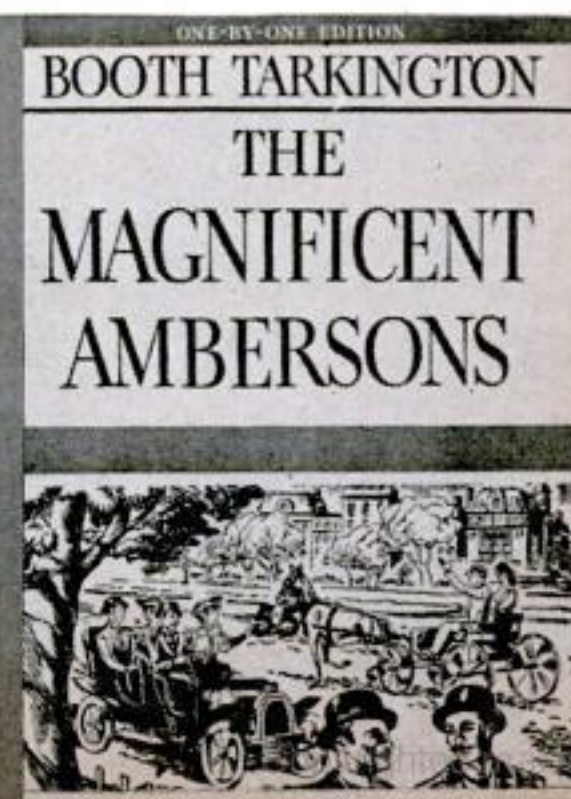
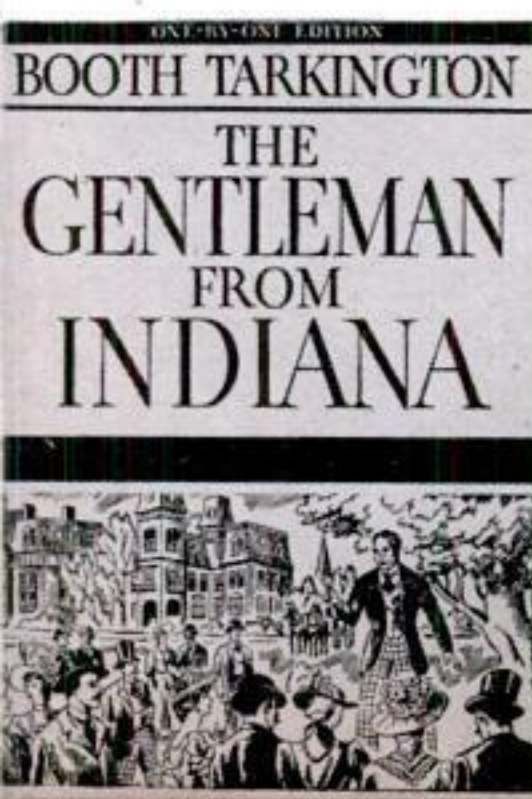
In the U. S. there are three classes of writers. Most highly esteemed by literary folk are the neurotics, those tortured individuals who write for self-expression, for fame, or (rarely) for fun and whose works range from the sprawling novels of the late Thomas Wolfe to the short brittle stories of Kay Boyle. These writers do not make much money and do not have a very good time. At the other extreme are pulp writers who grind out fantasy for the masses by the ream. Good pulp writers such as Edgar Rice Burroughs, the creator of Tarzan, make a great deal of money but they are not highly respectful of the English language and are ignored by the literati. In between are the professionals, and their master is Old Tark.

Like all professionals, regardless of private income, Tarkington has always written for the market, which means for a living and for as good a living as he could make. Being dependent on the public, or on editors who buy for the public, he has tempered his writing to

the taste of reasonably polite and intelligent people; but as a shrewd and honest observer of the people he writes for, he has mixed a good deal of sharp social criticism with his entertainment. Such a professional attitude often produces great literature, and Tarkington's best books have been praised by the best critics. On the other hand, the critics have protested shrilly when his work was run-of-the-mill, forgetting that the professional's job is to turn out a book every year or so and to make it as good as he can. Booth Tarkington has too much respect for the language not to treat it with deference, and for the art of story-telling not to tell a good tale, but for what the critics or posterity think, he does not care a hoot. Neither did Mark Twain, who was also a first-rate pro.

Perhaps the best way to judge a writer's value is by the characters he has given to the people. Two of Booth Tarkington's characters, Penrod and Willie Baxter, are alive nearly a generation after their creation, and while they may never attain the immortality of Tom Sawyer and Huckleberry Finn they will last a good while yet. Alice Adams, who belonged to 1921, is a persistent type of young womanhood, as was proved when Katharine Hepburn did her best piece of screen acting as Alice only four years ago. In fact, the prestige of many a stage and screen star has rested heavily on a Tarkington characterization. Fifteen years ago Rudolph Valentino was at the height of his fame as Monsieur Beaucaire. Twenty years ago Alfred Lunt was making his first hit in *Clarence*. Before that it was Glenn Hunter as Willie Baxter in *Seventeen*. And back in the early 1900's New Yorkers went to the theater to see Nat Goodwin in *Cameo Kirby* and Otis Skinner in *Your Humble Servant* and *Mister Antonio*. But the greatest of all Booth Tarkington's characters has been Tarkington himself.

CONTINUED ON NEXT PAGE





Neighbor Kenneth Roberts, another first-rate professional writer (*Arundel*, *Northwest Passage*, etc.) drops in to see "Tark." The two sometimes collaborate. Though Roberts is noted for irascibility, he can laugh when Tark tells a tale.



At "The Floats," the boatshop which he converted into a one-man club, Tarkington chats with pink old Captain Blyn Montgomery, who keeps the place shipshape for him.



The "Regina" points to Tarkington's house on the hill. When Tarkington saw this old schooner, he loved her and bought her. She will never sail again.

TARKINGTON (continued)

He is remembered with bibulous nostalgia by tottering old grads who recall his basso as the greatest that ever sang *Danny Deever* beneath the ivied towers of Princeton; by oldsters of Shubert Alley to whom Tarkington and Harry Leon Wilson were the Hecht & MacArthur of the 1900's; by an Army colonel in Virginia who was amazed by his prowess with inside straights and Bourbon; by almost everyone he has ever met, because of his capacity for giving much to, and getting much out of, the routine of being alive. Norman Douglas, to whom he gave some pointers on writing in 1903, had not forgotten the Tarkington exploits when he wrote *South Wind* nearly 20 years later. And Julian Street recalls a Roman cabman named Antonio who picked Tarkington out on the street in 1925 as the man he had worshiped since 1906.

At 70 Booth Tarkington is urbane, tolerant, philosophical and tired. Besides the fun, he has had a great deal of trouble. A lover of children, he lost his only daughter. His first wife divorced him in 1911. He has undergone several long illnesses and a series of painful operations. For a while he was totally blind. These experiences have left him rather sardonic and very frail, but he has a boyish enthusiasm and impatience of restraint. He is still a chain smoker of cigarettes the size of stogies, which he has especially made, and his greatest fun is to chase whales in his speedboat and play hide-and-seek with their thrashing tails off the Maine coast.

For a man who has lived so much among people he is singularly isolated now. To his summer home in Kennebunkport, Maine, where he spends more than half the year, come a few pilgrims; Julian Street, Alexander Woollcott, Adelaide Neall of the *Saturday Evening Post*, and his art dealer, David Silberman, who is the scampish Mr. Rumbin of Tarkington's contemporary stories. But most of the time he has for company only his wife and his secretary, Betty Trotter, with occasional visits from his neighbor, the ter-

rible-tempered Mr. Kenneth Roberts. More than most grand old men of literature Tarkington is conscious of having outlived his contemporaries. Harry Leon Wilson, with whom he collaborated on a dozen plays, died last summer. Arnold Bennett, his best friend among English writers (who, incidentally, was a hack writer and journalist when Tarkington was first famous), died in 1931. Mark Twain, Howells and James Russell Lowell, though older, were all his friends. And the great Indiana literary tradition, in which Tarkington grew up, is scarcely remembered now.

His youth in Indiana

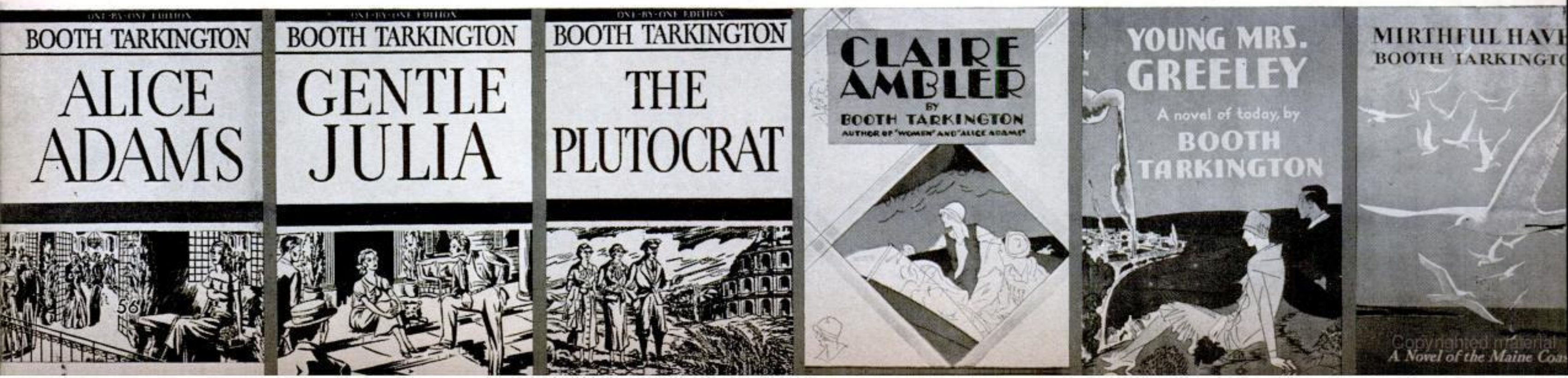
When you think of Indiana you think, realistically, of limestone, auto-racing and Paul McNutt, or, romantically, of fine whisky and Paul Dresser's haunting line: *On the banks of the Wabash, far away*. To Booth Tarkington, Indiana has meant a broad flat country of prosperous farms and quiet cities, such as the Indianapolis of his youth, and a pioneer people who had brought with them a culture from the East. Whisky made from the good limestone water of Indiana may have had something to do with furthering the art of conversation; at least, Booth Tarkington remembers that in his grandfather's day a whisky barrel and dipper were kept by the stove in every general store, and whoever bought helped himself. Tarkington's grandfather Booth had a string of general stores, and, pestered by his wife or a New England conscience, he removed all the whisky barrels one day, expecting to go bankrupt forthwith. To his surprise the stores prospered more than ever, because women began to patronize them instead of waiting outside to carry the head of the family home snoring in the bottom of the buggy. Anyway, whether it was the whisky or the rich limestone soil that gave to a prosperous yeomanry the leisure to read, when Newton Booth Tarkington was born in Indianapolis in 1869 it was into a community that

was different from most new Midwestern cities.

It was a small city of quiet, shaded streets and of people who had an appreciation of leisure. Tarkington remembers that they could "hear Ysaÿe play and Melba sing, or see Mansfield or Henry Irving." They had libraries in their houses and read the books; they classed books among the better things of life and the writers of books as workers in an honorable profession. They saw nothing freakish in Indiana's budding literary school, whose members had been trained in orthodox professions and behaved in an orthodox manner. James Whitcomb Riley, who was a friend of the Tarkingtons, was just an ordinary sort of man, even if he had quit the law to write poetry, and Edward Eggleston, who wrote *The Hoosier Schoolmaster* in 1871, was a perfectly respectable preacher. In the late years of the last century many Indianans were turning to romance. General Lew Wallace published *The Fair God* in 1873 and *Ben Hur* seven years later. His young friend Maurice Thompson also wrote historical romance when he could spare time from his law practice, and published *A Tallahassee Girl* in 1881, *At Love's Extremes* in 1885 and *Alice of Old Vincennes* in 1900. Two years before that Charles Major's *When Knighthood Was in Flower* came out, strengthening the romantic tradition. Until well into the 20th Century books of romance continued to pour out of Indiana—most notably the Graustark tales of George Barr McCutcheon—and Booth Tarkington, in his earlier books, did not stray far from swords and roses.

He rides high at Princeton

Tarkington's father, a well-to-do lawyer, had sent him East to Phillips Exeter and then, after two years at Purdue (where he became a friend of George Ade), back East again to Princeton. Those two years at Princeton gave him a taste for good living, for good conversation and good companionship that he never outgrew. They





Out to his speedboat for an afternoon's fun chasing whales, Tarkington is rowed with his wife, his secretary Betty Trotter, and Figaro, the supercilious poodle.



A Tarkington play, *Tweddles* (1923), was revived by him for the playhouse at Kennebunkport. The young players surround Tark and a picture of a sea captain which he painted.



His art dealer, the jovial, irrepressible David Silberman, was the inspiration for Tarkington's current fiction character, Mr. Rumbin. The picture which Mr. Silberman is admiring is Goya's painting of Queen Maria Luisa of Spain.

also gave him a reputation for good-fellowship that dogged him through the later years when he might perhaps have preferred more isolation in which to write. The Tarkington of Princeton appeared to Jesse Lynch Williams as "woefully gaunt, almost cadaverous, with a concave chest." He wrote most of the *Lit*, founded the Triangle Club, sang, drank and danced his way to departure without a diploma. From Princeton he returned to Indianapolis and really went to school.

He had wanted to be an artist and he sold one sketch to the old *Life*, but after that his drawings bounced back regularly. With so much literary activity going on around him he decided that "a fellow who had some of that in him ought to try to do it." For six years John Tarkington's son was a familiar figure on the streets of Indianapolis, somewhat disapproved of by more solid citizens who said: "Oh, we all know him and love him, but he'll never amount to anything, piddling around and smoking himself to death." Besides piddling around and smoking himself to death, young Booth Tarkington was writing thousands of words every week and sending them to magazines, only to have them returned as regularly as his drawings.

In those years Booth Tarkington had no deeper motive than to succeed by entertaining people, and in his first magazine story, *Monsieur Beaucaire*, the entertainment value was 100%, all other values 0%. *Monsieur Beaucaire* appeared serially in *McClure's* in 1899 and 1900. But Tarkington was far too restless and intelligent to become merely a fabricator of vehicles of escape. He must always have been a little cynical, a little sardonic, a little too idealistic not to want a better world (the prime requisite of a writer), a little too honest not to see the real world in its pettiness, ugliness and shame. At some point during those six experimental years he turned from costume romance to his native scene and wrote *The Gentleman From Indiana*, a novel which, though it could hardly be called realistic, never-

theless scratched the surface of the political corruption that he was later to explore. *The Gentleman From Indiana* was published in 1899, and with *Monsieur Beaucaire* (which was issued in book form to help its sale) it made Booth Tarkington an immediate success. A friend of his father's, who had often commiserated with him on Booth's apparent worthlessness, came upon John Tarkington in the bank one day, gleefully autographing copies of *The Gentleman From Indiana* for everybody who wanted them.

On the strength of his first two books' success, an earlier story, *Cherry*, was resurrected from the files of *Harper's* magazine and published in 1903. Meanwhile Tarkington had been presented with an honorary M.A. by Princeton, had married and had a fling at politics in the Indiana House of Representatives. This experience gave him the material for two political novels, *In the Arena* and *The Conquest of Canaan*, which in turn got him called to the White House for a personal dressing down by Theodore Roosevelt. The President thought that the exposure of political skulduggery would deter nice young men from entering politics, and Tarkington was inclined to agree with him.

But the principal result of his political experience was to give him a case of typhoid, and he went to Maine to recuperate, thereby discovering Kennebunkport. From Maine he went to Europe, writing as he traveled, and when he returned he stopped off in New York to have a go at the theater. He dramatized *Monsieur Beaucaire* and *The Gentleman From Indiana*, met up with Harry Leon Wilson, and began a collaboration which resulted in eleven successful plays, beginning with *The Man From Home*.

The team of Tarkington and Wilson was high-spirited, bibulous and peripatetic. They would go to Capri to write a play, get sidetracked, travel up and down Italy, and finally land in Paris, working furiously to finish the play in time. They would return to New York to pro-

duce it, then go off somewhere else to start another one. The Tarkington legend spread, helped along by his friends. Items:

¶Tarkington once decided to go into the fruit business, bought the contents of a stand at 23rd Street and Broadway for \$20. In a checked suit and chamois gloves he began hawking his wares, raising the prices as fast as people bought. Next he auctioned off particularly choice items, finally sold out the stand at a whopping profit.—Joseph Cummings Chase.

¶In Rome, Tarkington coached two Indianapolis friends for an audience with the Pope, telling them the most important thing to remember was to tip the Swiss Guards. When they reported their failure to Tarkington, he told them they had committed a social error the Pope would never forgive.—George Ade.

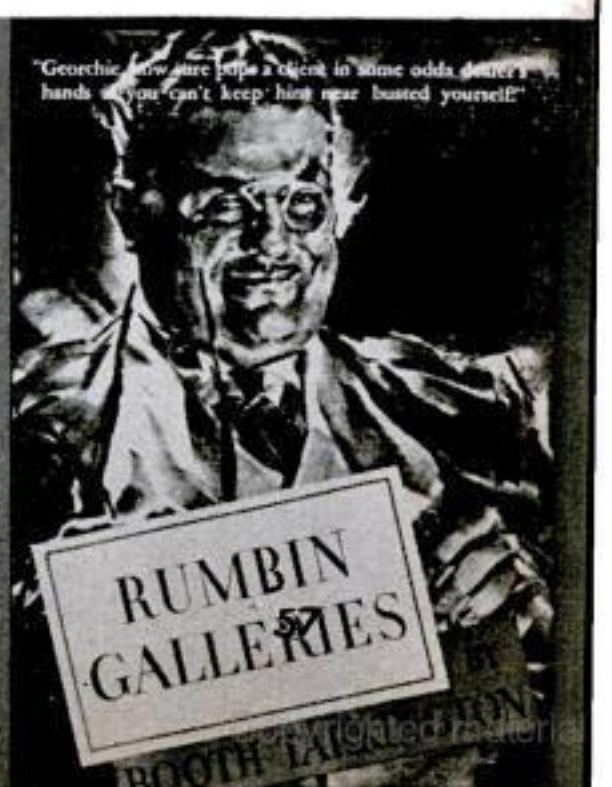
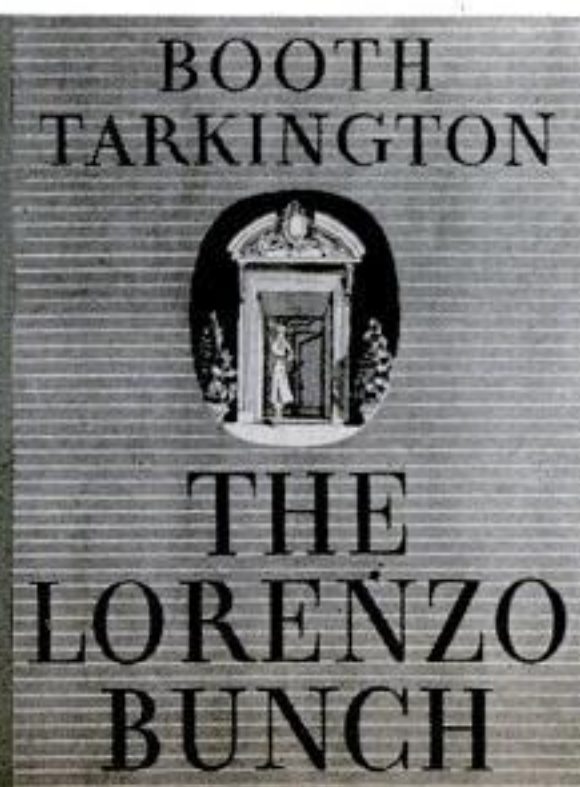
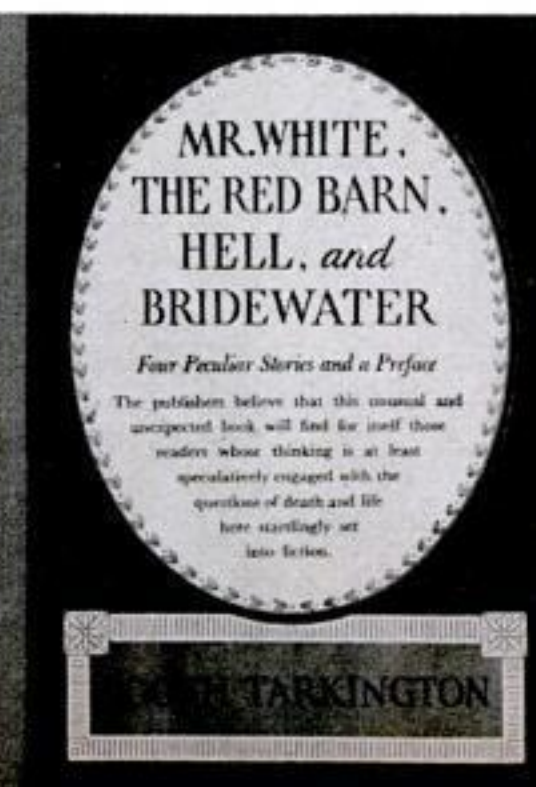
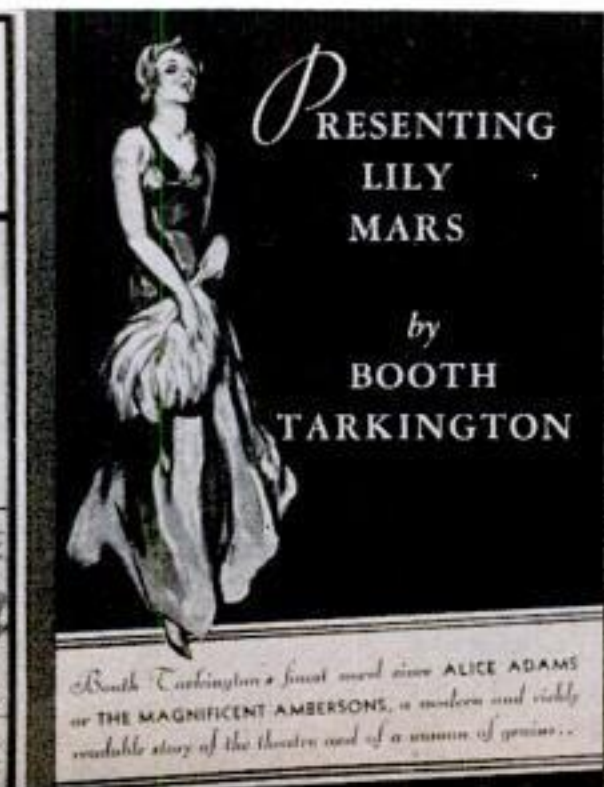
¶To humor a friend who said there were too many Englishmen in Maxim's in Paris, Tarkington borrowed a gendarme's cap, moved through the restaurant tapping Britons on the shoulder and ordering them to leave. When one objected, he whispered in broken English that a murder had been committed upstairs.—Julian Street.

He writes his best work

Tarkington, who was writing mediocre books all this time, became the despair of critics who said he could write a fine book if he would just settle down and work. After a while he did. He went back to Indianapolis in 1911, "suddenly found it was home," and began the most productive period of his career. *The Flirt*, published in 1913, was his best book to date. By then he was 44.

Up until the time he returned to Indianapolis, Tarkington had been too busy living to bother about becoming a great writer. As a professional writer, and a successful one, he had enjoyed the practice of his trade and its fruits in money and esteem. Travel and success had broad-

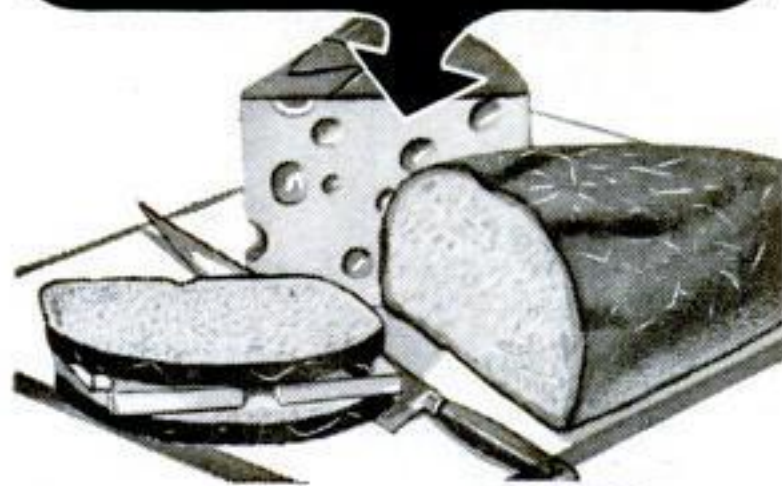
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BEST FOODS MUSTARD WITH HORSERADISH



Gives a grand new
wallop to
"SWISS ON RYE"!



In fact, serve Best Foods Mustard-with-Horseradish wherever you formerly used ordinary mustard. See how much more zip it has! Inexpensive, too! Good food stores everywhere now carry this exciting new kind of mustard.



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VICTORY BROGUES



THE Taylor-Made SHOE
\$5 - \$6.75
AND UP

Proof that Custom Character
need not be Expensive

E. E. TAYLOR CORP., BOSTON, MASS.



He spent his boyhood in Indianapolis, where he was born in 1869, the grandson of hardworking pioneers.



At Purdue he played the banjo, along with his fraternity brother, J. M. Studebaker (left) of the automobile family. After two years at Purdue he transferred to Princeton.



A failure at both illustrating and literature was Tarkington at 28 in Indianapolis. Two years later he was famous.



Amateur Actor Tarkington appeared in his play, *The Prodigals*, in 1895. He was then writing *Monsieur Beaucaire*.



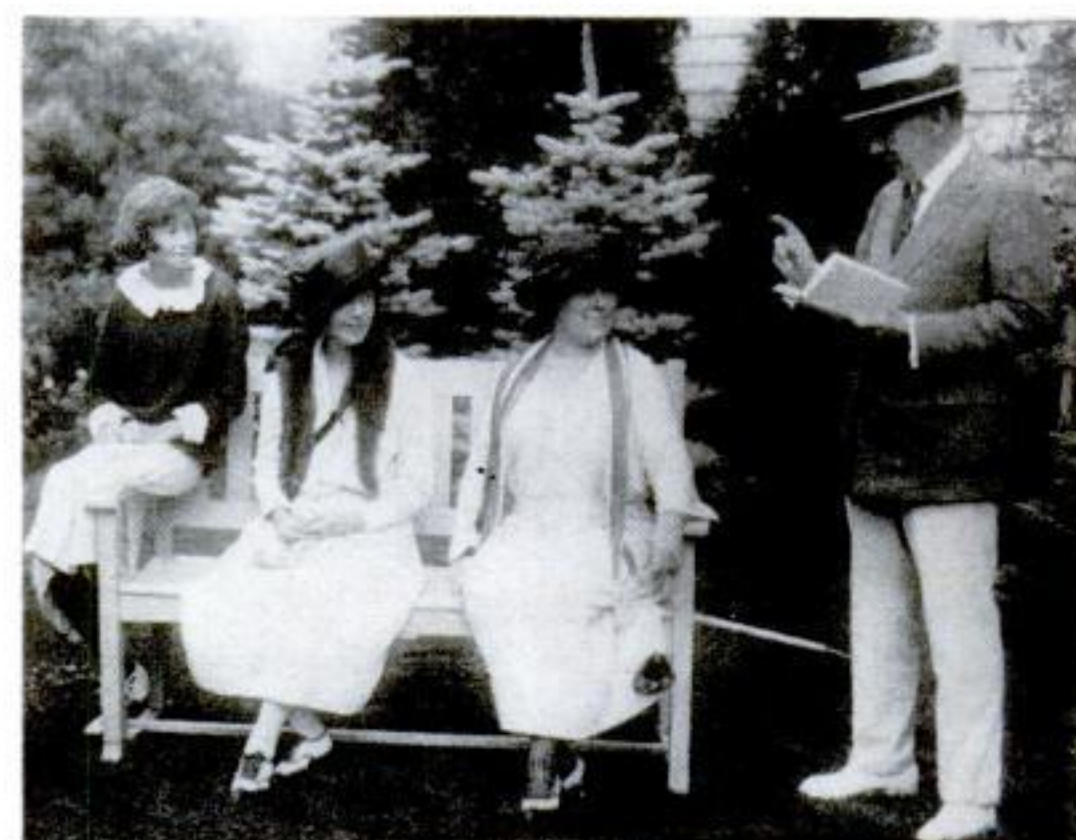
Wonder boys of the theater in the 1900's were Booth Tarkington and Harry Leon Wilson (right). They collaborated on eleven plays, amused Broadway with high jinks.



In jail at Capri, Tarkington posed as a gag behind bars with two merry British friends and had this photograph taken.



His Indianapolis home was built by Booth Tarkington after he had become a successful writer. Inside he stuffs furniture and bibelots from all over the world. He still spends about half the year here.



With his daughter Laurel, who died, his sister, Mrs. Ovid Butler Jameson, and his second wife, Tarkington stands on his lawn. The loss of his only child caused this child-loving author profound grief.



Columbia gave him an honorary degree (Litt.D.) in 1924, along with Andrew Mellon. Princeton, from which he never graduated, gave him an honorary M.A. and a Litt.D. DePauw gave him a Litt.D.



Tarkington's blindness has necessitated a long series of painful eye operations by Baltimore's famous William Holland Wilmer. Today he has regained the sight of his left eye but still must not read.

ened his vision, but had given him nothing much new to write about. Now, going back to his native city, he was struck by the many changes that had taken place, and was able to evaluate them. On the physical side Indianapolis was changing with sickening rapidity. Natural gas, which had powered the city's industry without noise or smoke, was giving out; heavy coal smoke hung over everything. The automobile industry was fast making it a horseless city. Manners and customs were changing even more rapidly. Booth Tarkington, who disliked the changes, nevertheless wrote about them with the objectivity that age and a quieter life had given him.

He was beginning to be conscious of the things he had missed and to compensate for them in his writing. Soon after his second marriage his wife noticed that he was always talking about boys and suggested that he try writing about them. He had some nephews and he had a sharp memory of his own boyhood; he put the two ingredients together and produced *Penrod*, who filled three volumes of short stories, beginning in 1914, and was by far the liveliest youngster American literature had produced since Mark Twain's. *Penrod* brought Tarkington more money than anything he had written; with the proceeds he built the big house in Kennebunkport which he still calls "The House that *Penrod* Built."

But the *Penrod* stories and *Seventeen*, which was a story of *Penrod* grown older, were disconcertingly easy to write, and Tarkington was by this time aiming at more ambitious work. He published *The Turmoil* in 1915, and in 1918 *The Magnificent Ambersons*, which won his first Pulitzer Prize. For honesty and uncompromising fidelity to the inner necessity of its characters neither book could touch *Alice Adams*, which appeared in 1921 and got him another Pulitzer Prize. In that fairly short novel he caught all the dirtiness of the post-War mid-western city, the pathos of failure in middle age, and the tragedy of the adolescent girl who has to lie and cheat for popularity. Nearly 20 years after it was written, *Alice Adams* is still a poignantly truthful book and a painful one to read. As a novel, it will probably survive all the rest of Tarkington's work.

Every career has its zenith, and the zenith of Tarkington's career was during the seven years between 1914 and 1921. In those years he published two *Penrod* books, *Seventeen*, *The Turmoil*, *The Magnificent Ambersons*, *Ramsey Milbolland* and *Alice Adams*. After that his self-imposed limitations halted his development as a realist. In *Alice Adams* he could write with both realism and delicacy about an adolescent girl who was not quite all she should have been. But in dealing either with older people or with the tougher facts of life he has steadfastly refused either to call a spade a manure shovel or to suggest by conscious obscurities. To Booth Tarkington it is a crime against the English language, which he loves, to use it either to mystify or to shock, and he is equally contemptuous of four-letter hair-raisers and the deliberate obscurantism of Joyce. His most distinguishing characteristic is his urbanity, and (though he doesn't say so) he can have little use for his fellow Hoosier, Theodore Dreiser, who has ignored those things which to Tarkington are important and has written with shocking realism in inexcusably shoddy prose. Tarkington's fault—if it is a fault—is in having too good literary manners.

Gentle Julia, a book that is vastly admired by such sentimentalists as Alexander Woollcott, set the tone for a great deal of his later work. Not that it has all been sentimental. In the last 15 years Tarkington has taken a fresh look at some of his earlier material and found new possibilities in it. *The Midlander* (1924) was Indiana again. *Claire Ambler* (1928) has resemblances to *Alice Adams*. And *Little Orvie* is a younger and not quite so rambunctious *Penrod* Schofield.

But no matter what his subject, Tarkington has never let himself go stale or out of style, and it is that which ranks him at the top of his profession as an entertainer. Before the War, when people wanted romance, Tarkington wrote romance: to find a better costume romance than *Monsieur Beaucaire* you would have to go to Ruritania. Along came the jazz age and Tarkington produced *Alice Adams*, a Fitzgerald character in a more mature and integrated book than F. Scott Fitzgerald could write in 1921. And his current stories are just about as good as anything the *Saturday Evening Post* ever prints. Old Tark can write rings around any pro in the game, on almost any subject.

Learning to live in darkness

To every man comes at least one misfortune which he had thought he could not take. Booth Tarkington used to think that the loss of his sight would be the thing he couldn't stand. Then one day he found himself looking down at a rug on which the figures had blurred. Soon after that he was blind, and when complete darkness came he found that he could take that, "as a man can take anything else." For months he was in a hospital—in a ward because he want-

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EVIDENCE PILES UP: New test cases, further laboratory experiments, letters from users, confirm over and over that Knox Gelatine DOES lessen fatigue.

EXPERIENCE NO. 29



ATHLETES HAVE GELATINE BAR

Trainer at Eastern University has installed Knox Gelatine bar in training quarters, and all athletes take daily. He first tested Knox Gelatine feedings on basketball team last Winter; team's endurance stepped up—victories, too. He then put trackmen on same feeding, followed by crews and baseball pitchers. In each test, the men exhibited noticeably increased staying power and quicker recovery from tough competition.

EXPERIENCE NO. 14

LEGS STAND UP

Aching, jumpy leg muscles of post-men, store clerks, house workers, etc., are much helped by gelatine feeding, say dozens of letters. Investigators have checked cases and report marked increases experienced in leg-work capacity before fatigue point reached. Golfers also confirm this benefit to legs. More evidence that daily feeding of plain Knox Gelatine increases muscular endurance and lessens fatigue.



PLAY MORE, TOO!

Coming home too tired for health-giving play? Why not try the Knox Gelatine feeding? Office workers, desk workers, house workers, all say it helps them work better, feel better, and get more pleasure out of life. In many test cases, increases of 50% to 200% in muscular work capacity have resulted. Pure, plain Knox Gelatine has been discovered to store extra energy in muscles, both voluntary and involuntary. That's why it lessens fatigue, increases body efficiency.

Cut Fatigue! Take KNOX GELATINE



THIS WAY: Empty one envelope of Knox Gelatine in a glass three-quarters filled with cold water or fruit juice. Let the liquid absorb the gelatine. Then stir briskly and drink rapidly. Take four envelopes a day for two weeks, then reduce to two envelopes a day. (May be taken before or after meals.)

CAUTION: Be sure to use pure, unflavored Knox Gelatine. Only Knox was used in the scientific experiments. Ready-flavored gelatine desserts which are about 85% sugar and only about 10% gelatine will not do. Free Booklet on energy feeding. Write to Knox Gelatine Co., Johnstown, N. Y., Dept. 71.



Enjoy this 180-Year-Old Treat

When gentlemen wore wigs and knee breeches, Guinness and oysters was a favourite combination.

Guinness hasn't changed. Its dry, racy zest will still add delicious goodness to the flavour of your oysters. That's one reason why Guinness is the most popular brew in the world!

If you've never had Guinness, or if you've enjoyed it only "Half and Half" with beer or ale, try it straight—with oysters—today!

GUINNESS STOUT has been brewed in Dublin, Ireland, since 1759. It is made from barley malt, hops, special Guinness yeast, County Kildare spring water—nothing else. It matures over a year in oak vats and in bottle until consumed. Like draught beer, Guinness is not pasteurized. Nor is it filtered—it thus contains active yeast... all its natural goodness!



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TARKINGTON (continued)

ed to be with other men. The cheerfulness of the place astonished him and he got so he didn't mind being operated on with a hundred students looking on. Part of what he had to take during that series of operations was having his teeth pulled without benefit of anesthetic. When finally, after more than a dozen operations, he regained the sight of one eye, the new things he suddenly saw startled him. Going from Baltimore to Indianapolis on the train, he was shocked by the faces of people on the station platforms, by their intense and selfish preoccupation with themselves and their tiny problems. Later that year he watched spring come, amazed by the brilliance of the colors, realizing for the first time that his world had been getting gray for years.

Tarkington's blindness came during his sixties, which may be one reason why he believes so strongly in something William Dean Howells once said: that a man's best years are between 50 and 60, when he is still strong but has acquired a philosophy of living; and that after 60 all walking is uphill. After more than 30 years of writing in longhand Tarkington had to learn to dictate his work, to go through the laborious process of having it read back to him and correcting it, and to visualize his words as they would appear in type before he could be sure they were right. One of his greatest victories was in learning to dictate prose that reads no differently from the prose he used to write.

Life at Kennebunkport

He still turns out a book a year—usually a collection of stories that have appeared in the *Post*. For the past two years he has been preoccupied with his Mr. Rumbin, possibly because the material is so pleasant to get. After his blindness Tarkington found himself more than ever in love with pictures, although he had been collecting them since he was in Princeton. Unable to go to New York because of his nervousness, he had his dealer bring a batch of paintings to Maine, where he staged a private exhibition in a hotel room. That got to be a custom, and out of David Silberman's stories of chicanery in the world of art grew the *Rumbin Galleries* stories.

Booth Tarkington's two collections of paintings, in Kennebunkport and Indianapolis, are well worth anybody's examination. He dislikes moderns and cares less for the reputation of the painter than for the subject itself. He has Dobson's *Milton*, painted just before his blindness, Goya's *Maria Luisa*, Titian's *Ariosto*, Van der Helst's *Paulus Potter* and a portrait of an author by Jacopo da Pontormo.

These pictures Tarkington enjoys as a part of his everyday life, as he enjoys sitting in his remodeled boatshop, next to a two-masted schooner he bought and beached, and looking out over the sea. He spends his afternoons at "The Floats" after a morning of work, stays there until nearly dark, then goes back to the house, to be read to until time to dress for dinner. He dines every evening in a black tie, then sits in front of the fire and talks until his 10:30 bedtime. He has to be read to sleep. Nowadays he likes to re-read the authors to whom he never gave enough time when he was younger, such as Gibbon and Samuel Pepys.

Booth Tarkington has the strength of a man who has taken more than most men. He has no fear of death, which to a man of 70 in dubious health must always be something to consider. He is as careless of his health as his wife and the devoted Betty Trotter will let him be, and his courtesy is so much greater than his caution that he will stand bareheaded in the rain to say goodbye to a departing guest. At times he deliberately gambles with death, as when he chases so madly after whales in his speedboat, scaring the wits out of his guests. (When Alexander Woollcott went out whale-chasing with Tarkington and stretched out on the deck of the boat, a jocular fisherman shouted: "Well, I see you caught one."). He looks younger than his 70 years; he holds himself erect and his hair is still more brown than gray. He has the tolerance of a man who has had plenty of fun in his time and enjoys seeing others have it. He is one of the few people who have never become exasperated by the individualism of the inhabitants of Maine, and this has won him the grudging respect of the not-too-hospitable natives. His chauffeur ("driver" in Maine) thinks he is a model employer. Says he:

"When he first come here I was hacking and he asked me to drive for him and I says no. I says, 'I can't make no money hacking, so I'm going to sell it,' and he says, 'If I buy it will you drive for me?' 'No,' says I, 'I don't want to have no summer people shouting orders at me.' 'I don't figger we'll have any trouble, you and me,' says he. 'Well,' says I, 'we'll try it for a while.' I been with him now for 25 years and once he says to me, 'Chick,' says he, 'you might go a little bit faster,' says he, but outside of that we never had any words."

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WITH COMFORT.**

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DO...USE COLGATE
LATHER**

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WAKE UP YOUR LIVER BILE— WITHOUT CALOMEL

— And You'll
Jump Out of Bed
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The liver should pour
out two pounds of liquid
bile onto the food you
swallow every day. If this bile is not flowing
freely, your food doesn't digest. You get consti-
pated. Your whole system is poisoned and you
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A mere movement doesn't get at the cause. It
takes those good, old Carter's Little Liver Pills to
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amazing in making bile flow freely. Ask for Carter's
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QUICK RELIEF FOR TIRED, BURNING,
TENDER, ITCHY, PERSPIRING FEET.
SOFTENS CORNS AND CALLOUSES.

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UNIVERSAL FINDS A NEW STAR . . . SURROUNDS HER WITH

HOLLYWOOD'S MOST POPULAR PERSONALITIES . . . SUCCEEDS

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1. Gloria Jean's first movie role is that of "Pip-Emma," a girl full of pranks and golden voice.
2. Robert Cummings, star of "3 Smart Girls Grow Up" plays breezy "Denis," imaginative football star.
3. Nan Grey plays "Priscilla," who, for a time, denies Denis' claim that life's best things are free.
4. Beulah Bondi is inimitable as a chilly old maid with a reserve like The Federal Bank.
5. Virginia Weidler as "Shy Janet."
6. Margaret Lindsay plays Janet's "Mom."
7. C. Aubrey Smith, irascible, dominating as "Grandpa."
8. Billy Gilbert got the part of "Tolio," frantic father of two T.N.T. boys.
9. Ann Gillis is handed the part of "Letty-Lou," the stooge.
10. As the moneyed Mr. Layton, Raymond Walburn really swings his weight.



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—THERE'S ONE IN EVERY FAMILY

Beulah Bondi • Virginia Weidler • Margaret Lindsay
C. Aubrey Smith • Billy Gilbert • Ann Gillis
Raymond Walburn • Paul Cavanaugh • Samuel S. Hinds

Original story by I. A. R. Wylie • Screenplay by Grover Jones
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NOW RELEASED
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Discovered by Joe Pasternak,
creator of the amazing Deanna
Durbin pictures, Gloria Jean
is presented to the world in
a special picture, written by
the celebrated Grover Jones.

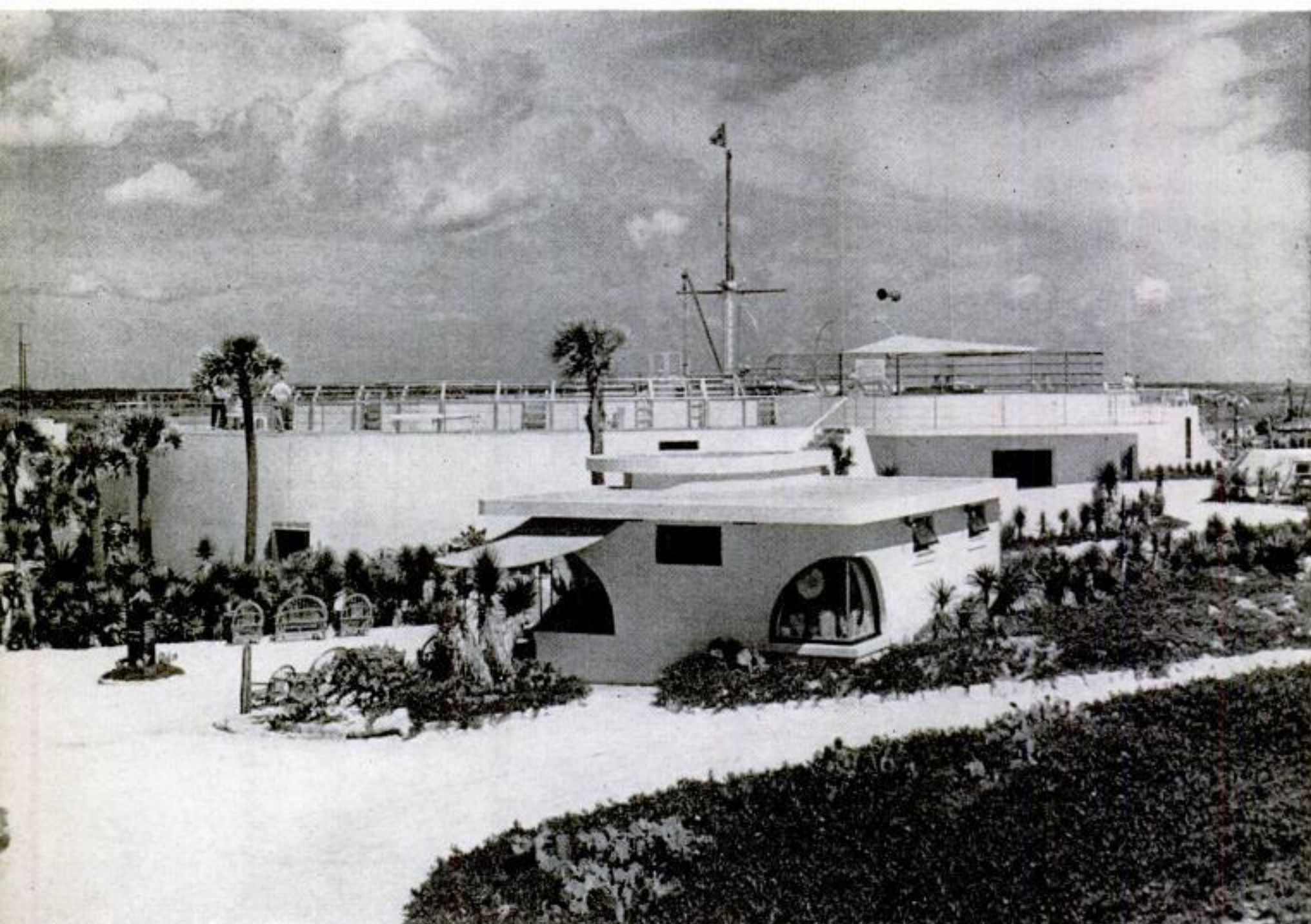
The New Universal presents

**Robert
CUMMINGS**
Nan GREY
and
Gloria JEAN
in



Feeding time is high point of tourist's day. At circular tank (above), the diver is about to go down to feed some specimens by hand. Food for larger fish

is then thrown on the surface. Diet consists of mullet, shrimp and clams. On platform in foreground is announcer whose lectures alternate with soft music.



Marineland village includes an inn, two restaurants, a fishing camp, a beach and a yacht basin besides the tanks. In foreground above is souvenir gift

shop. Beyond is the circular tank. Note entrance at left to corridors leading to portholes. Dolphin restaurant below is growing famous for its sea food.



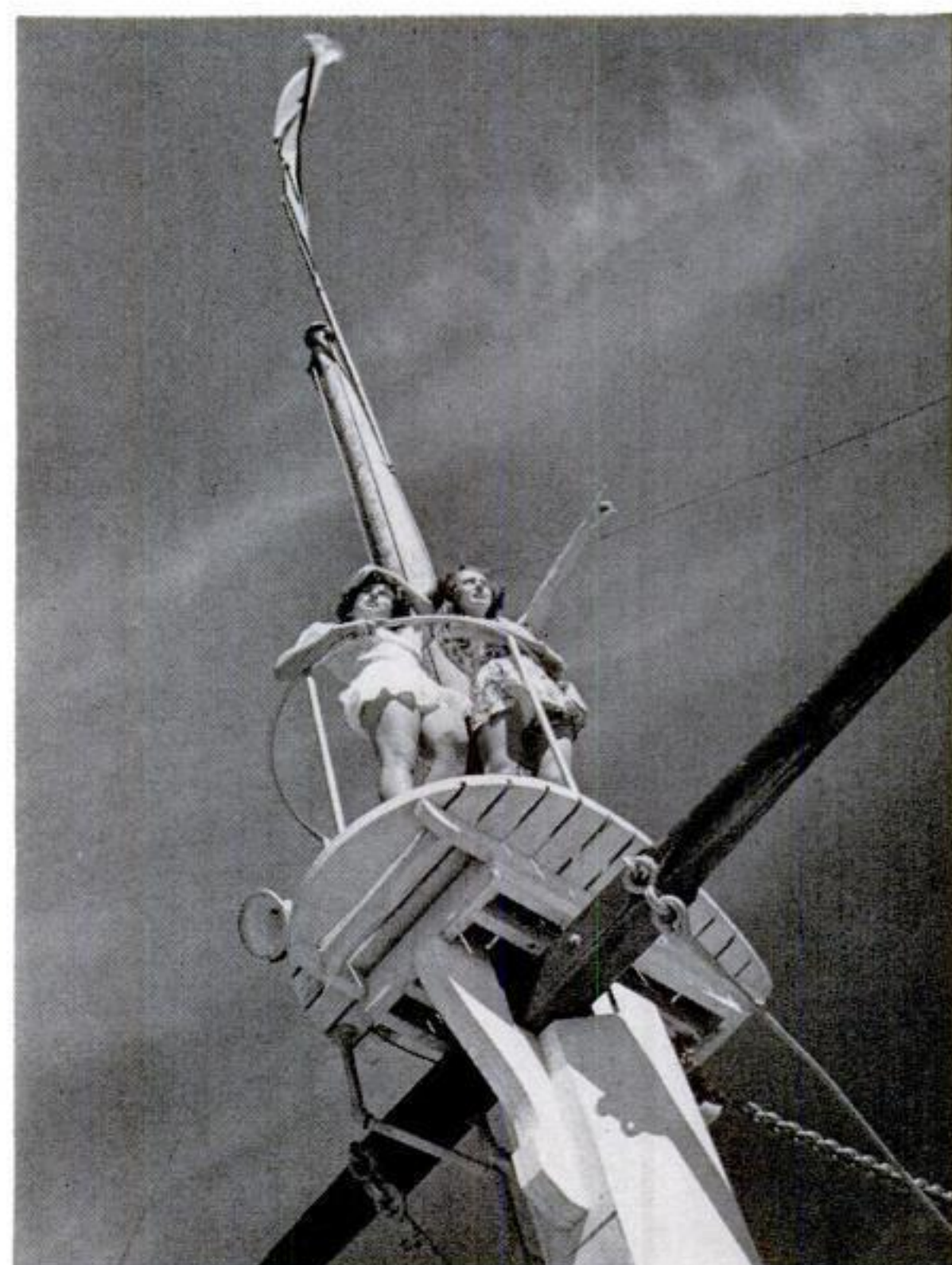
Life goes to Marineland

Its tanks contain 200 species of fish

A year ago at Marineland, near St. Augustine, Fla., a radically new kind of aquarium was opened to the public. Instead of many tanks in which species are segregated, Marineland has two huge open-air tanks, or "oceanariums," in which nearly 200 species of fish live together and struggle for existence under conditions that approximate the open sea. More than 200,000 visitors have paid \$1 each admission to Marineland during its first year.

Through portholes strategically placed in the bottoms and sides of the big tanks, visitors can see, among other things, a tarpon chase a school of jacks into an undersea jungle; a spotted ray crack and eat a clam from its shell; a school of tiny fish swimming in the protection of the filaments of a giant jelly fish. From walks around the tops of the tanks they can watch at close range the graceful antics of a school of porpoises, the only ones in captivity.

Marineland, however, is not entirely a show place. Scientists use it as a giant test tube in which to conduct observations and experiments possible nowhere else in the world. Close approximation of ocean conditions is maintained by continual flow of 7,200,000 gallons of sea water through the tanks daily. On the bottom is a 7-ton coral reef, a rich collection of sea plants and, for further authenticity, remains of a wrecked ship. To reduce natural intensity of the fish-eat-fish struggle for existence, food in large quantities is dumped into tanks three times a day. Even so, to replace casualties Marineland keeps its expedition boat continually bringing in new specimens.



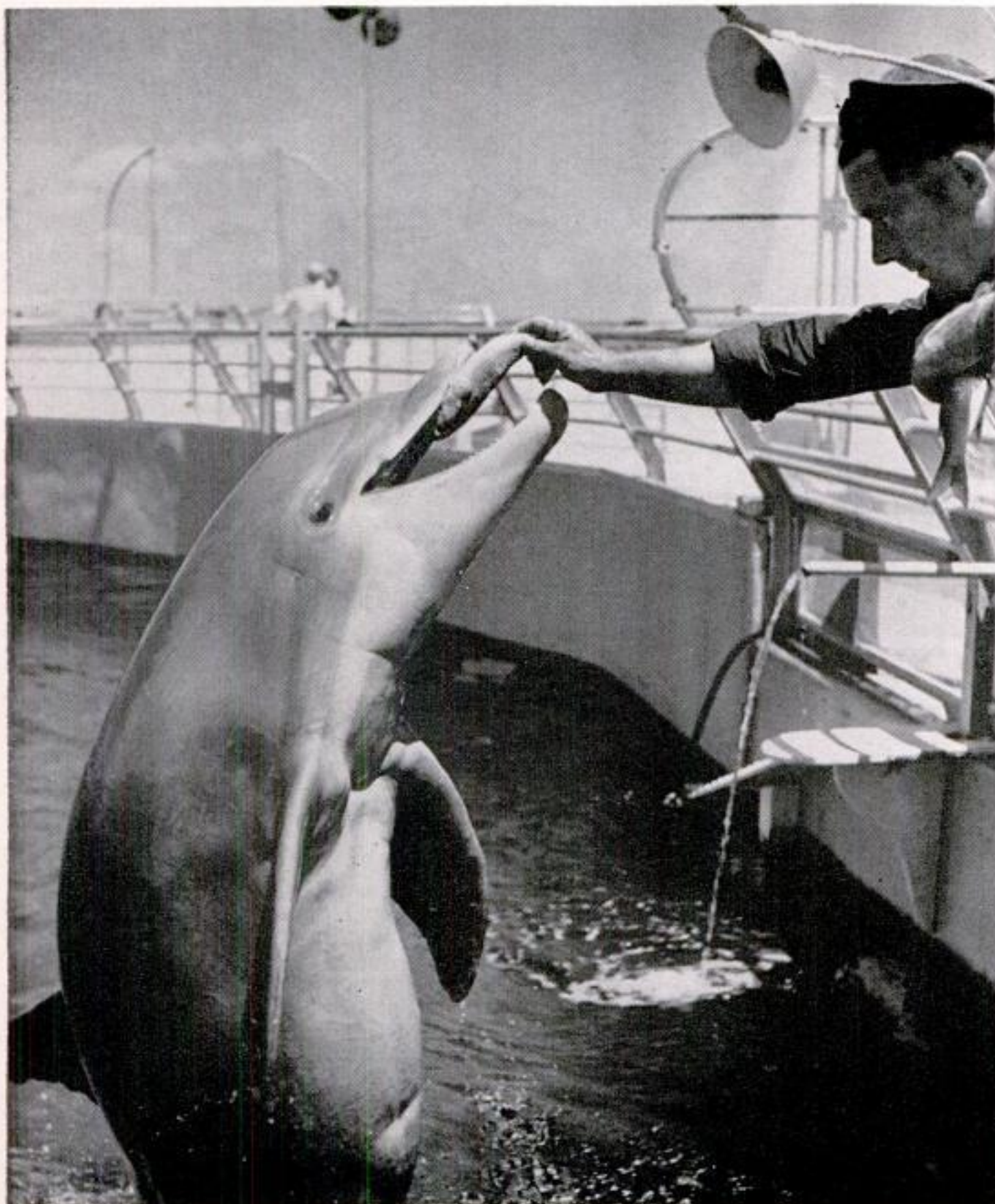
Crow's nest lookout on Marineland mast has watchers posted occasionally looking to sea for schools of porpoises and other fish for oceanariums.



Through 8 ft. of water this picture was taken at a small outside tank. Glass sides all around and colorful fish give

the amateur photographers a rich subject for their efforts. Constantly changing water in big tanks keeps conditions

ideal for underwater photography. Commercial producers made 17 movies on submarine life at Marineland last year.



Friendly porpoises eat mullet out of keeper's hand. Porpoises, like whales, are mammals. They have responded to the Marineland environment, have almost become domesticated.



Diver prods turtle away with bronze metal claws on his hand guards. Many of Marineland's 2,500 denizens have nicknames. This unfriendly 250-lb. loggerhead is nicknamed "Grumpy."



● Snub and saucy—with lots of wiggle-room for your toes. Keeps up the comfort of your "open-sandal" Summer. And makes such a mite of your foot. The FROCK. Bittersweet brown calf with suede. Walk-Over fashions \$6.50 up. Slightly higher West. Geo. E. Keith Company, Brockton, Mass.

WALK-OVER

FOR THE 1 MAN IN 7 WHO SHAVES EVERY DAY

A SPECIAL SHAVE CREAM

IT'S NOT A SOAP
NEEDS NO SHAVING BRUSH
Not Greasy ... Leaves Skin Smooth

Daily shaving leaves many men's faces raw, sensitive. This is especially true of the man who, because of his business and social status, must shave every day.

To meet this condition Williams has now developed a special cream for daily shavers. It's called Glider. Wash face thoroughly with soap and warm water to remove razor-dulling grit, then spread on Glider quickly, easily with your fingers. No brush. No lather. Not sticky or greasy.

A superabundance of moisture in this rich cream softens each whisker, yet forms a protective layer over your face to keep blade from scraping. Swiftly and gently your razor glides over your skin. Like a cold cream, Glider helps smooth and soften your skin and prevent chapping and roughness. Glider is the result of nearly 100 years' experience in making fine shaving preparations.

Ernest B. Hullburt
PRESIDENT

P. S. Try Glider at our Expense:
Send your name and address on a penny post card, for a generous FREE tube of Glider "No-Brush" Cream. The J. B. Williams Co., Dept. LG-33, Glastonbury, Conn. Offer good in U.S.A. and Canada only.

Many of LIFE's best pictures come from its contributors. Newspictures used are paid for at professional rates and offer an increasing market for amateurs.

Camera fans over America are invited to submit their news and human-interest pictures to LIFE's Contributions Department. Here they receive equal attention with those of professional photographers.

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Try This NEW Amazingly Quick Relief!

New SUPER-SOFT Dr. Scholl's Zino-pads quickly relieve pain; stop shoe friction and pressure; keep you free of corns. 630% softer than before! New, thin Scalloped Edge. Separate Medications included for removing corns. Cost but a trifle. Sold everywhere.



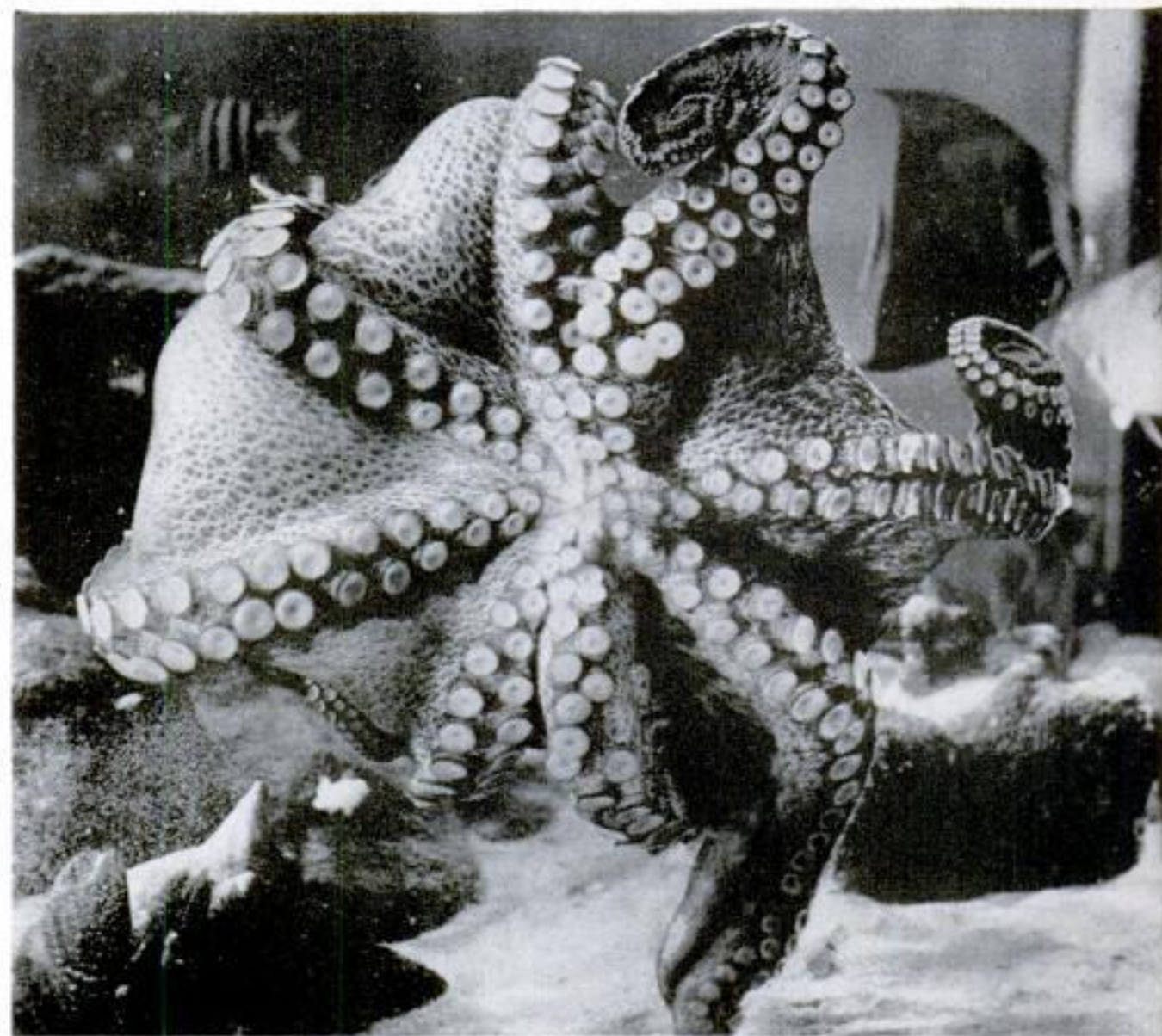
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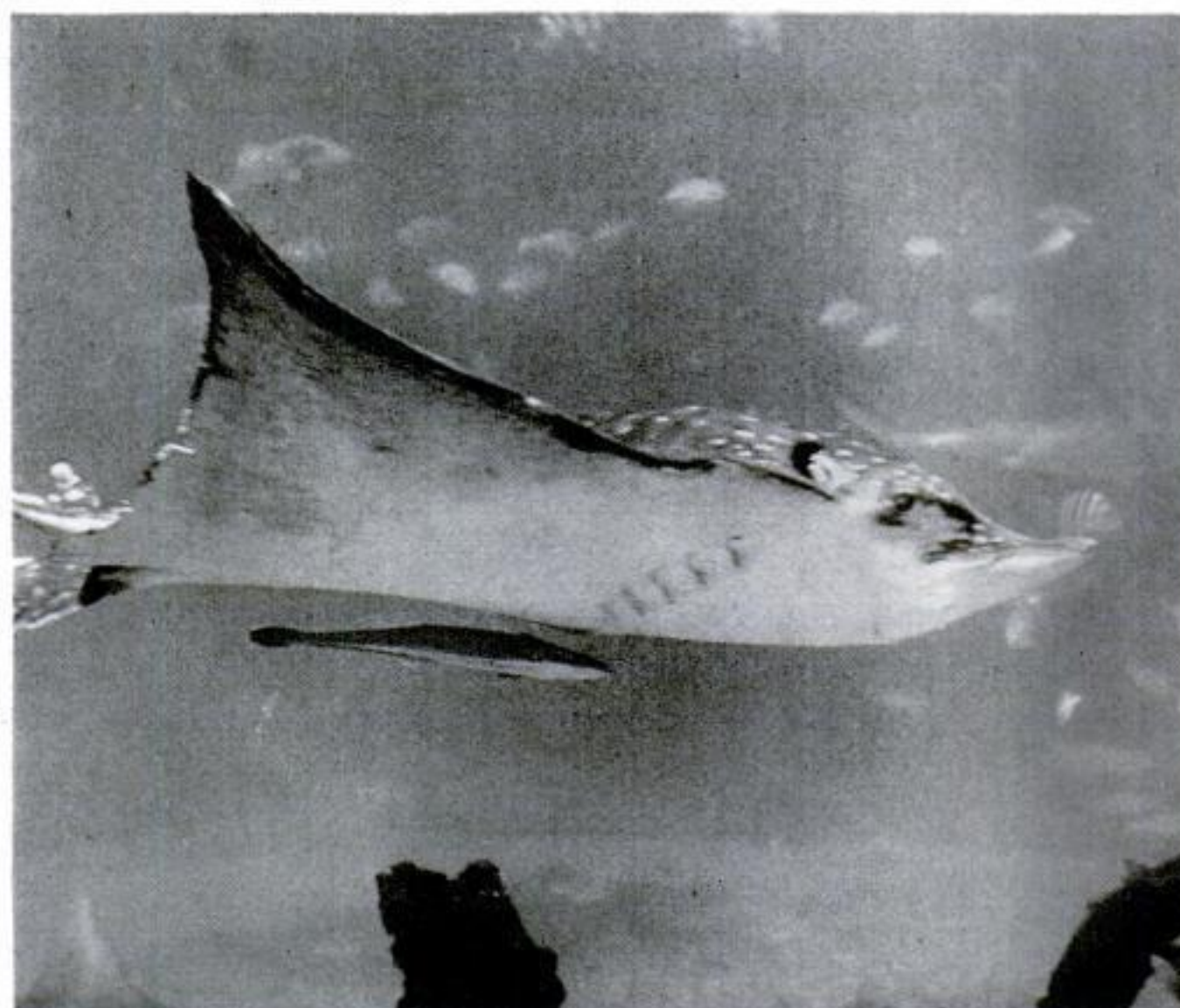
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28 years! Won't
leave you jittery!
At drug stores. 10¢ & 25¢

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Marineland (continued)



Common American octopus conceals sharp beak at center of tentacles with which it clings to porthole. It is a popular picture subject among Marineland's tourists.



Whip ray with 5-ft. spread propels itself through the water by waving triangular projections on its sides. Shark sucker beneath attaches itself to ray for a free ride.



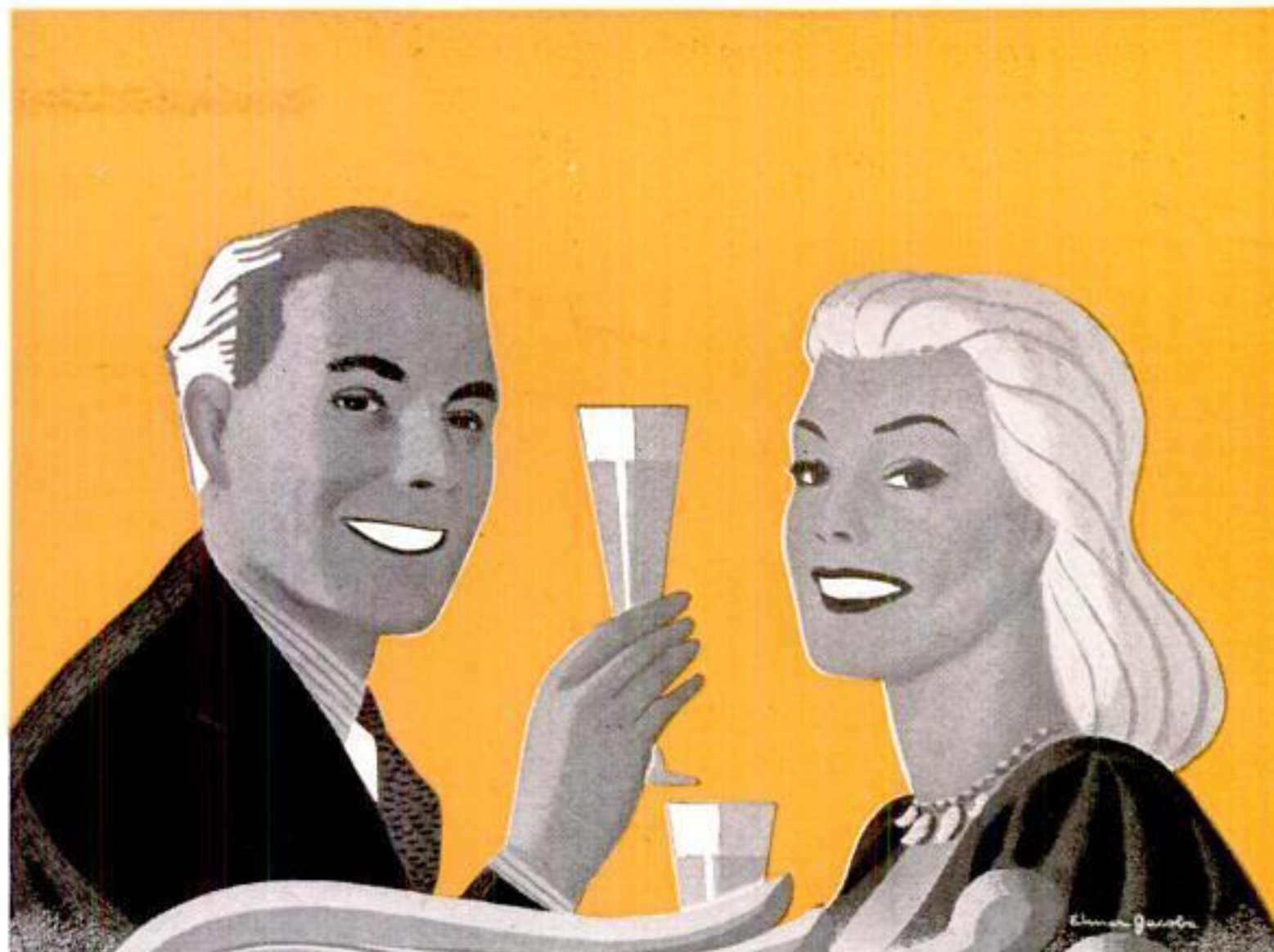
Spotted moray eel is an ugly and pugnacious fish, whose bite may cause dangerous infections. The moray keeps Marineland's casualty list high among the smaller fish.



Looking through porthole, visitors get good view of marine life. Arrangement of portholes at Marineland was designed by camera experts to give best picture angles.



A macaw named Indigo perches on a visitor's shoulder. Indigo is mentally unbalanced. He has delusion he is a pelican and once tried to migrate with a flock of them.



Tops for Quality

For the ultimate in beer enjoyment, always say "Blatz." You'll note its distinctive taste . . . its superior flavor . . . at once. And you'll find it always the same—uniformly delicious and satisfying. It is the best beer we have made in our 88 years of brewing experience. When ordering from your dealer, if you want the best, ask for Blatz Old Heidelberg.

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88 Years of Brewing Experience—Est. 1851

"MILWAUKEE'S
MOST EXQUISITE BEER"



DRINK

Blatz

OLD HEIDELBERG BEER



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*It's Important to Know
This about Gin:*

Gordon's has the Advantage

OF LIQUEUR QUALITY
& HIGH PROOF, 94.4



● Just taste the richer flavor and velvety smoothness of Gordon's Gin. Only then can you realize what it means to get gin with the advantage of Liqueur Quality and High Proof, 94.4. Because of this important benefit—drinks never taste thin with Gordon's Gin! Give yourself this advantage. Ask for Gordon's when ordering Gin by the bottle or the drink!

Drinks never taste thin with

Gordon's Gin

100% Neutral Spirits
Distilled from Grain

TRY GORDON'S SLOE GIN, 60 PROOF

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PICTURES TO THE EDITORS

PRESIDENTIAL SMILE

Sirs:

Though more than 30 years have passed, I can still see the following incident as though it occurred a few months ago.

Through the camera's eye, it was my privilege to record for posterity the reaction of a famous personality, William Howard Taft, to momentous news. As I had been photographing notables in Washington for several years, it was just part of my job to be in Secretary of War Taft's office making portraits on that memorable occasion. The camera had been set up and I was ready to shoot when the telephone rang—and I did shoot.

As I had managed to get only the four serious photographs, I asked Mr. Taft if he would let me have one of the characteristically infectious Taft laughs, which he did with apparent great enjoyment. This accounts for the fifth and final picture. I felt it time to reveal my "scoop" and told him that I had an unusually fine set of photographs, both serious and laughing. He seemed quite pleased and said: "I had good reason to laugh, for I was talking to President Theodore Roosevelt and he told me that I had just been nominated as Republican candidate for the Presidency."

When completed, I captioned these pictures "The Evolution of a Presidential Smile."

GEORGE W. HARRIS

Harris & Ewing Inc.
Washington, D.C.



FIRST PEEP

Sirs:

I am sending you a photograph of my son taken at the age of two months.

The expression of wonder on his face upon his first peep over the edge of his nursery dresser is so deep and touching that I think your readers should not be deprived of such a sight.

R. C. SCHOEN

Montreal, Canada



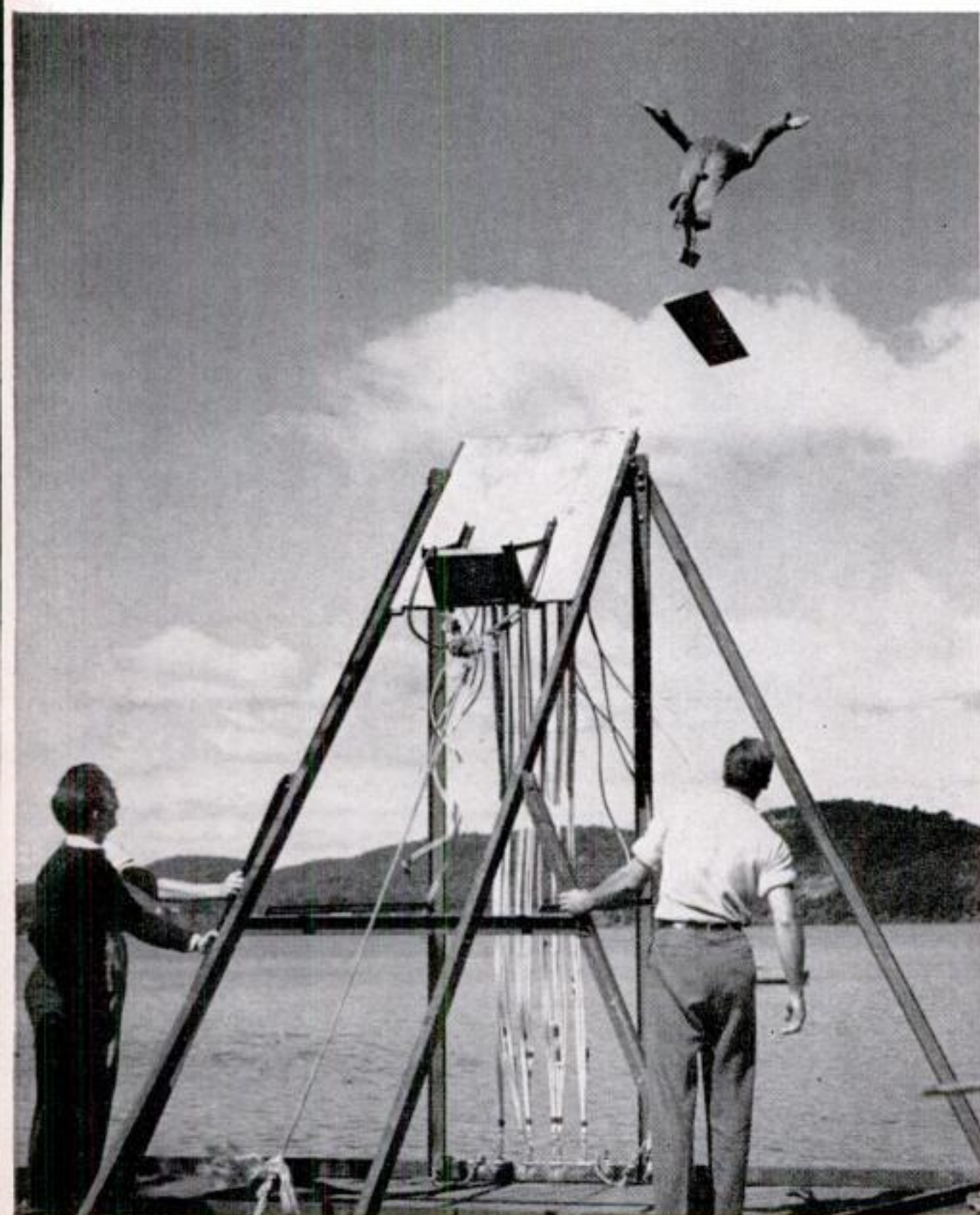
HUMAN CATAPULT

Sirs:

This picture shows Walter Bura, 22, trying out the Human Catapult machine he invented. His first attempt was highly successful, as the picture shows—100 ft. high, in fact. That was his approximate elevation after the catapult sled, motivated by strands of powerful airplane shock-cord, sent him skywards.

C. E. ENGELBRECHT

Lake Mohawk,
Sparta, N. J.



"Well you know how
those things go!"



It's pure magic the way Ritz Crackers seem to vanish into thin air! What happens? They get gobbled up by folks who just can't see a Ritz without eating it. There are *millions* of such people—for Ritz is the most popular, the *largest selling* cracker in America. It has a glorious nut-like flavor never before captured in a cracker. An enticing crisp-crunchiness that's *sealed in* by a special baking process. Buy Ritz today. You'll see why everyone's so *crazy* about Ritz! It comes to you *fresh* in new moisture-proof packages.



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1-2-3-and Away They Go!

IT'S HARD TO
KEEP UP WITH
THE LIVELY
LEWISES!



MOTHER'S A CHAMP beach-ball player—and Mother says Post's Bran Flakes' TWO EXTRA BENEFITS are very important for the well-being of her family! Here's the first one: Post's Bran Flakes provide bran, a natural regulator. People whose systems are irregular, due to lack of bulk in the diet, find Post's Bran Flakes, eaten daily, a wonderful help. And...

Posed by
Models



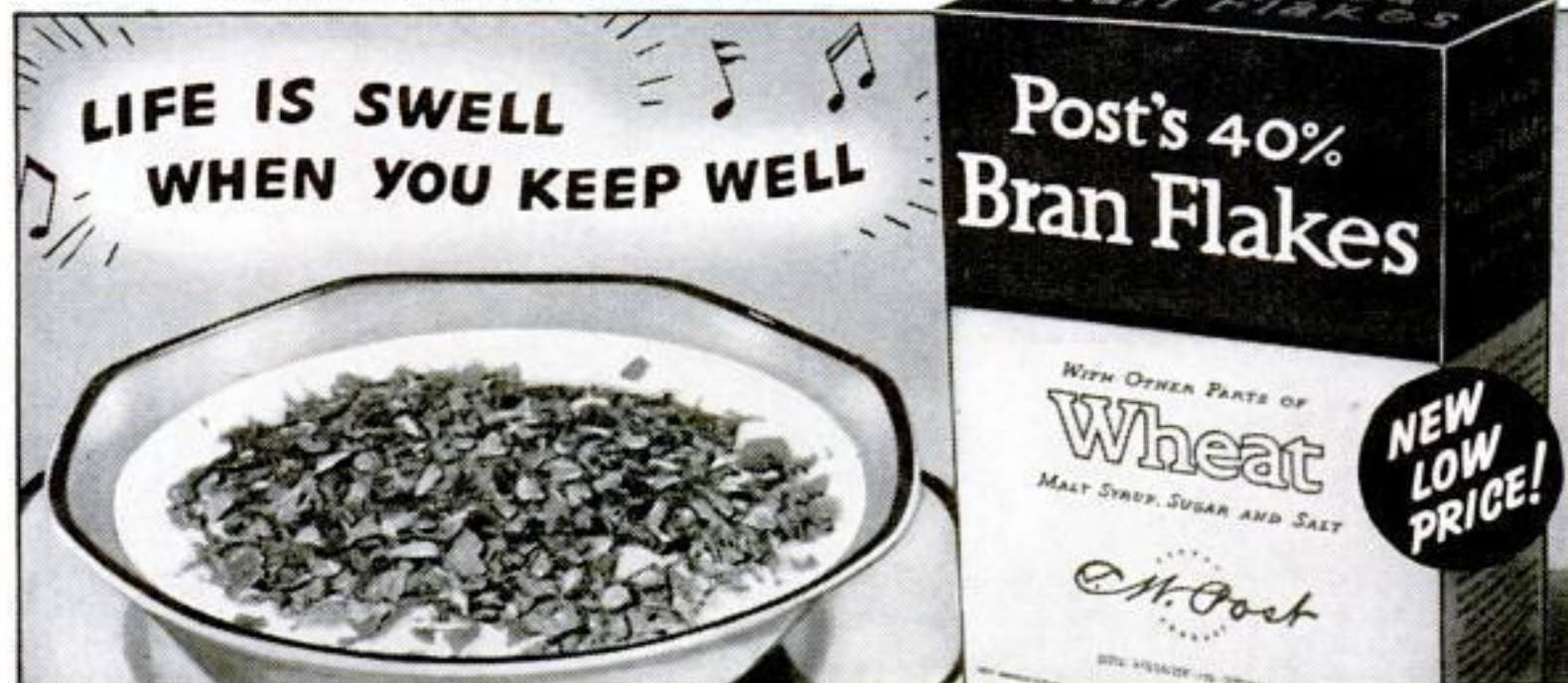
THE SECOND BENEFIT is in the food value of this delicious breakfast treat; for Post's Bran Flakes are a good cereal source of phosphorus, iron, Vitamin B₁ to help maintain good appetite, and Vitamin G to help promote growth and vigor.

CREDIT DAD with discovering Post's Bran Flakes—he started eating 'em 'way back last winter. Soon after, the whole Lewis family began eating delicious Post's Bran Flakes every day. "And those two extra benefits," says Dad, "seem to be exactly what we needed!"

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A Post cereal made by General Foods



IMPORTANT: Post's Bran Flakes, due to their bulk, are a regulative cereal. Constipation due to insufficient bulk in the diet should yield to Post's Bran

Flakes, eaten regularly—as a breakfast cereal or in muffins. For cases not corrected in this simple manner, a physician should be consulted.

PICTURES TO THE EDITORS

(continued)



GLORIA

Sirs:

Here is a study in maternal patience

for you. It is Gloria, my registered Dalmatian, and her eight puppies.

TRUMAN FUNDERBURGH
Pasadena, Calif.



EDITOR'S PANTS

Sirs:

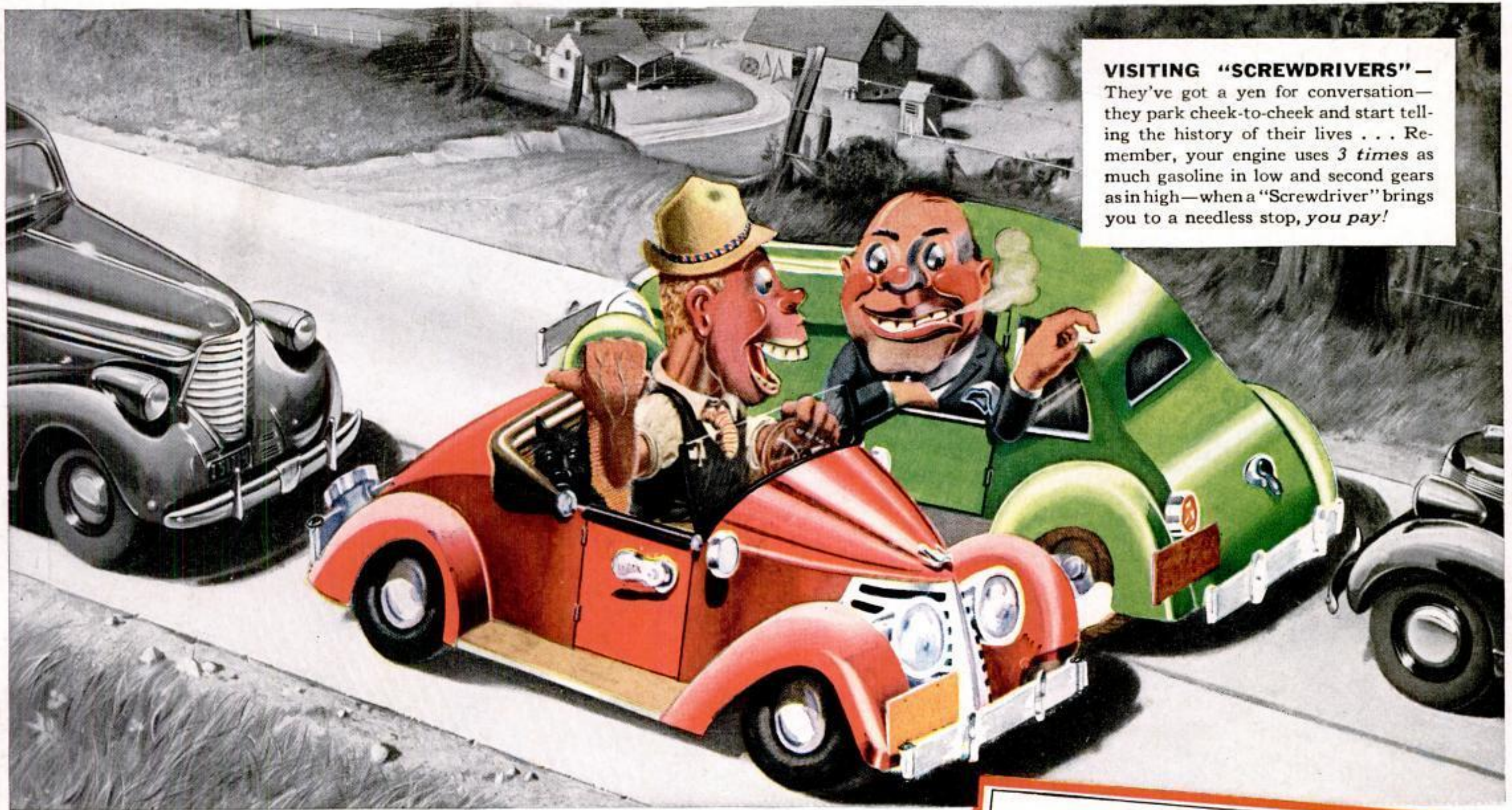
While strolling along the beach in Nantucket recently, I encountered these strange swim-pants, whipped out my

camera and took this picture. Fancy my surprise when I later learned that they were being worn by one of your numerous editors.

WILLIAM McC. SHEFFILD
Jamaica Plain, Mass.

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Get rid of "SCREWDRIERS"—Cut STOP-and-GO 25%



VISITING "SCREWDRIERS" —
They've got a yen for conversation—they park cheek-to-cheek and start telling the history of their lives . . . Remember, your engine uses *3 times* as much gasoline in low and second gears as in high—when a "Screwdriver" brings you to a needless stop, *you pay!*

Traffic experts agree it can be done RIGHT NOW!



"Traffic regulations and improved highways go only part of the way in relieving traffic problems. At least 25% of our 'stop-and-go' driving could be eliminated by plain, old-fashioned courtesy on the part of motorists."

Walter F. Rindermann

Executive Secretary, Los Angeles Traffic Association

TIME-WASTING, fuel-wasting, nerve-racking Stop-and-Go can be cut 25% *right now.*

Shell engineering and traffic research—which first produced Super-Shell to

cut the cost of Stop-and-Go—now shows the way to cut the *amount* . . .

Unite public opinion against "Screwdrivers." Just as public opinion cut America's accident rate, it can get rid of traffic boners that pile up Stop-and-Go.

Your Shell dealer is headquarters for a national crusade AGAINST "Screwdrivers" FOR COMMON-SENSE DRIVING!

Drive into his station today. He'll attach the SHARE-THE-ROAD emblem to your car FREE—give you a booklet that shows how "Screwdrivers" increase your Stop-and-Go driving needlessly.

Show your colors—join now!

"SHARE THE ROAD"
AND **SUPER-SHELL**
BOTH SAVE ON
STOP-AND-GO

Join the **SHELL**
SHARE-THE-ROAD CLUB
—help rid the road of
"Screwdrivers"!



SHOW YOUR COLORS! The flags, in mariners' code, mean "I am giving way." Your Shell dealer will attach this handsome, colorful, all-metal emblem above your rear license plate—no cost to you. It shows you're AGAINST "Screwdrivers"—FOR sharing the road. It will help cut Stop-and-Go 25%!

THE SHELL DEALER IS HEADQUARTERS FOR SAVING ON STOP-AND-GO

He's a good neighbor—friendly and willing—ready to give your car complete care!



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HOSIERY



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You can buy cheaper hosiery than Realsilk but you can't buy greater satisfaction and economy. Impartial wear tests by the famous Pittsburgh Testing Laboratory show that Realsilk Chiffon (Style 104) actually costs 51.35% less to wear than the average of other brands recommended as best wearing by leading stores in 50 cities.

The reasons: Realsilk's snag-resistant Grenine Twist, such exclusive features as the Hem Guard, No-Hole Hem, and special toe and heel construction; plus a standard of manufacturing and inspection unique in the hosiery industry.

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You buy Realsilk the easy Shop-at-Home way. You sit like a queen and select, right in your own home. If no Realsilk Representative is calling on you regularly do this: Get your phone book. Turn to "R". Find "Real Silk Hosiery Mills". Phone the local sales office. Below are phone numbers of a few of our offices in leading cities.

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